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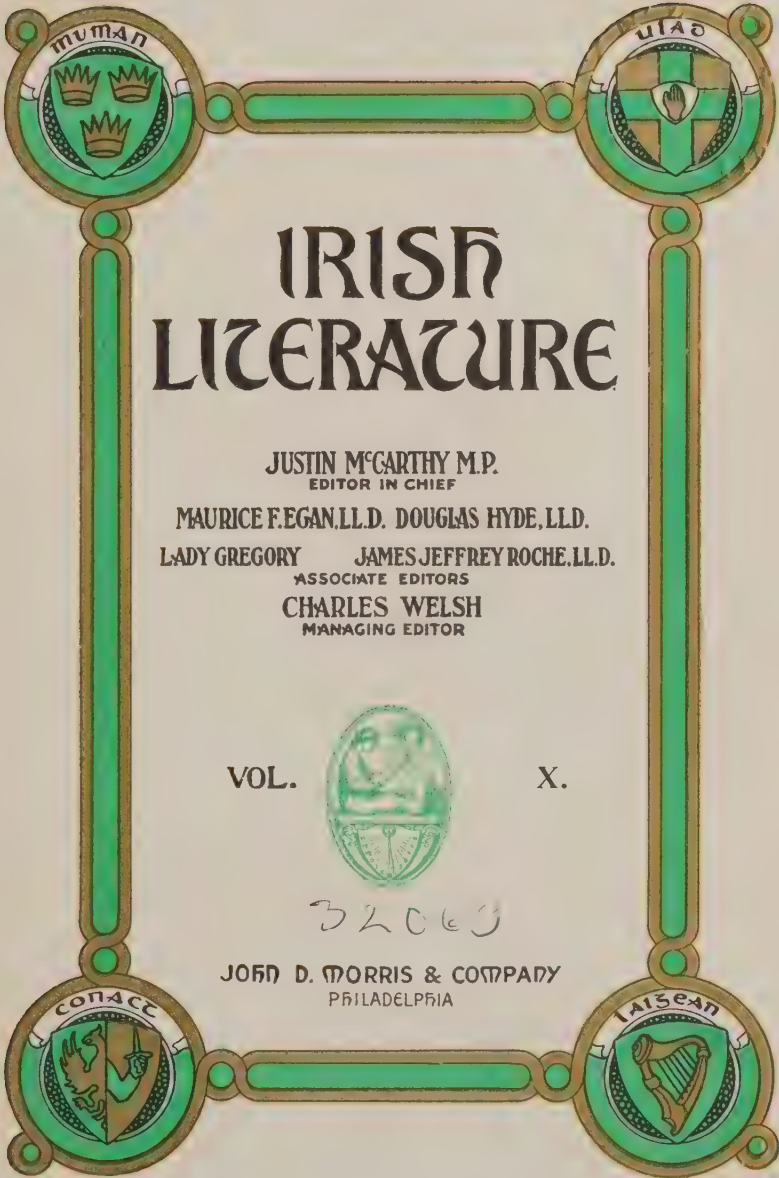


IRISH LITERATURE

THE OLD PLAID SHAWL

From a photograph.

It is from the lips of the aged peasantry that most of the folk tales, folk songs, ranns, etc., have been taken down by Dr. Douglas Hyde and others. This picture presents the characteristic costume of the older village folk in Ireland, and the spinning wheel denotes an industry which has not yet died out.



IRISH LITERATURE

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X.

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THE IRISH DRAMA.

IN an article in the *Fortnightly Review* for December, 1901, Mr. Stephen Gwynn, the eminent critic, told the story of the Irish Literary Theater. We present here his account of the Irish National Dramatic Society, written in December, 1902. With regard to the first named he says:—

Its work may be summed up in a sentence: It produced in Ireland, with English actors, seven plays written in English on Irish subjects. These were: two by Mr. Yeats, 'The Countess Cathleen' and 'The Land of Heart's Desire'; two by Mr. Martyn, 'The Heather Field' and 'Maeve'; one by Miss Milligan, 'The Last Feast of the Fianna'; one by Mr. Moore, 'The Bending of the Bough'; and one, 'Diarmuid and Grania,' by Mr. Yeats and Mr. Moore in collaboration. At the time when the last was produced by Mr. Benson, a troupe of amateurs played Dr. Hyde's 'Casadh an t-Sugáin,' and the advantage that Irish amateurs had, even over good English professionals, for the purpose in hand was obvious. I suppose that this occurred to Mr. Fay, for it was after this that he and some friends—all of them people earning their bread by daily labor—banded together to devote their leisure to the acting of Irish plays; and the new experiment was inaugurated last Easter, when this company of Irish actors played two Irish plays, "A. E.'s" 'Deirdre' and Mr. Yeats' 'Cathleen ní Hoolihan.' It was renewed on a much larger scale this Samhain-tide, when in the course of a week some plays (including one short farce in Gaelic) were given; the subjects ranging from poetic handling of the oldest mythology down to contemporary satire on the town corporation. The whole thing was absolutely and entirely uncommercial. Authors and actors alike gave their services for the benefit of Cumann na Gael, under whose auspices the plays were produced, calling themselves the Irish National Dramatic Company.

The more one thinks about it, the plainer one sees that for full enjoyment of drama the auditor must be one of a sympathetic crowd. For instance, a comedy of Mr. Shaw's

played before the Stage Society is infinitely more enjoyable than when it is played in Kennington or Notting Hill. But the Stage Society, which makes an ideal audience for wit, is perhaps too sophisticated for poetry; too much under the domination of modern comedy. In Dublin Mr. Yeats and the rest had a hall full of people not less intelligent but less over-educated, less subservient to the critical faculty; in a word, more natural. This audience had all the local knowledge necessary to give dramatic satire its point (and that is scarcely possible in a place so big as London), and had also a community of certain emotions arising out of distinctive ideas. And, above all, the people composing it came to the theater much as they might have gone to church or to a political meeting, ready to be moved by grave emotions or by serious ideas. Two of the plays could, I think, have held their own with any audience. But without that special audience 'Cathleen ni Hoolihan' and 'The Laying of Foundations' would have been by far less dramatic than they were.

It should be said at once that these plays were for the most part extremely modest in scope. Only one had so many as three acts or required a change of scene; and two or three were at best "curtain raisers." In this class must be put Mr. McGinley's 'Eilis agus an Bhean Déirce' ('Eilish and the Beggar Woman'), which I cannot criticise, as no text was procurable and my Gaelic was not equal to following the dialogue closely. I do not think that a higher rank can be claimed for Mr. Yeats' farce, 'A Pot of Broth,' which, however, afforded Mr. W. G. Fay the chance for a capital piece of broad comic acting. The story is one, common among Irish peasants, of a beggar, who comes to a churlish woman's house, and knowing well that asking will get him neither bite nor sup, plays on her credulity by displaying a wonderful stone which will make the best of broth. All he asks is the use of a pot and water in it, and while the miserly housewife listens to his praise of the saving to be effected by such a stone, he dilates upon its other qualities—its effect on a chicken if you put it in with it, or on a ham-bone or the like—till gradually one eatable after another slips into the pot, and the beggar in a fit of generosity presents the stone to the housewife, taking in return merely the broth and a few unconsidered trifles.

That was all, and it was little enough. But it was interesting to find Mr. Yeats as a purveyor of laughter—for the little piece was genuinely droll, and interesting too—to notice how, for his comedy as for his tragedy, he went to folk lore and the peasant's cottage.¹

I may dismiss at once Mr. Seumas O'Cuisin, author of two of the plays. His 'Racing Lug' was a little story of sea-faring folk, apparently so cut down as to be barely intelligible. This was in prose; his other production, 'The Sleep of the King,' was simply a poetic tableau, showing how Connla, son of Conn the Hundred-fighter, left a proffered throne to follow after a fairy woman.

"He follows on for ever, when all your chase is done,
He follows after shadows, the King of Ireland's son."

Mrs. Chesson has put the gist of it into the haunting little poem from which I quote these two lines, and put it much more effectively than Mr. O'Cuisin. Still, his little piece in verse—and very creditable verse—gave the troupe their one opportunity of showing how they spoke what was written in meter. They spoke verse not as actors generally do, but as poets speak it, in a kind of chant, which I confess seems to me the natural and proper manner.

It was just this quality—the absence of all stage mannerisms, the willingness to speak poetry simply as poetry, to speak it for its own sake, and not to show the actor's accomplishments—that rendered possible the production of 'Deirdre;' and it would have been a pity for work so good not to have been produced. Nevertheless I cannot regard 'Deirdre' as a good or successful piece of drama. The author, "A. E.," ranks high in my judgment as a lyrical poet, but even as a lyrical poet his appeal must necessarily be to the few. Mystic in the blood and bone, he stands habitually apart, and moves in ways of thought and emotion where it is difficult to follow him. And yet it was striking to observe how well the audience responded to his interpretation of the famous and beautiful story, and to the thoughts that he wove into its fabric. The first act tells how the sons of Usnach found Deirdre in the secret abode where the High King Conchobar had secluded her

¹ The story is told in Griffin's 'The Collegians,' see Volume IV.

fatal beauty, and how she fled with Naisi, obedient to the voice of a new wonder; and in this act I could see little or nothing to praise. But in the second, which shows Deirdre in the kingdom that Naisi and his brother had won on the shore of Loch Etive, there was work of a very different quality. In a passage of singular beauty the poet—for the play, though written in prose, is sheer poetry—shows Deirdre looking out on a glorious sunset. It is the sunset not of one but of many days, she says, and the stars that had lost each other in the mists and heat of the sun, know again their friends' faces across the firmament. And so, too, she and Naisi, awaking at last from the long swoon of sunshine, see at last into each other's hearts, and she sees in him a regret. It is the regret of pride that he has fled without confronting King Conchobar; the regret of chivalry that he has broken the rules of the Red Branch Order. It is, indeed, for comradeship in the Red Branch that he pines, not knowing it; and on the top of this discourse comes the shout of a man of Erin from his galley in the loch. And Deirdre, who has Cassandra's gift, foreknows the whole; so that when Fergus enters, the dearest of Naisi's friends, with pledge of forgiveness and of restoration to the Red Branch, she has no heart to greet him. She can only implore Naisi to stay, and her sorrow angers him, till her love and her knowledge yield to his pride.

I thought the whole of this act very well planned and full of beauty, and, even when the beauty was recondite, it conveyed itself surprisingly well. Deirdre in her lament says that the Gods have told her her love and happiness are ended, and are yet immortal, for they are destined to live forever as a memory in the minds of the Gael! and one felt that slight stir run through the silent audience which tells of a point gone home. And the spectacular beauty, even on that mean stage, was considerable; the figures moving behind a gauze veil in costumes designed by the author, who is artist as well as poet, and moving no more than was essential for the action. It was a great relief to see actors stand so still, and never to have attention distracted from the person on whom it naturally fell. But the whole thing was too literary, depended too much on the accidental beauties of thought or phrasing, and not enough on a strong central emotion. I do not think that "A. E."

achieved more than to demonstrate the possibility of a drama on an Irish heroic subject which should appeal to an Irish audience. But such a drama would have to be written by a most skillful dramatist.

The other two plays of which I have to speak had their way, as it seemed, made almost absurdly easy for them; so directly did they spring out of the mind of the audience. And yet these things are not quite so easy as they appear, and Mr. Ryan succeeded when Mr. Moore and Mr. Martyn had failed. Mr. Moore's 'Bending of the Bough' was a dramatic satire on Irish politicians: so was Mr. Martyn's 'Tale of a Town.' But though Mr. Moore and Mr. Martyn knew well how Ibsen had done that sort of thing, they were not familiar at first-hand with local politics; they did not show that perfect knowledge of local types which gave a value to 'The Laying of Foundations.'

The action of this comedy passes in the house of Mr. O'Loskin, town councilor (and patriot), immediately after a municipal election. To him come his friends, Alderman Farrelly and another, for a discussion of prospects. The alderman and his ally have their own little game to play; to secure for a building syndicate in which they are concerned the contract for erecting a new asylum. Mr. O'Loskin, on his part, desires the post of city architect for his son Michael. There is an obvious fitness in the arrangement by which Mr. O'Loskin will back the one job, while Mr. Farrelly completes the other; indeed, the only obstacle to this and all other good plans lies in one Nolan, the editor of a plaguy print, who has succeeded in capturing one of the wards, and will have a new means of annoyance—as if his *Free Nation*, with his rancorous comment on the private arrangements of public men, were not troublesome enough already. "And the worst of it is," says Alderman Farrelly, with pious indignation, "that I don't believe the fellow can be squared." Needless to say, the *Free Nation* has its counterparts in real life: the *United Irishman*, and another clever paper, *The Leader*, have been for some time back making things very unpleasant for patriot publicans and others. Nor was this all. Even the *obiter dicta* of prominent men found a new publicity given to them on the stage. "This fellow Nolan," says Alderman Farrelly, "is never done putting absurd no-

tions into poor people's heads. He says a working man ought to get twenty-four shillings a week. Twenty-four shillings!" (They all roar with laughter.) "Eighteen shillings is plenty for any laboring man. What would they do with more if they had it? Drink it!" And he slaps his thigh, leans back, and drains his tumbler of monstrously stiff whisky and water. This trait did not lose any of its pungency before an audience which remembered how a certain Lord Mayor had recently fixed eighteen shillings as the highest wage any working man should look for.

After the opening dialogue the action begins to develop. Michael, the future city architect, is an almost incredibly ingenuous youth. He only knows his father as the prominent patriot, the liberal subscriber to charities. And he is vastly overjoyed at the prospect, but he does not see how it is to be accomplished. How exactly is Alderman Farrelly going to secure favors from Alderman Sir John Bull, the leading Unionist? How is he, Michael, going to consent to receive them? Mr. O'Loskin has to explain that Sir John Bull is a large employer of labor, and, no matter what his politics, which is the better patriot, the man who gives the means of livelihood to hundreds, or one of your starveling fellows who goes about making trouble and stirring up ill-will? Michael yields easily, for Michael is engaged, and this will mean marriage; but the young lady, Miss Delia, is not so sanguine. She has been infected with the venom of Nolan, she distrusts Mr. O'Loskin, she warns Michael against a trap. Nevertheless, Michael accepts.

Two months later finds him installed, and coming gradually face to face with facts. Alderman Farrelly is righteously indignant because Michael has pedantically reported that the foundations of the new asylum are being laid with four feet of concrete instead of the stipulated eight. Worse still, Michael has condemned, root and branch, certain slum tenements—not knowing that they are the joint property of Alderman Farrelly and his own father. Here again one may observe that the audience bore in mind how a rickety tenement owned by a prominent and patriotic member of the Corporation had finally collapsed, killing some of the inmates. Michael's eyes are finally opened completely by an interview with Mr. Nolan, and,

Delia backing him, he takes his stand. In vain does Alderman Farrelly inclose a check for £500 as "a wedding present." In vain does Mr. O'Loskin tear his paternal hair. "Michael, I always thought you would take after me. See what comes of giving a boy a good education." (That, I will be bold to say, is a stroke of irony worthy of Swift himself.) Michael is obdurate, and the curtain falls on his righteous protestations.

Up to a certain point, as will be evident, the thing is purely analogous to Ibsen's work—but might have been written by one who had never read a line of that master. Only, if Ibsen had drawn Michael as Mr. Ryan drew him, and as Mr. Kelly represented him, there would certainly have been a third act, showing, in a bitter sequel, Michael's surrender. This is a defect in the art, for Michael is ill-drawn; and Miss Delia is rather a needlessly aggressive young lady. But whatever Mr. O'Loskin and Mr. Farrelly have to say and do is excellent, and the sentence which I have quoted is a fair illustration of the irony which pervades the whole. And a wholly subordinate character, Mrs. Macfadden, wife of the third town councilor, has an admirable scene in which she speaks her mind of Miss Delia and her extraordinary notions and goings on. Nothing could be better played than this was by Miss Honor Lavalley; she was the Dublin Catholic bourgeoisie to the life.

I do not say that the play was a masterpiece. I do say that it was live art; and that here was a new force let loose in Ireland: the clear sword of ridicule, deftly used from the point of greatest vantage, striking home again and again. Here there was no reference to the stranger; here was Ireland occupied with her own affairs, chastising her own corruption. I wish I could have been present on the Saturday night when the programme began with 'The Laying of Foundations' and ended with 'Cathleen ni Hoolihan.' That would have been to see drama pass from its cauterizing the ignoble to its fostering the noble in national life: from the comedy of municipal corruption to the tragedy, brief, indeed, but drawing centuries into its compass of Ireland's struggle for freedom.

It is necessary to explain for English readers that "Cathleen ni Hoolihan" was one of the names which poets in the eighteenth century used to cloak, in the disguise of love-

songs, their forbidden passion for Ireland; that the "Shan Van Vocht," or "Poor Old Woman," was another of these names; and that Killala, near which, in 1798, is laid the scene of Mr. Yeats' play, is the place where Humbert's ill-starred but glorious expedition made its landing. But there was no need to tell all this to the Dublin audience.

The stage shows a peasant's house, window at the back, door on the right, hearth on the left. Three persons are in the cottage, Peter Gillane, his wife Bridget, and their second son Patrick. Outside is heard a distant noise of cheering, and they are wondering what it is all about. Patrick goes to the window and sees nothing but an old woman coming toward the house; but she turns aside. Then on a sudden impulse he faces round and says, "Do you remember what Winnie of the Cross Roads was saying the other day about the strange woman that goes through the country the time there's war or trouble coming?" But the father and mother are too busy with other thoughts to attend to such fancies; for Bridget is spreading out her son Michael's wedding clothes, and Peter is expecting the boy back with the girl's fortune. A hundred pounds, no less. Things have prospered with the Gillanes; and when Michael, the fine young lad, comes in with the bag of guineas he is radiant with thinking of the girl, Delia Cahel, and Bridget is radiant with looking at him, and Peter with handling the gold and planning all that can be done with it. And through it all again and again breaks the sound of distant cheering. Patrick goes off to learn the cause, and Michael goes to the window in his turn. He, too, sees the old woman, but this time she is coming to the house, and her face is seen for a moment, pale like a banshee's, through the thick glass of the window. And Michael shivers a little. "I'd sooner a stranger not to come to the house the night before the wedding." But his mother bids him open the door, and in walks the old wayfarer.

Miss Maud Gonne, as every one knows, is a woman of superb stature and beauty; she is said to be an orator, and she certainly has the gifts of voice and gesture. To the courage and sincerity of her acting I can pay no better tribute than to say that her entrance brought instantly to my mind a half-mad old-wife in Donegal whom I have

always known. She spoke in that sort of keening cadence so frequent with beggars and others in Ireland who lament their state. But for all that, tall and gaunt as she looked under her cloak, she did not look and she was not meant to look like a beggar; and as she took her seat by the fire, the boy watched her curiously from across the stage. The old people question her and she speaks of her travel on the road.

BRIDGET. It is a wonder you are not worn out with so much wandering.

OLD WOMAN. Sometimes my feet are tired and my hands are quiet, but there is no quiet in my heart. When the people see me quiet they think old age has come on me, and that all the stir has gone out of me.

BRIDGET. What was it put you astray?

OLD WOMAN. Too many strangers in the house.

BRIDGET. Indeed, you look as if you had had your share of trouble.

OLD WOMAN. I have had trouble indeed.

BRIDGET. What was it put the trouble on you?

OLD WOMAN. My land that was taken from me.

BRIDGET. Was it much land they took from you?

OLD WOMAN. My four beautiful green fields.

PETER (*aside to Bridget*). Do you think, could she be the Widow Casey that was put out of her holding at Kilglas a while ago?

BRIDGET. She is not. I saw the Widow Casey one time at the market in Ballina, a stout, fresh woman.

PETER (*to Old Woman*). Did you hear a noise of cheering and you coming up the hill?

OLD WOMAN. I thought I heard the noise I used to hear when my friends came to visit me. (*She begins singing half to herself.*)

“I will go cry with the woman,
For yellow-haired Donough is dead,
With a hempen rope for a neck-cloth,
And a white cloth on his head.”

The sound of her strange chant draws the boy over to her as if by a fascination; and she tells him of the men that had died for love of her.

“There was a red man of the O'Donnells from the North, and a man of the O'Sullivans from the South, and there was one Brian that lost his life at Clontarf by the sea, and there were a great many in the West, some that died hundreds of years ago, and there are some that will die to-morrow.”

The boy draws nearer to her, and plies her with questions, and the old people talk pityingly of the poor crea-

ture that has lost her wits. They offer her bread and milk, and Peter, under his wife's reproaches, offers her a shilling. But she refuses.

"If any man would give me help he must give me himself, he must give me all."

And Michael starts to go with her, to welcome the friends that are coming to help her. But his mother interposes sharply, with a note of terror, and she reminds him whom it is he has to welcome. Then turning to the stranger—

Maybe you don't know, ma'am, that my son is going to be married to-morrow.

OLD WOMAN. It is not a man going to his marriage that I look to for help.

PETER (*to Bridget*). Who is she, do you think, at all?

BRIDGET. You did not tell us your name yet, ma'am.

OLD WOMAN. Some call me the Poor Old Woman, and there are some that call me Cathleen ni Hoolihan.

It sounds flat and cold when you write it down; it did not sound cold when it was spoken. And the audience felt, too, in a flash, all that lay in Peter's comment, "I think I knew some one of that name once. It must have been some one I knew when I was a boy."

The stranger goes out then, chanting an uncanny chant, after she has told them what the service means that she asks of men. "They that had red cheeks will have pale cheeks for my sake; and for all that they will think they are well paid." And she leaves the boy in a kind of trance, from which his mother tries to waken him with talk of his wedding clothes. But as Bridget speaks the door is thrown open, Patrick bursts in with the neighbors: "There are ships in the bay; the French are landing at Killala!"

Delia Cahel may come with him, may cling about Michael; but the chant is heard outside and the bridegroom flings away the bride and rushes out, leaving them all silent. Then old Peter crosses to Patrick and asks, "Did you see an old woman going down the path?" And the lad answers, "I did not; but I saw a young girl and she had the walk of a queen."

The actors played the piece as it was written; that is, they lessened instead of heightening the dialect and the brogue; they left the points unemphasized. But they had

the house thrilling. I have never known altogether what drama might be before. Take a concrete instance. Few things in modern literature seem to me so fine as the third act in 'Herod'; few pieces of acting have pleased me better than Mr. Tree's in that scene. But I have never felt in reading it over that I missed anything by lacking the stage presentment, and I felt obscurely glad to be spared the sense of an audience only half in sympathy. 'Herod' came to the audience from outside; Mr. Yeats put before them in a symbol the thought of their own hearts. He had such a response as is only found in England by the singers of patriotic ditties in the music halls. "Cathleen ni Hoolihan" is the Irish equivalent for the "Absent-minded Beggar" or the "Handy Man." It is superfluous to do more than suggest the parallel.

I do not for a moment mean to imply that these Irish plays are worthy the attention of English managers. There is no money in them. They will be played, no doubt, a few times in Dublin, where Mr. Fay and his fellows have taken a small house for occasional performances. They will be played up and down through the country to people paying sixpences and pennies for admission. Some of them will, I hope, be produced by the Irish Literary Society in London for an Irish audience. But wherever they are played they will represent a wholly different order of dramatic art from that which prevails in the English theater; and the difference will lie chiefly in their intention, first, in the fact that they are not designed to make money.

Wherever they are played I hope they may find performers so good as Mr. W. G. or Mr. F. J. Fay, or Mr. Digges—an actor of extraordinary range, who played the parts of Naisi, of Michael Gillane, and of Alderman Farrelly, with equal success. The ladies of the company were hardly equal to the men, but Miss M. Quinn and Miss M. nic Shiubhlaigh both acted with fine intelligence. And the whole company, by their absence of stage tricks, showed the influence of Mr. Yeats, who is President of the company.

Part of the propaganda was an address delivered by him on the scheme which he has so much at heart for establishing a fixed manner by means of notation for speaking verse.

I was unable to be present, but have heard his views before, and have heard Miss Farr speak or chant verse on his method, accompanying herself on a queer stringed instrument.

The important thing is the deliberate attempt to re-establish what has never died out among Irish speakers—a tradition of poetry with a traditional manner of speaking it. Put briefly, it comes to this: Mr. Yeats and many others wanted to write for Ireland, not for England, if only because they believed that any sound art must address itself to an audience which is coherent enough to yield a response. The trouble was that Ireland had lost altogether the desire to read, the desire for any art at all, except, perhaps, that of eloquent speech—and even in that her taste was rapidly degenerating. What the Gaelic League has done is to infuse into Ireland the zeal for a study which, as Dr. Starkie says, “is at heart disinterested.” What Mr. Yeats and his friends have done is to kindle in Ireland the desire for an art which is an art of ideas. No matter in how small a part of Ireland the desire is kindled, nothing spreads so quick as fire.

It is noticeable that Mr. Fay's company has more and more limited its efforts to two types of play—the prose idyll, tragic or comic, of peasant life, and the poetic drama of remote and legendary subjects. In the former kind a new dramatist has revealed himself, Mr. J. M. Synge, whose little masterpiece, ‘Rivers to the Sea,’ was the most successful of five plays produced by the company at the Royalty Theater in London in the spring of 1904. Mr. Synge had not been heard of before, but his work in prose is no less accomplished and complete than that of Mr. Yeats in poetry, in the days of poetic plays. “A. E.'s” ‘Deirdre’ has been succeeded by Mr. Yeats’ ‘Morality’ ‘The Hourglass,’ written like it in cadenced prose, and this by ‘The King’s Threshold’ and ‘The Shadowy Waters.’ In both of these plays we have heard Frank Fay and Maire nic Shiubhaigh speak beautiful and dramatic verse as it is seldom spoken, and in ‘The Shadowy Waters,’ especially, what the piece lacked in dramatic quality was made up by the mounting, which showed how much solemn beauty could be achieved with little cost from common materials handled by an artist.

It is satisfactory to add that a theater has been arranged in Dublin where these players will in future have the advantages of a proper stage, however modest its dimensions.

Yours truly
Stephen Gwynn

In September, 1903, we learn from an article by Mr. W. B. Yeats in *Samhain* that the movement, the beginnings of which Mr. Stephen Gwynn has chronicled in the foregoing, has grown to such an extent that the year's doings could not be described in detail.

Father Dineen, Father O'Leary, P. Colum, and Dr. Hyde produced new plays which, with those by "A. E.," Mr. Cousins, Mr. Ryan, W. B. Yeats, Dr. Hyde, Lady Gregory, etc., were witnessed not only by thousands throughout the length and breadth of Ireland, but by large and appreciative audiences in London as well. The Irish Literary Society of New York also has been active in presenting several of these plays, and the effect of the new-born Irish drama is being strongly felt in this country also.

Let Lady Gregory say the last word on this subject:

"There has always, on the part of the Irish people, been a great taste for dramatic dialogue. The 'Arguments of Oisín and Patrick' are repeated by peasants for hours together with the keenest delight and appreciation. Other dramatic 'arguments' appeal to them—the 'Argument of Raftery with Death,' the 'Argument of Raftery with Whisky,' or the argument between a Connaught herd and a Munster herd as to the qualities of the two provinces. These old pieces are recited and followed with excitement, showing how naturally the dramatic sense appeals to the Celtic nature. It is curious, therefore, that only now should Irish drama be finding its full expression, and not at all curious that it has taken such a hold upon the country. The dramatic movement has made really an enduring impression upon the life and intellectual activity of the people."—[C. W.]

FOLK TALES, FOLK SONGS, RANNS,
sean-sgeulmigeacht, sean-abrúin, rann;

HISTORICAL SKETCH,
blúire as stair na h-Éireann,

STORIES, POEMS, AND PLAYS,
sgeolta, dánta, agus drama;

BY MODERN IRISH AUTHORS.

le h-úghdaraib an lae inniu:

AN NUAD-LITRÍDEACT 1 NGAEBEILG.

Cíórimir inran imleabair deiridí reo, romplairde ar Shnáct-
 Šaebeilg na ndaoine, mar do bí sí aca in ran dá céad bliadan
 ro do énaid éarpann, agus mar tá sí aca anois. Níl aet nuad-
 Šaebeilg le págail ann ro, 7 caiteir an leigheoir a bheiteammar
 féin déanam ar an tpean-Šaebeilg le congnam na n-airtpeingad
 béarla do túsamair inna h-imleabair eile. Ní túsamair an
 tpean-Šaebeilg ann ro, oir ir nó deacair a tuigint do don duine
 nac ndearna fuidearact ppeirialta innti.

Tá rgealta, abrain, 7 páirde na ndaoine féin, le págail inran
 leabair ro, 7 tá cuio móir díob ro rshíobta ríor le rgláirib ó
 béal na pean-daoine i n-éirinn náir tuig a deansa féin do
 rshíobad ná do léigead. Aet tá cuio eile de, agus ir obair na
 rshíobnoir ir clirde i obair na rshíobnoir atá ag déanam litir-
 eacta nuairde do muinntir na h-éireann inuú, mar atá an t-áir
 peadar O Laochair, Seumas O Súbhair, Conán Maol (Mac uí
 Šeagda), Pádraig O Laochair, Tomás O h-Dotha, an t-áir
 O Duinnín, úna ní feargaille, “Tóirna” 7 daoine eile.

Ir an-deacair an fuo é béarla ceart blarua do cur ar Šae-
 eilg, oir ir é mo baramail nac bfuil don dá deansa ar éalam na
 Críortugeta ir mó díir eatorra féin ’ná iad. Agus cir go
 bfuil a corí fada rin ’na rearm ar an don oileán, taob le
 taob, ir fíor-deag an lorig o’fag ceann aca ar an gceann eile,
 agus ir fíor-deagán o’fógluim na daoine labhar iad ó n-a céile.

Tá rgoilte na h-éireann, faraoir! Fá rtiúruagad daoine o’a
 otus an Riagaltar Sacranac an rtiúruagad oirra, agus bí na
 daoine reo i gcóinnirde i n-agair na nŠaebeal agus i n-agair
 teangad na tíre. Níl eolair ag duine ar bit aca uirri aet oirgeo
 le aral no le bulóirg. Tá ceatpar de na daoine reo ’na mbheiteam-
 naib ó cúirteannaib an dlíge, nac bfuil ploc eolair aca ar
 oirdeacair, aet o’r snáct-obair leó daoine cionntaca do doraib,
 daorann riad muinntir na h-éireann, ’gá gcur fa bheiteammar
 aineolair, fad a mbeata, i taob na neite bainear leó féin 7
 le na díir. Tá fear eile aca ’na uactarain ar éolairte na
 Cíonóirde—ir fuat na nŠaebeal an áit rin—agus tá cuio mór

THE MODERN LITERATURE OF THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

WE shall see in this last volume specimens of the ordinary Irish language of the people, as they have had it for the last couple of hundred years, and as they have it now. There is nothing but modern Irish to be found in this volume, and hence the reader must form his own opinion of the old Irish literature by the help of the English translations that have been given in the other volumes. We give here no old Irish, because it is too difficult to understand for any person who has not made a special study of it.

There are stories, songs and sayings of the people themselves to be found in this book, and a great many of these have been written down by scholars from the mouths of old people in Ireland who did not know how to read and write their own language. But there is another portion of the book which is the work of the cleverest writers, the work of writers who are making a modern literature for the people of Ireland to-day, such as Father Peter O'Leary, James Doyle, Conan Maol (O'Shea), Patrick O'Leary, Thomas Hayes, Father Dinneen, Miss O'Farrelly, Tadhg O'Donoghue, and others.

It is a very difficult thing to put correct tasteful English upon Irish, for it is my opinion that there are no two languages in the lands of Christendom which differ more between themselves than they do. And although they have been so long standing side by side upon one island, very little is the trace that either of them has left upon the other, and it is very little that the people who speak them have learned from one another either.

The schools of Ireland also, are, alas, under the dominance of people to whom the English Government has given the control over them, and these people have always been against the Irish, and against the language of the country. Not one

eile aca na n-daoinib-uairle paróðne san don eólar rpeirialta aca ar rgoilcib ná ar rgoiluigeact; agus do toirimearḡ riao ḡaeðeilg do múnad inrḡa rgoilcib, no do labairt leir na rḡoláirib, go dti tḡi no ceatar de bliadantaib ó roin. Tá aḡruḡad ann anoir, ḡ so, dtuḡad Dia dúinn go mbéid ré buan! Ni meapaim go raib don tḡi eile ar talam na Cḡiorḡuigeacta riam, a raib a leicéir rin de rḡannail le feicrinc innti agus do bí i n-Éirinn—máigirḡirde ḡ máigirḡeara rḡoile nac raib focal ḡaeðeilge aca, aḡ “múnad”! páirḡide nac raib focal béarla aca! Ni h-ionḡnad ḡur oibread amad rḡiorad na Litirdeacta ar na daoinib, agus ḡur ruaiḡeas arta ḡad oibear, ḡliocar, cḡionact, agus rḡuaim do táinḡ anuar eua ó n-a rinnreapraib rḡompa. Act anoir,—mar ḡeall ar Connrad na ḡaeðeilge—tá an ḡaeðeilg, aḡ teact cuici féin aḡir; agus ir roiléir é anoir, do’n doḡman ar raḡ, má tá Éire le beir ’na náiríun ar leir, no le beir ’na ruḡ ar bit act ’na condae ḡráanna Sacraḡaig, (agus i aḡ dḡanam aicḡur go raon rann ruar an nóraib na Sacraḡad) go ḡcaitid rí iompóḡ ar a teangaid féin aḡir i Litirdeact nuas ceap d innti.

Agus tá Éire aḡ coruḡad ar rin do dḡanam ceana féin, agus tá rḡomplaid ar a bfuil rí d’a dḡanam inran leabar ro. Ni’l ionnta ro go léir (obair na ndeic mbliadḡan ro cuair ḡarrainn) act céad-bláta an earraig. Tá an Samrad le teact rḡr le conḡnam Dḡ.

RIG AN FÁSADIS Dúib:

Labráir O Floinn, ó Deul-áe-na-muice (Swinford i mbeuḡla) d’innir an rḡeul ro do ḡróinriar O Concúḡair i mb’l’actluain, ó a bfuair mife é.

Nuair bí O Concúḡair ’na rig ar Éirinn bí ré ’na cómnuidḡ i Rát-cḡuacáin Connact. Bí don mac amáin aige, act nuair d’fár ré ruar, bí ré ríadain, agus níor feuo an rig rḡmact do cúir air, mar beirdeas a toil féin aige inḡ ḡad uile nḡ:

of them knows anything about it, more than so many asses or bullocks. Four of these men are judges from the courts of law, who have no particle of knowledge about education; but since their ordinary work is to condemn the guilty, they condemn the people of Ireland, sentencing them to life-long ignorance about the things that concern themselves and their country. Another of them is the Provost of Trinity College, that place that is *Fuath na nGaedheal*, and a great number more of them are wealthy country gentlemen, without any special knowledge of schools or scholarship; and these men practically forbade the Irish language to be taught in the schools or to be spoken to the scholars until three or four years ago. A change has come now. God grant that it may be a lasting one!

I do not think that there was ever any other country in the lands of Christendom in which such a scandal was to be witnessed as in Ireland—masters and mistresses of schools who did not know a word of Irish, “teaching” (!) children who did not know a word of English! It is no wonder that the spirit of literature was banished out of the people, and that all instruction, intelligence, wisdom and natural ability, that had come down to them from their ancestors before them, were driven out of them. But now—thanks to the Gaelic League—the Irish language is coming to itself again, and it is evident at last to the whole world that if Ireland is to be a nation apart, or anything at all except an ugly English county, (imitating, in a manner lifeless, feeble, and cold, the manners of the English), she *must* turn to her own language again, and create herself a new literature in it.

And Ireland is beginning to do this, even already, and there are specimens of what she is doing in this book. These—the works of the last ten years—are yet nothing but the first spring blossoms. The summer is to come with the help of God.

THE KING OF THE BLACK DESERT.

This story was told by one Laurence O'Flynn, from near Swinford, in the County Mayo, to my friend, the late F. O'Connor, of Athlone, from whom I got it in Irish. It is the eleventh story in the “*Sgeuluidhe Gaodhalach*.”—Douglas Hyde.

When O'Connor was king over Ireland, he was living in Rathcroghan of Connacht. He had one son, but he, when he grew up, was wild, and the king could not control him, because he would have his own will in everything.

Don mairtin amháin éuaib ré amac,

Δ εὐ λε na εοιρ
Δ φαβὰς ἀρ Δ βοιρ
Δ'ῖ Δ ἐπαλλῖ βρεᾶς τοῦ ὁ'ἰ ιομέας,

asur o'imtiḡ ré ar aḡair, as ḡabáil painn abráin dō péin so
btáinis ré com fáo le rḡeatác mór do bí as fáar ar bpuac
gleanna. Bí rean-ouine liat 'na fuirde as bun na rḡeice, asur
tubairt ré: "Δ mic an rḡis, má eis leat imirt com maic a'ῖ
eis leat abráin do ḡabáil, buḡ maic liom cluice o'imirt leat."
ḡaoil mac an rḡis sup rean-ouine mi-céillirde do bí ann, asur
tuipling ré, caic rḡian tap ḡeug, asur fuirde rior le taoib an
crean-ouine liat. Tapraing reirean paca cárhoir amac asur
o'ḡiaffuis: "An o'cis leat iad ro o'imirt?"

"Tis liom," ar ran mac-rḡis.

"Créao imeḡpamaoio ar?" ar ran rean-ouine liat.

"Níó ar bit ip mian leat," ar ran mac-rḡis.

"Maic so leor, má ḡnótaigim-re caicḡir tupa níó ar bit Δ
iarrpar mé deunam ḡam, asur má ḡnótaigean tupa, caicḡir
mire níó ar bit iarrpar tupa oim deunam duitre," ar ran rean-
ouine liat.

"Tá mé pára," ar ran mac-rḡis.

O'imir ríao an cluice asur buail an mac rḡis an rean ouine
liat. Ann rin tubairt ré, "Créao do buḡ mian leat mire do
deunam duit, Δ mic an rḡis?"

"Ní iarrpar mé ort níó ar bit do deunam ḡam," ar ran
mac-rḡis, "raoilm nac bpuil tú ionnán mórán do deunam."

"Ilá bac leir rin," ar ran rean ouine, "caicḡir tú iarrpar
oim ruo éigin do deunam, níor cáill mé ḡeall ariam ná rḡeud
mé Δ ioc."

Mar tubairt mé, raoil an mac rḡis sup rean ouine micéillirde
do bí ann, asur le na fáruḡad tubairt ré leir?

"Bain an ceann de mo learmácair asur cuir ceann ḡabair
uipri ar fead reactmáine."

"Deunfao rin duit," ar ran rean ouine liat.

Éuaib an mac rḡis as marcuigeadt ar Δ ἐπαλλῖ,

Δ εὐ λε na εοιρ
Δ φαβὰς ἀρ Δ βοιρ,

asur eug ré Δ aḡair ar áit eile, asur níor cuimnis ré níor mó
ar an rean ouine liat, so btáinis ré Δ-baile.

Fuair ré ḡáir asur bḡon mór in ran scairleán: O'innir na
raoibḡoḡantair dō so btáinis o'paoirdeaoir arteac 'ran reompa
'n áit Δ raib an bainḡoḡan asur sup cuir ré ceann ḡabair uipri
i n-áit Δ cinn péin:

One morning he went out

His hound at his foot,
And his hawk on his hand,
And his fine black horse to bear him,

and he went forward, singing a verse of a song to himself, until he came as far as a big bush that was growing on the brink of a glen. There was a gray old man sitting at the foot of the bush, and he said, "King's son, if you are able to play as well as you are able to sing songs, I should like to play a game with you." The King's son thought that it was a silly old man that was in it, and he alighted, threw bridle over branch, and sat down by the side of the gray old man.

The old man drew out a pack of cards and asked, "Can you play these?"

"I can," said the King's son.

"What shall we play for?" said the gray old man.

"Anything you wish," says the King's son.

"All right; if I win, you must do for me anything I shall ask of you, and if you win I must do for you anything you ask of me," says the gray old man.

"I'm satisfied," says the King's son.

They played the game, and the King's son beat the gray old man. Then he said, "What would you like me to do for you, King's son?"

"I won't ask you to do anything for me," says the King's son, "I think that you are not able to do much."

"Don't mind that," said the old man. "You must ask me to do something. I never lost a bet yet that I wasn't able to pay it."

As I said, the King's son thought that it was a silly old man that was in it, and to satisfy him he said to him—"Take the head of my stepmother and put a goat's head on her for a week."

"I'll do that for you," said the gray old man.

The King's son went a-riding on his horse

His hound at his foot,
His hawk on his hand—

and he faced for another place, and never thought more about the gray old man until he came home.

He found a cry and great grief before him in the castle. The servants told him that an enchanter had come into the room where the Queen was, and had put a goat's head on her in place of her own head.

“Ōar mo láim, ír ionſantaś an nío é rin,” ar ran mac riś,
 “ŏá mberóinn ’ran mbáile ŏo bainpinn an ceann ŏé le mo clair-
 eam.” Ői bñón móri ar an riś aśur eui riś ríor ar cōmaipileóir
 cñiona aśur ŏ’fíarriuiś rē ŏé an riab ríor aige cia an éaoi éarila
 an nío reo ŏo’n bainríogáin. “Őo ŏeimín ní tís liom rin inn-
 reaśt ŏuit,” ar reirean, “ír obair ŏraoiŏeáśta é.”

Níori leis an mac riś air réin Őo riab eólar ar bit aige ar an
 Őeúir, áśt ar maioin amárac ŏ’imēis rē amac,

Δ εὐ λε να εοιρ
 Δ φαδὰς ἀρι Δ βοιρ
 ’S Δ ἐπαλλ βρεᾶς οὐδ’ ὀά ιομέαρ,

aśur níori éarriains rē rrian Őo ŏtáinis rē cōm řaŏa leiř an
 řŕeic mōiri ar bñuac an Őleanna. Ői an řean ŏuine liať ’na řuiŏe
 ann rin řaoi an řŕeic aśur ŏubairť rē: “Δ míc an riś, mbéir
 cluiċe aśao anŏiú?” Őuirliŕ an mac riś aśur ŏubairť:
 “Őéir.” leiř rin, éairť rē an rrian éar Őeuiś, aśur řuiŏ ríor le
 taoib an řrean ŏuine. Éarriains reirean na cārŏairŏ amac, aśur
 ŏ’fíarriuiś ŏe’n mac riś an bñuairť rē an nío ŏo Őñóćais rē anŏé:
 “Őá rin ceairť Őo leŏri,” ar ran mac riś.

“Imeŏřamaoiŏ ar an nŕeall ceuŏna anŏiú,” ar ran řean
 ŏuine liať.

“Őá mé řárťa,” ar ran mac riś:

Ő’imiri řiaŏ, aśur Őñóćais an mac riś. “Cřeao ŏo buŏ řian
 leat mipe ŏo ŏeunam ŏuit an ř-am řo?” ar ran řean ŏuine
 liať. Smuáin an mac riś aśur ŏubairť leiř réin, “ŏeuiřarŏ mé
 obairť éřuairŏ ŏŏ an ř-am řo.” Ann rin ŏubairť rē: “Őá řáirc
 řeaśť n-aċřa ar eúl cairleáin m’áćar, bíŏŏ ři liŏŏta ar maion.
 amárac le bať (buaib) řan ŏon beirť aca ŏo beirť ar ŏon ŏat, ar
 ŏon ářŏe, no ar ŏon aoir amáin.”

“Őéir rin ŏeunta,” ar ran řean ŏuine liať:

Éuairŏ an mac riś aś marċuiċeaśť ar Δ ἐπαλλ,

Δ εὐ λε να εοιρ
 Δ φαδὰς ἀρι Δ βοιρ,

aśur éuiś aśairŏ a-baile. Ői an riś Őo bñónac í ŏtaoiŏ na bain-
 řiŏŕna. Ői ŏŏćťuiřŏ ar n-uile áit í n-éřinn, áśť níori řeuŏ
 řiaŏ ŏon máit ŏo ŏeunam ŏi.

Ar maioin, lá ar na mārác, éuairŏ maori an riś amac Őo moċ,
 aśur cōnnairť rē an řáirc ar eúl an cairleáin liŏŏta le bať
 (buaib) aśur řan ŏon beirť aca ŏe ’n ŏat ceuŏna no ŏe’n aoir
 řeuŏna, no ŏe’n ářŏe ceuŏna. Ő’imēis rē arťeaś, aśur ŏ’innir
 éé an řŕeul ionſantaś ŏo’n riś: “Őeiriś aśur ċiomáin iaŏ
 amac,” ar ran riś: řuairť an maori řir, aśur éuairŏ rē leŏ aś

"By my hand, but that's a wonderful thing," says the King's son. "If I had been at home I'd have whipped the head off him with my sword."

There was great grief on the King, and he sent for a wise councillor and asked him did he know how the thing happened to the Queen.

"Indeed, I cannot tell you that," said he, "it's a work of enchantment."

The King's son did not let on that he had any knowledge of the matter, but on the morrow morning he went out

His hound at his foot,
His hawk on his hand,
And his fine black horse to bear him,

and he never drew rein until he came as far as the big bush on the brink of the glen. The gray old man was sitting there under the bush and said, "King's son, will you have a game to-day?" The King's son got down and said, "I will." With that he threw bridle over branch and sat down by the side of the old man. He drew out the cards and asked the King's son did he get the thing he had won yesterday.

"That's all right," says the King's son.

"We'll play for the same bet to-day," says the gray old man.

"I'm satisfied," said the King's son.

They played—the King's son won. "What would you like me to do for you this time?" says the gray old man. The King's son thought and said to himself, "I'll give him a hard job this time." Then he said, "there's a field of seven acres at the back of my father's castle, let it be filled to-morrow morning with cows, and no two of them to be of one colour or one height or one age."

"That shall be done," says the gray old man.

The King's son went riding on his horse,

His hound at his foot,
His hawk on his hand,

and faced for home. The King was sorrowful about the Queen; there were doctors out of every place in Ireland, but they could not do her any good.

On the morning of the next day the King's herd went out early, and he saw the field at the back of the castle filled with cows, and no two of them of the same color, the same age, or the same height. He went in and told the King the wonderful news. "Go and drive them out," says the King. The herd got men, and went with them driving out the cows,

tiomáint na mbó amac, aċt nì luaithe cuirfeadh pé amac ar don taobh iad 'nà tiucpað pìad arteaċ ar an taobh eile. Cuairò an maorì do'n mġs arip, aġur dubairt leir naċ bpeuðpað an mēad fearì bī i n-ġipinn na baċ rin do bī ran bpaġnc do ċur amac. "Iṛ baċ oṛaoiðeaċta iad," ar ran mġs.

Nuair ċonnairc an mac-mġs na baċ, dubairt pé leir péin: "Bēirò cluice eile aġam ċeip an fean duine liaċ anoiā." O'imċiġ pé amac an mairin rin,

A ċū le na ċoir
A feaċac ar a boir
A'ṛ a ċapall bpeāġ ouð o'ā iomċar,

aġur nioṛ ċarraigis pé rrian ġo oṛáinis pé ċom paða leir an rġeic mōir ar bpuac an ġleanna. Bī an fean duine liaċ ann rin poime aġur o'iaip pé ar an mberðeað cluice ċāpdaṛ aġe.

"Bēirò," ar ran mac mġs; "aċt tā fīor aġaṛ ġo maic ġo oṛiġ liom tū bualað aġ imiṛt ċāpda."

"Bēirò cluice eile aġainn," ar ran fean duine liaċ. "Ar imiṛ tū liaċpōirò ariam?"

"O'impear ġo ðeimin," ar ran mac mġs; "aċt paolim ġo bpuil tupa pō fean le liaċpōirò o'imṛt, aġur ċop leir rin nī'l aon āit aġainn ann po le n'imṛt."

"Mā tā tupa ūmal le n-imṛt, ġeobaṛ mipe āit," ar ran fean duine liaċ.

"Tāim ūmal," ar ran mac mġs.

"Lean mipe," ar ran fean duine liaċ.

Lean an mac mġs ē tpið an nġleann, ġo oṛāngavaṛ ġo ċnoc bpeāġ ġlar. Ann rin, ċarraigis pé amac pīaċin oṛaoiðeaċta, aġur dubairt pociā nāṛ tuiġ mac an mġs, aġur paol ċeann mōimiro, o'orġail an ċnoc aġur ċuairò an beipt arteaċ, aġur ċuairò pìad tpið a lān ðe hāllaib bpeāġa ġo oṛāngavaṛ amac i nġāipoin. Bī ġaċ uile nīð nioṛ bpeāġa 'nā ċēile in ran nġāipoin rin, aġur aġ bun an ġāipoin bī āit le liaċpōirò o'imṛt.

Ċait pìad pīora aipġio ruar le feicrint cia aca mberðeað lām-artiġ aġe, 7 ruair an fean duine liaċ rin.

Ōpaġis pìad ann rin, aġur nioṛ ptað a'ṛ fean duine ġup ġnōċaiġ pé an cluice. Nī pīaib fīor aġ an mac mġs ċpēaṛ do ðeunpað pé. Paol ðeoirò o'fiarraigis pé ðe'n tpean-duine ċpēaṛ do buð maic leir ē do ðeunam oð.

"Iṛ mipe Riġ ar an bFāraġ Ouib, aġur ċaitpið tupa mé péin aġur m'āit-ċōmnurðe o'fāġail amac paol ċeann lā aġur bliadain, nō ġeobaṛ mipe tupa amac aġur ċaillpið tā do ċeann."

Ann rin tuiġ pé an mac mġs amac an bealaċ ċeudna a nðeaċairò pé arteaċ. Opuio an ċnoc ġlar 'na oiaġis aġur o'imċiġ an fean duine liaċ ar amare.

but no sooner would he put them out on one side than they would come in on the other. The herd went to the King again, and told him that all the men that were in Ireland would not be able to put out these cows that were in the field. "They're enchanted cows," said the King.

When the King's son saw the cows he said to himself, "I'll have another game with the gray man to-day!" That morning he went out,

His hound at his foot,
His hawk on his hand,
And his fine black horse to bear him,

and he never drew rein till he came as far as the big bush on the brink of the glen. The gray old man was there before him, and asked him would he have a game of cards.

"I will," says the King's son, "but you know well that I can beat you playing cards."

"We'll have another game, then," says the gray old man. "Did you ever play ball?"

"I did, indeed," says the King's son; "but I think that you are too old to play ball, and, besides that, we have no place here to play it."

"If you're contented to play, I'll find a place," says the gray old man.

"I'm contented," says the King's son.

"Follow me," says the gray old man.

The King's son followed him through the glen until he came to a fine green hill. There he drew out a little enchanted rod, spoke some words which the King's son did not understand, and after a moment the hill opened and the two went in, and they passed through a number of splendid halls until they came out into a garden. There was everything finer than another in that garden, and at the bottom of the garden there was a place for playing ball. They threw up a piece of silver to see who would have hand-in, and the gray old man got it.

They began then, and the gray old man never stopped until he won out the game. The King's son did not know what he would do. At last he asked the old man what would he desire him to do for him.

"I am King over the Black Desert, and you must find out myself and my dwelling-place within a year and a day, or I shall find you out and you shall lose your head."

Then he brought the King's son out the same way by which he went in. The green hill closed behind them, and the gray old man disappeared out of sight.

Ċuairò an mac riġ aġ marcuigeadt ar a ċapall;

Δ εὐ le na ċoir,
Δ ῥεαβας ar a θoir,

Δγυρ εἰ βρόναε ὅο ιεόρ.

An t'páctnóna rin, 'oo b'pactnuig an riġ ὅο riab b'pón Δγυρ buairpreat mór ar an mac ós, Δγυρ nuair ċuairó ré 'na ċoŋlað, ċualairò an riġ Δγυρ ḡac uile 'uine 'oo bí in ran ḡcairleán t'pompnaoil Δγυρ riámalaíð uairò. 'Bí an riġ faoi b'pón ceann ḡabair 'oo beít ar an mbainpíogain, áct buð meara é reáct n-uairp nuair 'o'innir an mac 'oo an ḡseul, mar t'árla ó ċúr ὅο 'deireatò.

Ċuir ré fíor ar ċómairleóir c'píona, Δγυρ 'o'fíarpuig ré 'de an riab fíor aige cia an áit a riab an Riġ ar an b'faraċ Duġ 'na ċómnuiðe.

"Ní'l, ὅο 'deimín," ar reirean; "áct ċóm cinnite a'ḡ t'á riuball (earball) ar an ḡcat muna b'páḡairò an t-oíðre ós an 'o'paoíð-eatóir rin amaċ, caillpíð ré a ċeann."

'Bí b'pón mór i ḡcairleán an riġ an lá rin. 'Bí ceann ḡabair ar an mbainpíogain, Δγυρ an mac-riġ 'oul aġ t'ópuigeadt 'o'paoíð-eatóir, ḡan fíor an 'o'ciucpað ré ar air ὅο 'deó.

Tar éir reáctmáine [oo] baineatò an ceann ḡabair 'de'n bainpíogain, Δγυρ cuireatò a ceann réin uirri. Nuair ċualairò rí an ċaoi ar cuireatò an ceann ḡabair uirri, t'áinig fuat mór uirri anaḡairò an míc riġ, Δγυρ 'oubairt rí: "Ná ri t'agairò ré ar air beó ná marb."

Ar maroin, 'Dia luain, 'o'páḡ ré a 'beannaċt aġ a t'airi Δγυρ aġ a ḡaol, bí a mála-riúbail ceangailte ar a 'o'puim, Δγυρ 'o'imtíḡ ré,

Δ εὐ le na ċoir
Δ ῥεαβας ar a θoir
a'ḡ a ċapall b'péáḡ 'o'ub 'o'á iomċar.

ḡiúbail ré an lá rin ὅο riab an ḡrian imtíḡte faoi ḡḡáile na ḡenoc, Δγυρ ὅο riab 'o'pcaðar na h-oíðe aġ teáct, ḡan fíor aige cia'n áit a b'puigreató ré ióirtín. 'B'pactnuig ré coill mór ar t'aoíð a láime clé, Δγυρ t'arraig ré uirri ċóm t'apa Δγυρ 'o'f'euo ré, le riúl an oíðe 'oo caiteam faoi f'arḡað na ḡerann. ḡuiró ré fíor faoi bun c'páinn móir 'o'paca, 'o'f'orḡail ré a mála-riúbail le biað ḡ 'deoc 'oo caiteam, nuair ċonnairt ré iolar mór aġ teáct ċuige.

"Ná bíð f'aitéior opt riómam-ra, a míc riġ. Áitnigim t'ú, ir t'ú mac Uí ċoncuðair riġ éireann. Ir capairó mé, Δγυρ má t'ugann t'ú 'oo ċapall 'o'am-ra le tabairt le n'ite 'oo ċeítpe éanlaít o'paca

The King's son went home, riding on his horse,

His hound at his foot,
His hawk on his hand,

and he sorrowful enough.

That evening the King observed that there was grief and great trouble on his young son, and when he went to sleep the King and every person that was in the castle heard heavy sighing and ravings from him. The King was in grief—a goat's head to be on the Queen; but he was seven times worse when they told him the (whole) story how it happened from beginning to end.

He sent for a wise councillor and asked him did he know where the King of the Black Desert was living.

"I do not, indeed," said he, "but as sure as there's a tail on a cat, unless the young heir finds out that enchanter he will lose his head."

There was great grief that day in the castle of the King. There was a goat's head on the Queen, and the King's son was going searching for an enchanter, without knowing whether he would ever come back.

After a week the goat's head was taken off the Queen, and her own head was put upon her. When she heard of how the goat's head was put upon her, a great hate came upon her against the King's son, and she said, "That he may never come back alive or dead!"

Of a Monday morning he left his blessing with his father and his kindred, his traveling bag was bound upon his shoulder, and he went,

His hound at his foot,
His hawk on his hand,
And his fine black horse to bear him.

He walked that day until the sun was gone beneath the shadow of the hills and till the darkness of the night was coming, without knowing where he could get lodgings. He noticed a large wood on his left-hand side, and he drew towards it as quickly as he could, hoping to spend the night under the shelter of the trees. He sat down at the foot of a large oak tree, and opened his traveling bag to take some food and drink, when he saw a great eagle coming towards him.

"Do not be afraid of me, King's son; I know you, you are the son of O'Conor, King of Ireland. I am a friend, and if you grant me your horse to give to eat to four hungry birds

atá aġam, béarparó mipe niof fuioe 'ná do béarparó do capall tú, aġur b'éioir go ġcuirpinn tú ar loġs an té atá tú 'tóruiġ-eaét."

"Tis leat an capall do beit aġaw aġur fáilte," ar ran mac piġ, "ció ġur b'pónac mé aġ ġġaraimaint leir."

"Tá go maít, béiró mipe ann ro ar maroin amárac le h-éirġe na ġnéine." Ann rin d'forgiait ri a ġob móir, ruġ ġneim ar an ġcapall, buail a d'á taoib anaġaró a céile, leatnuis a ġġiactán, aġur d'iméiġ ar amáre.

D'it aġur d'ól an mac piġ a fáit, cuir an mála-riúbail paol na ceann, aġur niof b'paw go paib ré 'na coŋlaó, aġur niof d'uiris ré go d'táinis an t-iolar aġur ġur d'ubairt: "Tá ré i n-am ōuinn beit 'ġ iméaét, tá airtear paw piómáinn, beir ġneim ar do mála aġur léim ruar ar mo d'ruim."

"Aét, mo b'pón!" ar feirean, "cait'pó mé ġġaraimaint le mo cú aġur le mo feabac."

"Ná bioó b'pón opt," ar pife; "béiró piaw ann ro piómaw nuair tiucpar tú ar air."

Ann rin léim ré ruar ar a d'ruim, ġlac pife ġġiactán, aġur ar go b'pát léite 'ran aéir. Tug ri é tar énoaió aġur ġleannaió, tar muir móir aġur tar coilltib, ġur paol ré go paib ré aġ veireao an d'omáin. Nuair bi an ġrian aġ ōul paol ġġáile na ġenoc, táinis ri go talam i lár fáraiġ móir, aġur d'ubairt leir: "lean an capán ar taoib do láime veire, aġur béarparó ré tú go teac capaw. Cait'pó mipe pilleao ar air le polácar do m'éanlaít."

lean feirean an capán, aġur niof b'paw go d'táinis ré go ōu an teac, aġur cuair ré ar teac. Bi rean-ōuine liaé 'na fuioe 'ran ġcoirneull; d'eiuiġ ré ġ d'ubairt, "Ceŋ m'ile fáilte piómaw, a m'ic Riġ ar Rát-Ōruacáan Ōonnaét."

"Ni'l eólar aġam-ra opt," ar ran mac piġ.

"Bi aítne aġam-ra ar do fean-atair," ar ran rean ōuine liaé; "fuioé niof; ir d'oiġ go b'puit tarit aġur ocpur opt."

"Ni'l mé paor uata," ar ran mac piġ. Buail an rean ōuine a d'á ōoir anaġaró a céile, aġur táinis beirt feirbireao, aġur leaġ-awar boŋo le maít-feóil, caoir-feóil, muic-feóil aġur le neairt aráin i lácar an m'ic piġ, aġur d'ubairt an rean ōuine leir: "it aġur ól do fáit, b'éioir go mbuó paw go b'puiġpó tú a leitéio arir." D'it aġur d'ól ré oipeao aġur buó mian leir, aġur tug buirdeacar ar a ŋon.

Ann rin d'ubairt an rean ōuine, "tá tú ōul aġ tóruiġeaét Riġ an f'áraiġ Ōuib; teiuiġ aġ coŋlaó anoir, aġur piacáir mipe tpe mo leab'páib le feucáint an ōtis liom áit-Ōómnuióe an piġ

that I have, I shall bear you farther than your horse would bear you, and, perhaps, I would put you on the track of him you are looking for."

"You can have the horse, and welcome," says the King's son, "although I am sorrowful at parting from him."

"All right, I shall be here to-morrow at sunrise." With that she opened her great gob, caught hold of the horse, struck in his two sides against one another, took wing, and disappeared out of sight.

The King's son ate and drank his enough, put his traveling bag under his head, and it was not long till he was asleep, and he never woke until the eagle came and said, "It is time for us to be going, there is a long journey before us; take hold of your bag and leap up upon my back."

"But my grief!" says he, "I must part from my hound and my hawk."

"Do not be grieved," says she, "they will be here before you when you come back."

Then he leaped up on her back; she took wing, and off and away with her through the air. She brought him across hills and hollows, over a great sea, and over woods, till he thought that he was at the end of the world. When the sun was going under the shadow of the hills she came to earth in the midst of a great desert, and said to him, "Follow the path on your right-hand side, and it will bring you to the house of a friend. I must return again to provide for my birds."

He followed the path, and it was not long till he came to the house, he went in. There was a gray old man sitting in the corner. He rose and said, "A hundred thousand welcomes to you, King's son, from Rathcroghan of Connacht."

"I have no knowledge of you," said the King's son.

"I was acquainted with your grandfather," said the gray old man. "Sit down; no doubt there is hunger and thirst on you."

"I am not free from them," said the King's son.

The old man then smote his two palms against one another, and two servants came and laid a board with beef, mutton, pork, and plenty of bread before the King's son, and the old man said to him, "Eat and drink your enough. Perhaps it may be a long time before you get the like again."

He ate and drank as much as he desired, and thanked him for it.

Then the old man said, "You are going seeking for the King of the Black Desert; go to sleep now, and I will go

rin o'fāḡail amac." Ann rin, buail ré a bora; éáinis reibireac, aḡur oubairt ré leir "Tabair an mac riġ ʒo o'ci a reompa." Tuġ ré ʒo reompa breāḡ é, aḡur níor b'pava ʒur tuic ré 'na co'olao.

Ar maidin, lá ar na mādāc, éáinis an rean uine aḡur oubairt: "Ériġ, tá airtear pava rómao. Cairpíó tú cúis ceuo míle ʻdeunam joim meadon-lae."

"Ní feupainn é ʻo ʻdeunam," ar ran mac riġ.

"Má'r marcac maít tú, véarparó mire capall uuit véarpar tú an t-airtear."

"Deunpao mar véarpar tura," ar ran mac riġ.

Tuġ an rean uine neart le n'ite aḡur le n'ól ʻoó, aḡur nuair bí ré pácaé, tuġ re ʒearpán beaḡ bán ʻoó, aḡur oubairt: "Tabair ceao a cinn ʻo'n ʒearpán, aḡur nuair rtoppar ré, péac ruar 'ran aéir aḡur reicpíó tú trí ealairde co'm ʒeal le r'neacá. Ir iao rin trí ingeana Riġ an Ġġarais ʻOuib. Béíó naipicín ʒlar i mbeul eala aca, rin í an ingean ir óige, aḡur ní'l neac beó o'feupao tú ʻo tabairt ʒo tiġ Riġ an Ġġarais ʻOuib acé i. Nuair rtoppar an ʒearpán, béíó tú i nḡar ʻo loó; tuicparó na trí ealairde ʒo talam ar b'ruac an loóa rin, aḡur ʻdeunpao trípír mnd (ban) óḡ ʻoíob péin, aḡur paáiró ríao arteaé 'ran loó aḡ rñám aḡur aḡ pinc. Congbaís ʻo fúil ar an naipicín ʒlar aḡur nuair ʒeobar tú na mnd óḡa 'ran loó, teirpíḡ aḡur páḡ an naipicín aḡur ná rḡar leir. Teirpíḡ i b'rolac paói é'pánn aḡur nuair tuicparó na mnd óḡa amac, ʻdeunpao beirt aca ealairde ʻoíob péin aḡur imteóóáiró ríao 'ran aéir. Ann rin, véarparó an ingean ir óige, "Deunpao mé níó ar bíó ʻo'n té véarpar mo naipicín ʻoam." Tar i lá'air ann rin, aḡur tabair an naipicín ʻoí, ʒ abair nac b'fúil níó ar bíó aḡ teartál uait, acé ʻo tabairt ʒo tiġ a h-a'ar, aḡur innir ʻoí ʒur mac riġ tú ar tír éumáacáis."

Rinne an mac riġ ʒac níó mar oubairt an rean uine leir, aḡur nuair tuġ ré an naipicín o'ingin Riġ an Ġġarais ʻOuib, oubairt ré: "Ir mire mac Uí Concu'air, Riġ Connaé. Tabair mé ʒo o'ci o'a'air: pava mé o'a tóruigeacé."

"Náir b'earr uuit mé níó éigin eile ʻo ʻdeunam uuit?" ar ríre.

"Íí'l don níó eile aḡ teartál uaim," ar reirean.

"Ma tárbéanam an teaé uuit nac mbéíó tú pá'ra?" ar ríre.

"Béíóeao," ar reirean.

"Anoir," ar ríre, "ar o'anam ná h-innir ʻo m' a'air ʒur mire ʻo tuġ éum a tíḡe-rean tú, aḡur béíó mire mo capairó maít uuit; aḡur leir o'ic péin," ar ríre, "ʒo b'fúil móir-éumáac t'paoíóeacé aḡao."

"Deunpao mar ʻeir tú," ar reirean.

through my books to see if I can find out the dwelling-place of that King." Then he smote his palms (together), and a servant came, and he told him, "Take the King's son to his chamber." He took him to a fine chamber, and it was not long till he fell asleep.

On the morning of the next day the old man came and said, "Rise up, there is a long journey before you. You must do five hundred miles before midday."

"I could not do it," said the King's son.

"If you are a good rider I will give you a horse that will bring you over the journey."

"I will do as you say," said the King's son.

The old man gave him plenty to eat and to drink and, when he was satisfied, he gave him a little white garran and said, "Give the garran his head, and when he stops look up into the air, and you will see three swans as white as snow. Those are the three daughters of the King of the Black Desert. There will be a green napkin in the mouth of one of them, that is the youngest daughter, and there is not anyone alive except her who could bring you to the house of the King of the Black Desert. When the garran stops you will be near a lake, the three swans will come to land on the brink of that lake, and they will make three young women of themselves, and they will go into the lake swimming and dancing. Keep your eye on the green napkin, and when you get the young women in the lake go and get the napkin, and do not part with it. Go into hiding under a tree, and when the young women will come out two of them will make swans of themselves, and will go away in the air. Then the youngest daughter will say, 'I will do anything for him who will give me my napkin.' Come forward then and give her the napkin, and say that there is nothing you want but to bring you to her father's house, and tell her that you are a king's son from a powerful country."

The King's son did everything as the old man desired him, and when he gave the napkin to the daughter of the King of the Black Desert he said, "I am the son of O'Conor, King of Connacht. Bring me to your father. Long am I seeking him."

"Would not it be better for me to do something else for you?" said she.

"I do not want anything else," said he.

"If I show you the house will you not be satisfied?" said she.

Ann rin pinne ri eala ōi pēin aġur ōubairt: "Lēim ruar ar mo mūin, aġur cuir ōo lāmā paōi mo mūinēal, aġur congħaiġ ġneim cquarō."

Rinne pé amħarō, aġur ċrair ri a rġiaċāna, 7 ar ġo bpat lēite ċar ċnocarō a'r ċar ġleanntarō, ċar mūir aġur ċar flēibitō, ġo ōtāinġ ri ġo talām mar ōo bi an ġrian aġ ōul paōi. Ann rin ōubairt ri leir: "An b'peiceann tū an teac mōr rin ċall? Sin teac m'atār. Slān leat. Am ar biċ bēirdear baogħal orġ, bēirō mipe le ōo ċarōib." Ann rin ō'imċiġ ri uarō.

Ċuarō an mac riġ ċum an tiġe, ċuarō arġeac, aġur ċia ō'feic-peaō pé ann rin 'na fuirde i ġcaċarōir ōir, aċt an pean ōuine liaċ ō'imir na ċarōarō aġur an liaċrōirō leir.

"Feicim, a mīc riġ," ar peirpan, "ġo b'ruar tū mé amac riom lā aġur bliarōain. Ċā faō ō ō'pāġ tū an baile?"

"Ar maroin anōiū, nuar bi mé aġ ċirġe ar mo leaburō, ċonn-airc mé tuaġ-ċeaċa, pinne mé lēim, rġar mé mo ōā ċoir air, aġur flēamħaiġ mé ċom paōa leir peo."

"Ōar mo lām, ir mōr an ġairġirdeacċ ōo pinne tū," ar pan pean riġ.

"Ō'peurpāinn ruō nīor ionġantairġe 'nā rin ōo ōeunam, ōā n-ōġrōċain," ar pan mac riġ.

"Ċā ċri neite aġam ōuit le ōeunam," ar pan pean riġ, "7 mā'r pēirōir leat iāō ōo ōeunam, bēirō riōġa mo ċriūir inġean aġar mar mħarōi, aġur muna ōriġ leat iāō ōo ōeunam, ċallirō tū ōo ċeanni mar ċall ċurō mħar ōe ōarōinō ōġa riōmāō."

Ann rin ōubairt pé, "Nī bionn iċe nā ōl in mo ċiġ-re, aċt aon uar amħin 'pan ċreaċċmain, aġur bi pé aġainn ar maroin anōiū."

"Ir ċuma liom-ra," ar pan mac riġ; "riġ liom ċriorġarō ōo ōeunam ar peaō mīora ōā mberdearō cquarōōġ orim."

"Ir ōōiġ ġo ōriġ leat ōul ġan ċōrlarō mar an ġceurōna?" ar pan pean riġ.

"Tiġ liom ġan amħar," ar pan mac riġ.

"Bēirō leaburō cquarō aġar anōċt mar rin," ar pan pean riġ; "ċar liom ġo ōarirbēanparō mé ōuit ē." Ċuġ pé amac ann rin ē, 7 ċarirbēan pé ōō cpann mōr aġur ġablōġ air, 7 ōubairt: "Teirriġ ruar ann rin aġur ċōaril in pan nġablōġ, aġur bi pēirō le n-ēirġe na ġrēine."

Ċuarō pé ruar in pan nġablōġ, aċt ċom liaċ aġur bi an pean riġ 'na ċōrlarō, ċāinġ an inġean ōġ aġur ċuġ arġeac ġo reompa b'pēāġ ē, aġur ċongħaiġ ri ann rin ē ġo riāb an pean riġ ar ċi ēirġe. Ann rin ċuir ri ē amac arir i nġablōġ an ċrainn:

Le n-ēirġe na ġrēine, ċāinġ an pean riġ ċuirġe aġur ōubairt;

"I will be satisfied," said he.

"Now," said she, "upon your life do not tell my father that it was I who brought you to his house, and I shall be a good friend to you, but let on," said she, "that you have great powers of enchantment."

"I will do as you say," says he.

Then she made a swan of herself and said, "Leap up on my back and put your hands under my neck, and keep a hard hold."

He did so, and she shook her wings, and off and away with her over hills and over glens, over sea and over mountains, until she came to earth as the sun was going under. Then she said to him, "Do you see that great house yonder? That is my father's house. Farewell. Any time you are in danger I shall be at your side." Then she went from him.

The King's son came to the house and went in, and whom should he see sitting in a golden chair but the gray old man who had played the cards and the ball with him.

"King's son," said he, "I see that you found me out before the day and the year. How long since you left home?"

"This morning when I was rising out of my bed I saw a rainbow; I gave a leap, spread my two legs on it and slid as far as this."

"By my hand, it was a great feat you performed," said the old King.

"I could do a more wonderful thing than that if I chose," said the King's son.

"I have three things for you to do," says the old King, "and if you are able to do them you shall have the choice of my three daughters for wife, and unless you are able to do them you shall lose your head, as a good many other young men have lost it before you."

Then he said, "there be's neither eating nor drinking in my house except once in the week, and we had it this morning."

"It's all one to me," said the King's son, "I could fast for a month if I were on a pinch."

"No doubt you can go without sleep also," says the old King.

"I can, without doubt," said the King's son.

"You shall have a hard bed to-night, then," says the old King. "Come with me till I show it to you." He brought him out then and showed him a great tree with a fork in it, and said, "Get up there and sleep in the fork, and be ready with the rise of the sun."

"Taq anuar anoir, 7 taq liom-ra go t'tairb'eanf'arò mè d'uit an nio atà agao le deunam anoiu."

Ċus re an mac iuġ go b'ruac loċa 7 t'airb'ear re d'o rean-ċairleān, agur d'ubairt leir, "Ċait ġac uile ċloċ 'ran ġc'airleān rin amac 'ran loċ, 7 bioð re deunta agao real mā t'teirdeann an ġrian paol, t'rac'noha." O'imċiġ re uarò ann rin:

Ċoraiġ an mac iuġ ag obair, aċt bi na ċloċa ġreamuġċte d'a ċeile ċom ċruarò rin, nār feurò re aon ċloċ aca d'o t'oġb'ail, agur d'a mberdearò re ag obair go t'ti an lā ro, ni berdearò ċloċ ar an ġc'airleān. Ġurò re rior ann rin ag rmuainearò ċreao d'o buò ċoip d'o deunam, agur nioi b'raða go t'cainiġ inġean an t'rean-iuġ ċuiġe, 7 d'ubairt, "Ċao é pāt d'o b'pōin?" O'innir re d'i an obair d'o bi aġe le deunam. "Na ċuirearò rin b'pōn ort; deunf'arò mire é," ar ripe. Ann rin ċus ri arān, mairt'feol 7 rion d'o, ċarraiġ amac p'laic'in t'paoirdeac'ta, buail buille ar an t-rean-ċairleān, agur paol ċeann mōimio bi ġac uile ċloċ d'e ar bun an loċa. "Anoir," ar ripe, "nā h-innir d'o m'aċair ġur mire d'o pinne an obair d'uit."

Nuair bi an ġrian ag d'ul paol, t'rac'noha, t'cainiġ an rean iuġ agur d'ubairt: "feicim go b'ruil d'obair lāe deunta agao."

"Tā," ar ran mac iuġ, "ciġ liom obair ar bit d'o deunam."

Ġaoil an rean iuġ anoir go p'ail ċūmāc't mōi t'paoirdeac'ta ag an mac iuġ, agur d'ubairt leir, "Sé d'obair lāe amāpac na ċloċa d'o t'oġb'ail ar an loċ, agur an ċairleān d'o ċup ar bun mar bi ri ċeana."

Ċus re an mac iuġ a-baile agur d'ubairt leir, "Teirġ d'o ċoðlāð 'ran ait a p'ail tū an oirde aréir."

Nuair ċuarò an rean-iuġ 'na ċoðlāð t'cainiġ an inġean oġ agur ċus arteac é cum a reompia réin, agur ċoġġbaġ ann rin é go p'ail an rean iuġ ar t'i éirġe ar mairin; ann rin ċup ri amac arir é i nġablōiġ an ċrainn."

Le h-éirġe na ġréine, t'cainiġ an rean iuġ 7 d'ubairt: "Tā re i n-am d'uit d'ul, ġc'ionn d'oibhe."

"Ni'l deirir ar bit oim," ar ran mac iuġ, "mar tā rior agam go t'ciġ liom m obair lāe deunam go réir."

Ċuarò re go b'ruac an loċa ann rin, aċt n'oir feurò re ċloċ d'p'iceal, bi an t-uirġe ċom d'ub rin. Ġurò re rior ar ċarraiġ; agur nioi b'raða go t'cainiġ p'ionnġuala, buò h-é rin ainm inġine an t'rean iuġ, ċuiġe, agur d'ubairt: "Ċao tā agao le deunam anoiu?" O'innir re d'i, agur d'ubairt ri: "Nā bioð b'pōn ort; ciġ liom-ra an obair rin deunam d'uit." Ann rin ċus ri d'o arān, mairt'feol, agur ċaoir'feol agur rion. Ann rin ċarraiġ ri amac an t'p'laic'in t'paoirdeac'ta, buail uirġe an loċa léite, agur

He went up into the fork, but as soon as the old King was asleep the young daughter came and brought him into a fine room and kept him there until the old King was about to rise. Then she put him out again into the fork of the tree.

With the rise of the sun the old King came to him and said, "Come down now, and come with me until I show you the thing that you have to do to-day."

He brought the King's son to the brink of a lake and showed him an old castle, and said to him, "Throw every stone in that castle out into the loch, and let you have it done before the sun goes down in the evening." He went away from him then.

The King's son began working, but the stones were stuck to one another so fast that he was not able to raise one of them, and if he were to be working until this day, there would not be one stone out of the castle. He sat down then, thinking what he ought to do, and it was not long until the daughter of the old King came to him and said, "What is the cause of your grief?" He told her the work which he had to do. "Let that put no grief on you, I will do it," said she. Then she gave him bread, meat, and wine, pulled out a little enchanted rod, struck a blow on the old castle, and in a moment every stone of it was at the bottom of the lake. "Now," said she, "do not tell my father that it was I who did the work for you."

When the sun was going down in the evening, the old King came and said, "I see that you have your day's work done."

"I have," said the King's son; "I can do any work at all."

The old King thought now that the King's son had great powers of enchantment, and he said to him, "Your day's work for to-morrow is to lift the stones out of the loch, and to set up the castle again as it was before."

He brought the King's son home and said to him, "Go to sleep in the place where you were last night."

When the old King went to sleep the young daughter came and brought him into her own chamber and kept him there till the old King was about to rise in the morning. Then she put him out again in the fork of the tree.

At sunrise the old King came and said, "It's time for you to get to work."

"There's no hurry on me at all," says the King's son, "because I know I can readily do my day's work."

He went then to the brink of the lake, but he was not able to see a stone, the water was that black. He sat down on a rock, and it was not long until Finnuala—that was the name

faoi ceann móimíó bí an sean-éairleán ar bun mara bí ré an lá roimhe. Ann rin dubhairt sí leir: “Ar d’anam, ná h-innir do m’atair go ndearnaíó mife an obair seo dúit, nó go bfuil eólar ar bit aSao oim.”

Trácnóna an laé rin, táinig an sean míf aSao dubhairt, “Feicim go bfuil obair an laé deunta aSao.”

“Tá,” ar ran mac míf, “obair fói-deunta i rin!”

Ann rin faoil an sean míf go raib níor mó éimáct oiraíó-eaéa aSao an mac míf ná do bí aise féin, aSao dubhairt ré: “Ní’l aét don míf eile aSao le deunam.” Tús ré a-baile ann rin é, 7 cuir pé é le coílaó i ngablóis an érainn, aét táinig fionnguala 7 cuir sí in a reompa féin é, aSao ar maidin, cuir sí amac aif ar an zcrann é. Le h-éiríge ná zréine, táinig an sean míf cuise aSao dubhairt leir: “Tar liom go otairbéanfaíó mé dúit do’obair laé.”

Tús ré an mac míf go gleann móir, aSao éairbéan do tobar, 7 dubhairt: “Caill mo mátair-móir fáinne in ran tobar rin, aSao pás dam é real má oteíó an zrian faoi, trácnóna.”

Anoir bí an tobar ro ceo trois ar doimne aSao fíce trois cimíolli; aSao bí pé lionta le h-uirge, aSao bí aif ar ifionn aSao faife an fáinne.

Nuair o’iméis an sean míf, táinig fionnguala aSao o’fíafíuis, “Cao tá aSao le deunam anóí?” O’innir pé oí, aSao dubhairt sí, “Ír deacair an obair i rin, aét deunfaíó mé mo oíctíolli le do beaéa do fábaíl.” An rin tús sí do maifceóil, aifán, aSao fíon. Rinne sí mifeac * oí féin aSao cuair fíor ’ran tobar: líor bpaó aSao bpaíó ré deacac aSao tinníeac aSao teac amac ar an tobar, aSao tofan ann mara toifneac aif, aSao duine ar bit do beídeac aSao éiríeac leir an tofan rin faoilíeac ré go raib aif ifinn aSao trois.

Faoi ceann tamail, o’iméis an deacac, éiríge an tinníeac aSao an toifneac, aSao táinig fionnguala aníor leir an bfaíne: Seacair sí an fáinne do mac an míf, aSao dubhairt sí: “Znótais mé an cat, 7 tá do beaéa fábaíla, aét feuc, tá laíóicín mo láime deire bífce. Aét b’éiríge zup ádamail an níó zup bífíeac é. Nuair éicpar m’atair, ná tabair an fáinne do, aét bagair é go cruair. Deaífaíó ré tú ann rin le do bean do éogaó, aSao reó an éaoi deunpar tú do roga. Beíó mife aSao mo beírbíraíca i reompa, beíó poll ar an oípar, 7 cuifmíó uile ar láma amac mara éuimírgin. Cuifíó tupa do lám trío an bpoll, aSao an lám cóngbócar tú zréim uirí nuair fírgólaíó

* Ríveac no mífíeac = “Cíotaí marb,” fíóí éin uirge.

of the old King's daughter—came to him and said, "What have you to do to-day?" He told her, and she said, "Let there be no grief on you. I can do that work for you." Then she gave him bread, beef, mutton, and wine. After that she drew out the little enchanted rod, smote the water of the lake with it, and in a moment the old castle was set up as it had been the day before. Then she said to him—"On your life, don't tell my father that I did this work for you, or that you have any knowledge of me at all."

On the evening of that day the old King came and said, "I see that you have the day's work done."

"I have," said the King's son, "that was an easy-done job."

Then the old King thought that the King's son had more power of enchantment than he had himself, and he said, "You have only one other thing to do." He brought him home then, and put him to sleep in the fork of the tree, but Finnuala came and put him in her own chamber, and in the morning she sent him out again into the tree. At sunrise the old King came to him and said: "Come with me till I show you your day's work."

He brought the King's son to a great glen, and showed him a well, and said, "My grandmother lost a ring in that well, and do you get it for me before the sun goes under this morning."

Now, this well was one hundred feet deep and twenty feet round about, and it was filled with water, and there was an army out of hell watching the ring.

When the old King went away Finnuala came and asked, "What have you to do to-day?" He told her, and she said, "That is a difficult task, but I shall do my best to save your life." Then she gave him beef, bread, and wine. Then she made a sea-bird of herself, and went down into the well. It was not long till he saw smoke and lightning coming up out of the well, and (he heard) a sound like loud thunder, and anyone who would be listening to that noise he would think that the army of hell was fighting.

At the end of a while the smoke went away, the lightning and thunder ceased, and Finnuala came up with the ring. She handed the ring to the King's son, and said, "I won the battle, and your life is saved. But, look, the little finger of my right hand is broken; but perhaps it is a lucky thing that it was broken. When my father comes do not give him the ring, but threaten him stoutly. He will bring you then to choose your wife, and this is how you shall make your choice. I and my sisters will be in a room, there will be a

m'ádaí an doimh, is í rin lám an té beirdear aghao mar mnaoi;
Tis leat mire d'áitne ar mo laithicín bhirte."

"Tis liom, agus shábh mo éiríde tú, a fionnguala," ar ran mac ruis.

Táchnóna an lae rin, táinig an peair-ruis agus d'fiannuir: "An bfuair tú páinne mo mádar móire?"

"Fuairdear go deimhin," ar ran mac ruis; "bí arim 'gá cúmhac ar iphuonn, ádt buail mire iad, agus buailfinn a reádt n-oiréad. Nac bfuil fíor aghao gur Connadta mé?"

"Tabair d'am an páinne," ar ran pean ruis.

"Go deimhin, ní tiubhadh," ar reirean; "éiríde mé go cruaidh ar a fion; ádt tabair d'am-ra mo bean. Teartaig' uaim beir aghao mteádt."

Tus an pean ruis ardeádt é, agus dubairt, "Tá mo éiríde ingean 'ran peomra rin is' ládaí. Tá lám gádt aoin aca rínte amac, agus an té cóngbódaí tú shéim uirí go bforghólaí mire an doimh, rin i do bean."

Cuir an mac ruis a lám ríde an bpoill do bí ar an doimh, agus fuair ré shéim ar lám an laithicín bhirte, agus cóngbódaí shéim cruaidh air, gur forghail an pean ruis doimh an treomra:

"S í réo mo bean," ar ran mac ruis; "tabair d'am aoin ríde d'ingine."

"Ní' de ríde aici le fágail ádt caoil-eádt donn le ríde do tabairt ádaile, agus náí ághaíde ríde ar air, beo ná marb, go deo!"

Cuaidh an mac ruis 7 fionnguala ar marcuiseádt ar an gcaoil-eádt donn; agus níor bhada go dtághaíde go dtí an coill 'n ar fág an mac ruis a cú agus a feabac. Bí ríde ann rin ríde, mar aon le na capall breágh dub. Cuir ré an t-eádt caoil donn ar air ann rin. Cuir ré fionnguala aghao marcuiseádt ar a capall, agus léim ruar, é réin,

A cú le n-a coir
A feabac ar a boir,

agus níor ríde ré go dtáinig ré go Rádt Cruadain:

Bí fáilte móir ríde ann rin, agus níor bhada gur póraí é réin agus fionnguala. Cair ríde beáda fada feunmair,—ádt is beádt má tá lorg an trean-cairleáin le fágail aoin i Rádt.Cruadain Connadta:

hole in the door, and we shall all put our hands out in a cluster. You will put your hand through the hole, and the hand that you will keep hold of when my father will open the door that is the hand of her you shall have for wife. You can know me by my broken little finger."

"I can; and the love of my heart you are, Finnuala," says the King's son.

On the evening of that day the old King came and asked, "Did you get my grandmother's ring?"

"I did, indeed," says the King's son; "there was an army out of hell guarding it, but I beat them; and I would beat seven times as many. Don't you know I'm a Connachtman?"

"Give me the ring," says the old King.

"Indeed I won't give it," says he; "I fought hard for it; but do you give me my wife, I want to be going."

The old King brought him in and said, "My three daughters are in that room before you. The hand of each of them is stretched out, and she on whom you will keep your hold until I open the door, that one is your wife."

The King's son thrust his hand through the hole that was in the door, and caught hold of the hand with the broken little finger, and kept a tight hold of it until the old King opened the door of the room.

"This is my wife," said the King's son. "Give me now your daughter's fortune."

"She has no fortune to get, but the brown slender steed to bring you home, and that ye may never come back, alive or dead!"

The King's son and Finnuala went riding on the brown slender steed, and it was not long till they came to the wood where the King's son left his hound and his hawk. They were there before him, together with his fine black horse. He sent the brown slender steed back then. He set Finnuala riding on his horse, and leaped up himself.

His hound at his heel,
His hawk on his hand,

and he never stopped till he came to Rathcroghan.

There was great welcome before him there, and it was not long till himself and Finnuala were married. They spent a long prosperous life; but it is scarcely that (even) the track of this old castle is to be found to-day in Rathcroghan of Connacht.

A SGÁNAIS AN CÚIL CEANGAILTE

A sgánaig an cúil ceangailte
 Le a maib mé real i n-éinfeacht;
 Cuair tu 'néir, an bealaí ro,
 'S ní táinig tu do m'feuchaint.
 Sáoil mé nac n-deunfairde dochar duit
 Dá dtiucfá, a'r mé o' iarraird,
 'S gur b'i do phóigín tabairfead rólaí
 Dá mberdinn i láir an fiabhair:

Dá mberdead maoin a sam-ra
 Agus aigead ann mo póca
 Deunfairinn bóiéirín aic-giorraí
 So dochar tige mo róiéirín,
 Mar fúil le Dia so s-cluinnfínn-re
 Torann binn a b'róige,
 'S ír fao an lá ó corail mé
 Aic ag fúil le blaí do póige:

A'r faoil me a róiéirín
 So mbuó gealaí agus spian éu;
 A'r faoil mé 'nna diaí rín.
 So mbuó rneacá ar an trliab éu;
 A'r faoil mé 'nn a diaí rín
 So mbuó lócrann o Dia éu,
 No gur ab tu an feult-eólaí
 Ag dul ríomam a'r mo diaí éu:

Geall tu ríoda 'r raicín dam
 Callaíde 'r b'róga ároa,
 A'r geall tu tar éir rín
 So leanfá trío an trnám mé:
 Ní mar rín atá mé
 Aic mo rgead i mbeul beairna;
 Sác nóim a'r sác maidin
 Ag feuchaint tige m' achar:

RINGLETED YOUTH OF MY LOVE.

[Translated by Douglas Hyde in "Love Songs of Connacht."]

Ringleted youth of my love,
 With thy locks bound loosely behind thee,
 You passed by the road above,
 But you never came in to find me ;
 Where were the harm for you
 If you came for a little to see me ;
 Your kiss is a wakening dew
 Were I ever so ill or so dreamy.

If I had golden store
 I would make a nice little boreen
 To lead straight up to his door,
 The door of the house of my storeen ;
 Hoping to God not to miss
 The sound of his footfall in it,
 I have waited so long for his kiss
 That for days I have slept not a minute.

I thought, O my love ! you were so—
 As the moon is, or sun on a fountain,
 And I thought after that you were snow,
 The cold snow on top of the mountain ;
 And I thought after that you were more
 Like God's lamp shining to find me,
 Or the bright star of knowledge before,
 And the star of knowledge behind me.

You promised me high-heeled shoes,
 And satin and silk, my storeen,
 And to follow me, never to lose,
 Though the ocean were round us roaring ;
 Like a bush in a gap in a wall
 I am now left lonely without thee,
 And this house, I grow dead of, is all
 That I see around or about me.

COIRNÍN NA h-AITINNE.*

A b'fao ó roin, in pan t-Sean-aimpír, bí baintreabac 'dairb' ainm b'pígró Ní S'rádaigh, 'na cónnuirde i sConradé na Sallúme. Bí don mac amháin aici 'dair b'ainm Tadhg. Rugadh é mí tair éir báir a d'air i lár coille bige aitinne 'do bí ag fáir ar 'taoib' énuic i n'gar 'do'n tigh. Ar an ádhair rin, gáir na 'daoine Coirnin na h-Aitinne mar leat-ainm air. Táinig tinneap obann ar an mnaoi boict nuair bí pí ag reola' na mbó ruar ar 'taoib' an énuic.

Nuair rugadh Tadhg bí ré 'na naoirdeanán b'eadg, agus méadairg ré go maic go raib ré ceirre bliadhna 'd'air, aet ó'n am rin amac nior fáir ré orolac go raib ré tair bliadhna 'deug, no nior éuir ré cor faoi le coirceim 'do ríubal, aet o'feurpad ré imteact go tair go leoir ar a 'd'á láim agus ar a 'taoib' fíair, agus 'd'á gcluinfead ré don duine ag teact cum an tige, 'do buailfead ré a 'd'á láim faoi, agus 'do raad ré 'd'áon léim amháin ó'n teine go tair an 'd'oir; agus 'do éuirfead ceo míle fáilte roim an té táinig. Bí sean móir ag air óis an baile air, mar 'do gairfead ríao s'peann móir ar, gac uile oirde. Ó'n am bí ré react mbliadhna 'd'air, bí ré 'dearlámac agus úrairdeac 'd'á máair, agus 'd'á máair-móir 'do bí 'na cónnuirde i n-aon tigh leir. In pan b'pógmar, éirdeac ré ar a lámaib agus ar a 'taoib'-fíair ruar ar 'taoib' an énuic, i bíod ag ite blac na h-aitinne mar gáir. Bí ábann beag ann, roir an teac agus an cnoc, agus 'do raad ré 'de léim tair an ábainn com h-aerac le gairrfaid:

Bu'p Sean-gogairde an máair-móir. Bí pí boair agus beag-nac balb, agus b'iomda tair 'do bíod aici réin agus ag Tadhg.

Don lá amháin, duair an máair le Tadhg, "Cairr mé, a Cairrín, tóin leatair éur ar 'do b'pírib; tá mé r'píort ag ceannac b'pírib, agus nuair éirdeac ré 'deunta agam cairr 'd'á 'd'á go táillir le ceir 'd'á 'd'á." "

"Dair m'pocal," ar ra Tadhg, "ní h-é rin an ceir b'pírib agam. Níl in pan táillir aet an naomac cuir 'd'áir: Má tairann tair ceir ar bit 'd'á, 'deun píobair 'd'á—tá r'píir móir agam in pan gceol."

"Bíod mar rin," ar pan máair:

An lá 'na 'd'áir rin, éuir pí cum an baile móir leir an leatair 'd'áir, agus nuair ruar buacailir beag an baile go raib an máair imtigh, ruarair poc gáir 'do bí ag páirín bacac O Ceallair, agus éuir ríao Coirnin ag marcuirdeac air. Ar go

* Ó p'píirar O Connéubair 'do ruar mé an r'géal ro.

COIRNIN OF THE FURZE

(Translated by Douglas Hyde.)

LONG ago, in the olden time, there was a widow, whose name was Bridget O'Grady, living in the County Galway. She had an only son, whose name was Teig. He was born a month after his father's death in a little wood of furze that was growing on the side of a hill near the house. For that reason the people called him "Coirnin* of the Furze" as a nickname. The poor woman was suddenly taken ill as she was driving the cows up the side of the hill.

When Teig was born he was a fine infant, and grew well till he was four years of age, but from that time on he did not grow an inch until he was thirteen, nor did he put a foot under him to walk a step, but he was able to go quickly enough on his two hands and his back, and if he would hear anyone coming to the house he would strike his two hands under him, and would go of a single leap from the fire to the door, and he would put a hundred thousand welcomes before whoever came. The youth of the village liked him greatly, for they used to get great amusement out of him every night. From the time he was seven years of age he was handy and useful to his mother, and to his grandmother who was living in the one house with him. In the harvest time he used to go on his hands and his back up the side of the hill, and he used to be eating the furze blossoms like a goat. There was a little river on it there, between the house and the hill, and he used to go over the river of a leap, as airy as a hare.

The grandmother was a silly old woman: she was deaf and almost dumb, and many was the fight herself and Teig used to have.

One day the mother said to Teig, "Teigeen, I must put a leather seat on your breeches; I'm destroyed buying frieze, and as soon as I have it done, you must go to a tailor to learn a trade."

"By my word," says Teig, "that is not the trade I'll have. A tailor is only the ninth part of a man. If you give me a trade at all, make a piper of me. I've a great liking for the music."

"Let it be so," says the mother. The day after that she went to the town to get the leather, and when the little lads of

* Pronounced "Curneen."

bhráð leir an bpoc, aš meigilt côm h-áir ašur o'feur ré, 7 Coirínín ar a múin aš rēreaoil mar dūine ar a céil, le faitéior go dtuitreao ré, ašur buacailiú an baile 'na diais. Tug an poc tšair ar bočán páirín, ašur nuair cōnnairc páirín an poc 7 a mairc aš teac. Paol ré gur b'é an rean-buacaili do bi aš deac 'na cōinne. Nior riúbal páirín coircéim le reac mbliad-anaib roime rin, ac, nuair cōnnairc ré an poc aš teac ar teac ar an dorar, cuair ré o'aon léim amac ar an bfeinneois, ašur šair ré ar na cōmarranaib é do pábal o'n diahal do bi 'na diais:

Bi na buacailiú aš šairiúe 7 aš rēreao do bor gur cuir riad an poc ar mipe, ašur amac air leir ar an teac. Nuair cōnnairc páirín é aš teac an dāra uair, ar go bhráð leir, ašur an poc ašur Coirínín ar a múin 'na diair. Bi adarca faoa ar an bpoc, ašur bi rēim an firi bairte aš Coirínín orra. Tug páirín ašair ar šailim, ašur an poc o'a leanamaint. O'firiš an šair ašur táinis daoine na mbailte ar šac taoib de'n bótar amac, ašur a leiréir de šártaoil ní riab ariam i rēonaoé na šailime. Nior rēao páirín go nreaoir ré ar teac i rēatair na šailime ašur an poc 7 a mairc le na pálaib. Buó lá maršair é ašur bi na rriaoeanna lionta le daoimib. Torais páirín aš rēaoac ašur aš šártaoil ar na daoimib é do pábal ašur bi riad-ran aš reunar masair paol. Cuair ré ruar rriao ašur anuar rriao eile ašur bi aš imreac go riab an rriar aš oir paol 'ran rēatóna:

Cōnnairc Coirínín úbla breāša ar élar, ašur rean-bean anaice leó, ašur táinis dúil mōr, air, cuir de na n-úblaib do beir aige: rēaoil ré a rēim ar adarcaiban puic ašur cuair ré de léim ar élar na n-úbal. Ar go bhráð leir an r-rean-bean ašur o'fás ri na n-úbla 'na diais, oir bi ri leat-mair leir an ršannar:

Nior bpaoa bi Coirínín aš ite na n-úbal nuair táinis a mātair i látar, ašur nuair cōnnairc ri Coirínín, rēair ri loris na cpoire uirri péin, 7 dubairt, "i n-ainm Dé, a Coirínín, cao do tug ann ro éú?"

"Fiafriuš rin de páirín O Ceallais ašur o'a poc rāair; tá an r-ao ort, a mātair, nac bfuil mo muineul bpirte."

Cuir ri Coirínín ar teac in a rriar rē ašur tug ašair ar an mbailte.

Ac ir ar teac an nio élar do páirín O Ceallais. Nuair ršar Coirínín leir an bpoc, lean ré páirín amac ar an mbótar mōr, táinis ruar leir, cuir a o'a adair paol, cair ar a o'ruim é, ašur nior rēar go rēinis ré a-bailte. Cuiriš páirín aš an dorar, ašur cuir an poc mar ar an rairriš: Cuair páirín 'na cōlaio; oir bi ré leat-mair ašur bi ré mall 'ran oirde, ašur

the village found that the mother was gone, they got a buck goat that belonged to lame Paddy Kelly, and they put Coirnin riding on it. Off and away with the buck, bleating as loud as he could, and Coirnin on his back screeching like a person out of his senses, with fear lest he should fall, and the boys of the village after him. The buck faced for Paddy's cottage; and when Paddy saw the buck and his rider coming he thought that it was the old boy that was coming for him. Paddy had not walked a step for seven years before that, but when he saw the buck coming in at the door he went of a single leap out through the window, and called on the neighbors to save him from the devil that was after him.

The boys were laughing and clapping their hands till they set the buck mad, and off again with him, out of the house. When Paddy saw him coming the second time, off and away with him, and the buck with Coirnin on his back after him. There were long horns on the buck, and Coirnin had the "drowning man's grip" on them. Paddy faced for Galway, with the buck following him. The cry rose, and the people of the villages on each side of the road came out, and such shouting there never was before in the County Galway. Paddy never stopped till he came into the City of Galway, and the buck and his rider at his heels. It was a market day, and the streets were filled with people. Paddy began crying and yelling on the people to save him, and they were making a mock of him. He went up one street and down another street, and he was going until the sun was setting in the evening.

Coirnin saw fine apples on a board, and an old woman near them, and there came a great wish on him to have a share of the apples. He loosed his grasp on the buck's horns, and went with a leap on the board of apples. Away for ever with the old woman, and she left the apples behind her, for she was half dead with the fright.

It was not long that Coirnin was eating the apples, when his mother came by, and when she saw Coirnin she cut the sign of the Cross on herself, and she said—"In the name of God, Coirnin, what brought you here?"

"Ask that of Paddy Kelly and his buck goat; there's luck on you, mother, that my neck is not broken."

She put Coirnin into her apron and faced for home.

But it's curious the thing that happened to Paddy Kelly. When Coirnin parted with the buck, the animal followed Paddy out on the high road, came up with him, put his two horns under him, threw Paddy upon his own back, and never stood still

nuaire 'o'éirísz ré ar maidin, ní faib an poc le fágaíl beó ná marb ; agus dubairt na daoine uile go mbuó poc d'raoirdéacra do bí ann. Ar éadai ar bit éus ré coirídeacra do fároin O Ceallais, fuo nac faib aige le reacr mbliadnaib noime rin.

Éuair an rseul trío an tír, go scuairé gac uile fear, bean, 7 páirde i gconradé na Saillimé é, agus ir iomda cur-ríor do bí air, noim trádnóna an laé rin. Dubairt cuio sup poc d'raoirdéacra do bí i bpoc fároin, 7 go faib ré pannpáirteac leir ; dubairt cuio eile go mbuó fear ríde Coirnnín, agus go mbuó éoir a dógaó.

An oirde rin, o'innir Coirnnín h-uile níó i dtaoib na adai do éus an poc go Saillim é, 7 éainis na buacailiú go teac úrígíro ní fároais, agus bí greann mói aca as éirteacr le Coirnnín as innirint i dtaoib na marcuigeacra do bí aige go Saillim ar muin puic fároin Uí Ceallais, agus gac níó tápla leir ar fear an laé.

An oirde rin, nuair éuair Coirnnín ar a leabuir, éainis bñon éigin air, agus i n-ait codalta éoraiz ré as reiríil. O'farpuiú a mácair dé créad do bí air. Dubairt reiréan nac faib fíor aige. "Ní'l opt acra fearóro," ar ríre ; "rtop do cuio reiríil, 7 leis dúinn codlad." Acra níor rtop ré go maidin.

Ar maidin níor feud ré greim o'ite, agus dubairt ré le na mácair, "Racra amac, go bpeicrío mé an ndéunfard an t-áer maic dam." "D'éiríor go ndéunfard," ar ríre.

Leir rin, buail ré a dá láim faoi, agus éuair o'adon leim amáin go d'ái an doir, agus amac leir. Éus ré agair ar na h-aitéan-naib, 7 níor rtao go ndéacrao ré arteac 'na mearg. Sin ré é féin roir dá rseac agus níor bpaó go faib ré 'na codlad. Bí bñonglóro aige go faib an poc le n-a éaoib, as iarrao caint do cur air. Oúiriz ré, acra i n-ait an puic bí fear bpeáz gnuagac taoó leir, 7 dubairt ré, "A Coirnnín, ná bíor eagla opt pómamra: Ir caprao mé, 7 tá mé ann ro le cómairle do leara do éabairt uirt, má glacann tú uaim i. Tá tú do élaíneac ó rugaó tú, 7 do éur-magair as buacailiú an baile. Ir mire an poc gabair do éus go Saillim tá, acra tá mé acraigce anoir go d'ái an puoc in a bpeiceann tú mé. Ní feudpáinn an t-acraugaó o'fágail go d'cuspáinn an marcuigeacr rin uirt, agus anoir tá cúmaac mói agam. O'feudpáinn do learugaó ar ball, acra déarfard na cómappanna go faib tú pann-páirteac leir na ríde, agus ní feudpá an bapamail rin baint díob. Tá tú do fúirde anoir go díreac in ran áit ar rugaó tú, 7 tá pota óir i bpoisgreacr tróige do'o' éaoib-fíar, acra ní'l tú le baint leir go fóil, mar ní feudpá úráro maic do déunam dé. Teiriz a-baile anoir agus ar maidin amárac, abair le do mácair go faib bñonglóro bpeáz

till he came home. Paddy came off at the door, and the buck fell dead at the threshold. Paddy went to sleep, for he was half dead and it was late in the night, and when he arose in the morning the buck was not to be got alive or dead; and all the people said that it was an enchanted buck that was in it. Anyway it gave power to walk to Paddy Kelly, a thing he had not had for seven years before that.

The story went through the country till every man, woman, and child in the County of Galway heard it, and many was the version that was on it before the evening of that day. Some said it was an enchanted buck that Paddy had, and that he was in league with it; others said that Coirnin was a fairy man, and that it would be right to burn him.

That night Coirnin told everything about the way the buck took him to Galway, and the boys came to Bridget O'Grady's house, and they had great fun listening to Coirnin telling about the ride that he had to Galway on the back of Paddy Kelly's buck, and everything that happened him throughout the day.

That night when Coirnin went to bed some sorrow came over him, and instead of sleeping he began sighing. His mother asked him what was on him. He said that he did not know.

"There's nothing on you but nonsense," says she. "Stop that sighing and let us sleep." But he did not stop till morning.

In the morning he was not able to eat a morsel, and he said to his mother—

"I'll go out till I see if the air will do me good."

"Maybe it would," says she.

With that he struck his hands under him and went of one leap to the door, and out with him. He faced for the furze, and he did not stop till he came in amongst it. He stretched himself between two bushes, and it was not long till he was asleep. He had a dream that the buck was beside him trying to make him talk. He awoke, but instead of the buck there was a fine wizard man beside him, and he said, "Coirnin, don't be afraid of me; I'm a friend, and I'm here to give you profitable counsel if you will take it from me. You are a cripple since you were born, and a laughing-stock to the boys of the village; I am the buck goat that took you to Galway, but I am changed now to the form in which you see me. I was not able to get the change till I should have given you that ride, and now I have great power. I would have cured you on the spot, but the neighbors would have said that you were in

agad go raib luidh ag fár le coir na h-aiðne do bheirfadh riúbal agus lút duit; abair an puo ceudna léi trí maidin an-diaig a céile, agus creidfidh sí go bfuil ré fíor. Nuair iadair tó ag tóruigeacht na luidhe geobair tú i ag fár taob-fíor de'n éileic mhóir nigeacáin atá ag bhuac na h-aiðne; tabair leat i agus bhuic i, agus ól an rúg, agus beir tú ionnán pára do put anagair bhuacail ar biú in ran bparpáirce. Beir iongantair ar na daoimib i uotrac, aet ní mairfidh rin a-bpao. Beir tú trí bliadhna deas an lá rin. Tar 'ran oirde cum na h-aitte reo; beir an pota óir tógta agam-ra, aet ar do beata congbaig d'innicinn agad féin, agus ná h-innir do duine ar biú go bpacair tú mire. Imtis anoir: Slán leat."

Seall Coirínín go ndéanadh ré hac nio dubairt an ghuagac beag léir, 7 éainis ré a-baile, lútgáirac go leór. Breatnais an mátair nac raib ré com ghuamac agus bí ré pul má ndeacair ré amac, agus dubairt sí, "Saoilim, a mhic, go ndearnaid an t-áer maic duit."

"Rinne go deimhin," ar reirean, "agus tabair puo le n'ite dam anoir."

An oirde rin, i n-ait do beir ag reiríil, codail ré go bpedg, agus ar maidin dubairt ré le n-a mátair, "Bí bhionglóir bpedg agam aréir, a mátair."

"Ná tabair don áir ar bhionglóir," ar ran mátair; "Ir conpálta tuiteann riad amac."

Cait Coirínín an lá ag rnuadinead ar an gcómpad do bí aige leir an nguagac beag, 7 ar an parobhear móir do bí le págail aige: Ar maidin, lá ar na márac, dubairt ré le n-a mátair, "Bí an bhionglóir bpedg rin agam aréir arís."

"Go méadair do Dia an maic, 7 go lagair do Sé an t-olc," ar ran mátair; "cuaird mé go minic dá mbeirad an bhionglóir céadna ag duine trí oirde an-diaig a céile, go mbeirad sí fíor."

An triomad maidin, d'éirig Coirínín go moe agus dubairt ré le n-a mátair, "Bí an bhionglóir bpedg rin agam aréir arís, agus, ó tárla go uáinís ré eugam trí oirde an-diaig a céile, iadair mé le feudaint bfuil don fírinne innici. Connair mé luid in mo bhionglóir do beirfadh mo riúbal agus mo lút dam."

"An bpacair tú in ran mbhionglóir cá raib an luidh ag fár?" ar ran mátair.

"Connair go deimhin," ar reirean; "tá sí ag fár taob leir an gclóic mhóir nigeacáin atá ar bhuac na h-aiðne."

"Go deimhin, ní'l don luidh ag fár anaice leir an gclóic nigeacáin," ar ran mátair; "bí mé 'ran ait rin go minic, agus ní feuradh sí beir ann a-san-fíor dam."

league with the fairies, and you would not have been able to take that opinion from them. You are seated now in exactly the same spot you were born in, and there is a pot of gold within a foot of your back, but you are not to touch it yet, because you would not be able to make a good use of it. Go home now, and to-morrow morning tell your mother that you had a fine dream, that there was a herb growing beside the river that would bring walk and activity to you. Tell the same thing to her three mornings after each other, and she will believe that it is true. When you go seeking the herb, you will find it growing down from the big washing stone that is on the edge of the river. Take it with you, and boil it, and drink the juice, and you will be able to run a race against any boy in the parish. There will be wonder on the people at first, but that won't last long. You will be thirteen years old that day. Come in the night to this place. I will have the pot of gold lifted, but for your life keep your intentions to yourself, and don't tell any person at all that you saw me. Go now; farewell."

Coirnin promised that he would do everything the little wizard man told him, and he came home joyous enough. The mother observed that he was not so gloomy as he was before he went out, and she said—

"I think, son, the air did you good."

"It did, indeed," says he, "and give me something to eat now."

That night, instead of being sighing, he slept finely, and in the morning he said to his mother—"I had a fine dream last night, mother."

"Don't give any importance to a dream," says the mother, "it's contrary they fall out."

"Coirnin spent the day thinking on the discourse he had with the little wizard man and of the great riches he was to get. In the morning the next day he said to his mother—"I had that fine dream again last night."

"May God increase the good and may He decrease the bad," says his mother. "I often heard that if a person had the same dream three nights after other, it would be true."

The third morning Coirnin got up early and said to his mother, "I had that fine dream again last night, and since it chanced that it came to me three nights after other I'll go to see if there is any truth in it. I saw an herb in my dream that would give my walk and my activity to me."

“b'éiríonn sup fáir rí ann ó foin,” arsa Coirínín, “asur pacáirb mipe d'á córaigeaé.”

Buail ré a d'á láim faoi, asur cuairb d'áon léim amáin go dtí an doiar, asur amac leir. Níor b'fada go raib ré as an scloic nígeacáin, asur fuair ré an luib. Tug ré léimeanna mar fíad a mbeirdeab gádar 'gá leanamaint, as teacé a-baile le teann-lútáine:

“A mátair,” ar reirean, “b'fíor dam mo b'pionglóir. Fuair mé an luib. Cuir fíor dam an pota asur b'puit dam é.”

Cuir an mátair an luib 'ran b'pota, asur timcioll cápta uirge leir, asur nuair bí rí b'puitte asur an rúg fuar, d'ól Coirínín é. Ní raib ré móimio in a bolg nuair fear ré fuar ar a córaib asur córaib ré as iú fuar asur anuair. Bí iongantair móir ar a mátair. Córaib rí as tabairt míle glóir asur altugab do 'Dia; ann rin gáir rí ar na cómarprannaib asur d'innir dóirb b'pionglóir Coirínín, asur an éaoi a b'fuair ré úráio a cór. Bí lútáine móir oirra uile, mar bí b'púgíó ní g'rádaib 'na cómarprain maic asur bí mear aca uile uirri.

An oirde rin, éruinnig buacailiú an baile arteaé le lútáine do deunam le Coirínín asur le n-a mátair. Nuair bíodar uile as cómrad cía fiúbalpaé arteaé acé páiróin O Ceallais. Bí riad uile as caint faoi an gcaoi a b'fuair Coirínín a fiúbal asur lút a énam.

“Go veimín ir dam-ra buó cóir d'ó beic buirdeab; 'ré an crataé do tug mo poc-gabair-re d'ó do pinne an obair, asur tá fíor as h-uile duine go dtug an marcuigeaé do pinne ré, úráio mó cór ar air dam féin. Oé, mo b'pón! go b'fuair mo poc b'péab b'ar!”

“Tug tú h-éiteab,” ar Coirínín, “'rí an luib do léigearaib mé: Rinne mé b'pionglóir trí oirde anraib a céile go leigreócaé an luib mé, asur tís le mo mátair a éroctugab go raib mé mo cláiríneab tar éir mo teacé' ó gailim, sup ól mé rúg na luibe.”

“D'péupainn mo mionna tabairt go b'puit mo mac as innirín na pírinne glaine,” ar ran mátair:

Ann rin córaib cáé as deunam maíab faoi páiróin, sup imtís ré amac:

Cuairb gac uile níó go maic le Coirínín asur le n-a mátair 'na diaib reó: Áon oirde amáin nuair cuairb an mátair asur na cómarpranna 'na geodlaé, cuairb Coirínín cum na h-aitinne. Bí a éaraio, an g'pugaé beas, ann rin poime, asur bí an pota óir péir d'ó:

“Seó duit anoir an pota óir; cuir i dtairge é i n-ait ar bí i rí toir leat. Tá an oirde ann asur deunpar duit fao do beacá.”

"Did you see in your dream where the herb was growing?" says the mother.

"I did, indeed," says he; "it's growing beside the big washing stone that's at the edge of the river."

"Indeed there's no herb growing near the washing stone," says his mother. "I was in that place often, and it could not be in it unbeknownst to me."

"Maybe it grew in it since," says Coirnin, "and I'll go to look for it."

He struck his two hands under him, and went at one leap to the door, and out with him. It was not long till he was at the washing stone, and he found the herb. He gave leaps like a deer that a hound would be following, coming home with excessive joy.

"Mother," says he, "my dream was true for me. I got the herb. Put down the pot for me, and boil it for me."

The mother put the herb in the pot and about a quart of water with it, and when it was boiled and the juice cold, Coirnin drank it. It was not a moment inside him when he stood upon his feet and began running up and down. There was great astonishment on his mother. She began giving a thousand glories and praises to God. Then she called the neighbors and told them Coirnin's dream and how he got the use of his feet. There was great joy on them all, for Bridget O'Grady was a good neighbor, and they all had a regard for her.

That night the boys of the village gathered in to make rejoicing with Coirnin and his mother. When they were all discoursing who should walk in but Paddy Kelly! They were all talking of how Coirnin got his walk, and the activity of his bones.

"Indeed, it's to myself he has a right to be thankful; it's the jolting my buck goat gave him that did the work, and everyone knows that the ride he took gave me back the use of my feet again. Och! my grief that my fine buck died!"

"You lie!" says Coirnin; "it's the herb that cured me. I had a dream three nights after other that the herb would cure me, and my mother can prove it that I was a cripple after coming from Galway till I drank the juice of the herb."

"I'd take my oath that my son is telling the clean truth," says his mother. Then each of the people began mocking Paddy, till he went out.

Everything went well with Coirnin and his mother after that. One night, when his mother and the neighbors went

"Saoilim go bpáirfáir mé é in ran bpoll a paisé ré ann," arís
 pa Coirínín "aé b'éirfáir mé poinn dé a-baile liom."

"Ná tabair leat fóir é, aé bíod b'ionglóir eile a'ar mar
 bí a'ar ceana, agus, 'na 'iaig rin, t'is leat poinn dé do tabairt
 leat. Ceannais an talam ro agus cuir teac ar bun in ran
 mball ar iugad tú, agus ní feicfid tú féin ná don duine i n-don
 t'is leat, lá boét fao do beata. Slán leat anoir—ní feicfid
 tú mé níor mó."

Cuir Coirínín an pota ríor in ran bpoll, agus créafós or a
 cionn, agus táinig ré a-baile.

Ar maidin, duhairt ré le n-a máair: "Bí b'ionglóir eile
 a'ar a'éir arís," 7 an t'ear maidin, duhairt ré léi, "Tá mo
 b'ionglóir ríor anoir san amhar, bí rí a'ar a'éir go d'ipeac mar
 bí rí a'ar an dá uair eile; rin t'ri uaire an'iair a céile, agus
 t'is liom é reo innreac duit nac b'feicfid tú lá boét fao do
 beata; aé ní t'is liom don iur eile do iad leat d'a taoid."

An oirde rin, cuair ré cum an .ota óir, 7 tug lán r'poráin
 dé a-baile leir, agus ar maidin tug ré do'n máair é. "Tá níor
 mó," a'eir ré, "in ran áit a d'táinig rin ar, agus geobair mé
 duit é nuair b'eirdear ré as teartal uait, aé ná cuir don ceir
 oim d'a taoid."

Níor b'fada 'na 'iaig reo, gur ceannais b'igir ní i'ad'ais bó
 bainne 7 cuir ar feurac í. Cuair rí féin agus Coirínín ar a'ar
 go maic, agus nuair bí ré ríce bliadán d'oir, ceannais ré gab-
 áitar móir talman timéoil na h-aicínne, agus cuir teac b'ead
 ar bun ar an mball ar iugad é. Seal gearr 'na 'iaig rin fóir
 ré bean. Bí muirigin móir aise, agus nuair fuair re b'ar le rean-
 aoir, d'fás ré óir agus a'igir as a cionn, agus ní facair don
 duine do cónnais in ran t'is rin lá boét a'ar

to sleep, Coirnin went to the furze. His friend the little wizard was there before him, and the pot of gold was ready for him. "Here now is the pot of gold for you, stow it away in any place you like; there's as much in it as will do you throughout your life."

"I think I'll leave it in the hole where it was," says Coirnin, "but I'll bring a share of it home with me."

"Don't take it with you yet, but have another dream like the one you had already, and after that you can take a share with you. Buy this ground and set up a house on the spot where you were born, and neither you yourself nor anyone in the same house with you will ever see a day's poverty during your life. Farewell to you now; you shall see me no more."

Coirnin put the pot down in the hole and clay on the top of it, and came home.

In the morning he said to his mother—"I had another dream last night, but I won't tell it to you till I see if I will have it again three nights after other."

"The second morning he said—"I had the dream again last night;" and the third morning he said to her—"My dream is true now without doubt. I had it last night just as I had it the two other times, that's three times after one another, and I can tell you this—that you won't see a poor day during your life, but I cannot tell you anything else about it."

That night he went to the pot of gold, and brought the full of a purse of it home with him, and in the morning he gave it to his mother. "I have more," says he, "in the place where that came from, and I'll get it for you when you'll be wanting it, but ask no question of me about it."

It was not long after this till Bridget O'Grady bought a milch cow and put her on grass. She herself and Coirnin went on well, and when he was twenty years of age he bought a large holding of land round the furze, and set up a fine house on the spot where he was born. A short time after that he married a wife. He had a large family, and when he died of old age he left gold and silver to his children, and not a person who lived in that house saw a poor day ever.

bean an fíor Ruairð:

Tá riad o'd riad
 Sur tu páilín focair i mbróis,
 Tá riad o'd riad
 Sur tu béilín tana na bpóis.
 Tá riad o'd riad
 A míle grád go dtug tu dam cáil,
 Cíod go bfuil fear le fáil
 'S leir an táillíur Bean an fíor Ruairð:

Do tugar naoi mí
 I bphíorún, ceangailte cnuairð,
 Boltaí ar mo éolaib
 Agus míle glar ar rúo ruar,
 Tabairfainn-re riðe
 Mar tabairfáid eala coir cuain;
 Le fonn do beir pinte
 Síor le Bean an fíor Ruairð.

Saoil mire a ceud-fearc
 Go mbeid' don tigeir roir mé 'r tu
 Saoil mé 'nna déis-rin
 Go mbreugra mo leanb ar do glúin;
 Mallaict Ríge Neime
 Ar an té rin bain diom-ra mo clú;
 Sin, agus uile go léir
 Luict bheirge cuir roir mé 'r tu.

Tá crann ann ran ngáirín
 Air a bfarann duilleabair a'r bílét buirde;
 An uair leagaim mo lám air
 Ir láirín nac mbuireann mo éiríde;
 'S é pólar go báir
 A'r é o'fágail o flaitéar anuar
 Don póisin amáin,
 A'r é o'fágail o Bean an fíor Ruairð:

Aéit go dtig lá an traozáil
 'Nna reubfáir cnuic agus cuain,
 Tiocfaid' rnuic ar an ngréin
 'S beir na neulita com' ouib leir an ngual;
 Beir an fainse tigh
 A'r tiocfaid' na bhrónta 'r na truaig'
 'S beir an táillíur as rgreasac
 An lá rin faoi Bean an fíor Ruairð:

THE RED MAN'S WIFE.

[Translated by Douglas Hyde in "Love Songs of Connacht."]

'Tis what they say,
 Thy little heel fits in a shoe,
 'Tis what they say,
 Thy little mouth kisses well, too.
 'Tis what they say,
 Thousand loves that you leave me to rue;
 That the tailor went the way
 That the wife of the Red man knew.
 Nine months did I spend
 In a prison closed tightly and bound;
 Bolts on my smalls*
 And a thousand locks frowning around;
 But o'er the tide
 I would leap with the leap of a swan,
 Could I once set my side
 By the bride of the Red-haired man.
 I thought, O my life,
 That one house between us love would be;
 And I thought I would find
 You once coaxing my child on your knee;
 But now the curse of the High One
 On him let it be,
 And on all of the band of the liars
 Who put silence between you and me.
 There grows a tree in the garden
 With blossoms that tremble and shake,
 I lay my hand on its bark
 And I feel that my heart must break.
 On one wish alone
 My soul through the long months ran,
 One little kiss
 From the wife of the Red-haired man.
 But the day of doom shall come,
 And hills and harbors be rent;
 A mist shall fall on the sun
 From the dark clouds heavily sent;
 The sea shall be dry,
 And earth under mourning and ban;
 Then loud shall he cry
 For the wife of the Red-haired man.

* There are three "smalls," the wrists, elbows, and ankles. In Irish romantic literature we often meet mention of men being bound "with the binding of the three smalls."

RÍOIRE NA SCLEAS.*

Bí feilméar [no duine-uapal] ann ran tír agur ní raib aige aót don mac amáin. Táinig ré reó [Ríoire na sclear] cuise arteaó traónóna oiróce, agur d'iarri ré lóirctin do péin agur do'n d'á-'r'-eug do bí i n-éinfeadót leir.

"Suapac liom marí cá ré agam le t'agairó," arí ran feilméar, "aót tiúbriaró mé duit é agur do d' d'á-'r'-eug." Frit ruipéar píeró d'óib com maít a'r bí ré aige, agur nuair bí an ruipéar caíte, d'iarri an Ríoire arí an d'á-'r'-eug ro éiríge ruar agur píora gairgídeadót do deunam do'n fearí ro, ag tairbeánt na ngníomaríta bí aca.

"Éiríge an d'á-'r'-eug agur punneadarí gairgídeadót d'ó, agur ní fáca an duine reo apiam píora gairgídeadót marí iad rin, "maireadó," aoirí an duine-uapal, fearí an tíge, "níorí bfeairí liom an oiréad ro [de raíobhíear] 'ná d'á mbeiréadó mo mac ionnán rin [do] deunam."

"Leis liom-ra é," arí Ríoire na sclear, "go ceann lá agur bliadain, agur beiró ré com maít le ceadtarí de na buacailib reó acá agam."

"Leisreao," arí ran duine-uapal, "aót go d'ciúbriaró tu arí air eugam é i gceann na bliadna."

"O tiúbriao," arí Ríoire na sclear, "arí air eugad é."

Frit bfeacparí arí maríon, lá arí na márac, d'óib, nuair bíodarí ag dul ag imteadót, agur leis an duine-uapal an mac leó, agur d'fan ríao amuig lá agur bliadain:

I gceann a' lá agur bliadain táinig ríao arí a-baile cuise, agur a mac péin i n-éinfeadót leó. Bí ré [ag] faire oppa, agur bí fáilte rompa aige, agur bí oiróce maít aca. Nuair bíodarí tapéirí a ruipéirí, dubairí Ríoire na sclear leirí an d'á-'r'-eug éiríge ruar arí agur gairgídeadót do deunam do'n duine-uapal do bí tabairí an truípéirí d'óib: Anoir bí a mac péin ann, fpeirín, agur bí ré i ngarí do beirí com maít le ceadtarí aca: "Ní'l ré 'ná gairgídeadót fór com maít le mo cúro-re fearí, aót leis liom-ra é," arí Ríoire na sclear, "arí read lá agur bliadain eile."

"Leisreao," arí fpeirí, "aót go d'ciúbriaró tu arí air eugam é i gceann an lá agur bliadain." Dubairí ré go d'ciúbriaró.

D'imtíge ríao leó, an lá arí na márac 'péirí bíó na maríone, agur d'fanadarí amuig lá agur bliadain eile: Agur i gceann an lá agur bliadain conhairí an duine-uapal an comliadarí ag teadót

* Tá an rgeul ro focal arí focal go díreac marí do ruairíear agur marí do rshíobar píor é ó beul mártain Ruaró uí Shíoltarínac (fóiríe i mbeupla), i gConrae na Gaillíme.

THE KNIGHT OF THE TRICKS.

Written down word for word by me from the dictation of Martin Rua O Gillarna, or "Forde," near Monivea, Co. Galway (a small farmer, about 50 years old, Irish-speaking only).—DOUGLAS HYDE.

THERE was a farmer [*read* gentleman] in the country, and he had only one son. And this man [the Knight of the Tricks] came in to see him, on the evening of a night, and asked lodgings for himself and the twelve who were along with him.

"I think it miserable how I have it for you," said the gentleman, "but I'll give it to you and to your twelve." Supper was got ready for them, as good as he had it, and when the supper was eaten, the knight asked these twelve to rise up and perform a piece of exercise for this man, showing the deeds [accomplishments] they had.

The twelve rose up and performed feats for him, and this man had never seen any feat like them. "Musha," says the gentleman, the man of the house, "I wouldn't sooner [own] all this much riches, than that my son should be able to do that."

"Leave him with me," said the Knight of the Tricks, "till the end of a year and a day, and he will be as good as any of these boys that I have."

"I will," says the gentleman, "but [on condition] that you must bring him back to me at the end of the year."

"Oh, I will bring him back to you," said the Knight of the Tricks.

Breakfast was got for them in the morning, of the next day when they were going a-departing, and the gentleman let the son with them, and they remained away a day and a year.

At the end of the day and the year, they came home again to him, and his own son along with them. He was watching for them, and had a welcome for them, and they had a good night. When they were after their supper, the Knight of the Tricks told the twelve to rise up and perform feats for the gentleman who was giving them the supper. Now his own son was there also, and he was near to being as good as any of them.

"He is not yet a champion as good as my men are, but let him with me," said the Knight of the Tricks, "for another day and a year."

"I will," said he, "but that you will bring him back to me at the end of the day and a year." He said he would bring him.

cúige arís. Éus ré fáilte agus ruipéar doib, le lútgáirpe iad do beit ar air arís agus a mac leó.

Caitheadar an ruipéar, agus nuair bíodar 'néir a ruipéir, dubhairt ré le n-a cúro fear éiríge ruar agus píora gairgídeacta do deunam do'n duine-uapal do bí tabhairt na gnaomhíleact (?) doib. D'éiríge ríad ruar, trí rí deus, agus ba é a mac an fear do b'fearr de'n méad rín. Ní raib fear ar bit ionnán ceart do baint de áct Ríoripe na gcleair féin.

Deir an duine-uapal, "ní'l fear ar bit aca ionnán gairgídeacta do deunam le mo mac féin."

"Ní'l, go deimhin," ar Ríoripe na gcleair "don fear ionnán a deunam áct mire; agus má leigean tu d'ám-ra é lá agus bliadain eile, bíod ré 'na gairgídeacta com maith liom féin."

"Mairead, leigfead," ar ran duine-uapal, "leisfró mé leat é," a deir ré.

Aniós, níor iarr ré air, an t-am ro, a tabhairt ar air arís, mar sinne ré na h-amanta eile, agus níor cuir ré ann a gearaib é.

I gceann an lá agus bliadain, bí an duine-uapal ag fanamaint agus ag rúil le n-a mac, áct ní táinig an mac ná Ríoripe na gcleair. Bí an t-áthair, ann rín, faoi imníde mhóir na raib an mac ag teact a-baile cúige, agus dubhairt ré: "ré b'é áit de'n doimhan a bfuil ré, cairtíró mé a fáigail amac."

D'imtíge ré ann rín agus bí ré ag imteact gur áit ré trí oíróce agus trí lá ag rúbal. Táinig ann rín ar teact i n-áit a raib áruir breágs, agus amuis anagair an doiruir móir bí trí rín deus ag bualaib báirpe ann; agus fear ré ag feúdaint ar na trí fearaib deus o'a bualaib, agus bí don fear amáin o'a bualaib le oá-'r-'eus aca. Táinig ré 'ran áit a rabhadar ar teact ann a mearg ann rín, agus 'ré a mac féin bí ag bualaib an báirpe leir an oá-'r-'eus eile.

Cuir ré fáilte noim an áthair ann rín: "O! a áthair," a deir ré, "ní'l don fáigail agad oim. Ní sinne tura," a deir ré, "do gnaí (gnó) ceart; nuair bí tu [ag] deunam margair leiréan níor iarr tu air; mire [do] tabhairt ar air eugad."

"Ír fíor rín," a deir an t-áthair

"Anois," a deir an mac, "ní bfuigfró tu feúdaint oim anocht, áct deunfar trí colaim deus dinn agus cairtíroear gnaí coirce ar an uplár agus deupair Ríoripe na gcleair má aicnigean tu do mac oim rín [= ann a mearg-ran] go bfuigfró tú é. Ní bíod mire ag ite don gnaí agus bíod na cinn eile ag ite. Bíod mire dul anonn 'r anall 'r ag bualaib ppuoca ann ran. Gcúro eile

They went away with themselves the next day, after their morning's meal, and they remained away for another day and a year. And at the end of the day and a year the gentleman saw the company coming to him again. He gave them a welcome and a supper, for joy them to be back again and his son with them.

They ate their supper, and when they were after their supper he said to the men to rise up and perform some feats for the gentleman who was showing them this kindness. They rose up, thirteen men, and his son was the best man of all the lot. There was no man at all able to take the right from him [overcome him] but the Knight of the Tricks himself.

Says the gentleman then, "There's not a man of them able to perform feats with my own son."

"There is not indeed one man," says the Knight of the Tricks, "able to do it but me, and if you leave him to me for another day and a year he will be a champion as good as myself."

"Musha, then I will," says the gentleman, "I'll let him with you," says he.

Now this time he did not ask him to take him back, as he had done the other times, and he did not put it in his conditions.

At the end of the day and the year the gentleman was waiting and hoping for his son, but neither the son nor the Knight of the Tricks came. The father was then in great anxiety lest his son was not coming home at all to him, and he said, "whatever place in the world he is in, I must find him out."

He departed then, and he was going until he spent three days and three nights traveling. He then came into a place where there was a fine dwelling, and outside of it, over against the great door, there were thirteen men playing hurley, and he stood looking at the thirteen men playing, and there was a single man hurling against twelve of them. He came in amongst them then, to the place where they were, and it was his own son that was playing against the other twelve.

He welcomed his father then. "Oh, father," says he, "you have no getting of me, you did not do," says he, "your business right: when you were making your bargain with him you did not ask him to bring me back to you."

"That is true," says the father.

"Now," said the son, "you won't get a sight of me to-night, but thirteen pigeons will be made of us, and grains of oats thrown on the floor, and the Knight of the Tricks will say that

de na colamaib: Seobaird tu do rogan asur déapaird tu leir sur b'é mé tógpar tu. Sin é an comartha beirim duit, i muoc go n-aicneódaird tu mire amearg na scolam eile, asur ma tógann tu go ceap, beir mé asao an uair pin."

D'pás an mac é ann pin, asur táinig ré arthead ann ran teac, asur cuir Ríoripe na gcleap fáilte noime. Dubairt an duine-uapal go dtáinig ré as iarraid a mic nuair nac dtug an Ríoripe ar air leir é i gceann na bliadna. "Níor cuir tu pin ann ran margaó," ar ran Ríoripe, "acé ó táinig tu com fada pin d'a iarraid, caiteid ré beir asao, má 'r féidir leat a tógad amac." Rug ré arthead ann pin é go reomra a raib trí colaim deus ann, asur dubairt ré leir, a roga colaim do tógad amac, asur dá n-buó h-é a mac féin do tógad ré go dtuicpad leir a congdbail. Bí na colaim uile as piocad na ngrána coirce de'n uiláir, acé don ceann amáin do bí gabail tairt asur as bualaó ptioca ann ran gcuo eile aca. Do tóg an duine-uapal an ceann pin. "Tá do mac gnótaighe asao," ar ran Ríoripe.

Cait raó an oróce pin buil (?) a céile, asur d'imtigh an duine-uapal asur a mac an lá ar na márac asur d'pásgadar Ríoripe na gcleap. Nuair bí raó as dul a-baile ann pin, táinig raó go baile-mór, asur bí aonac ann, asur nuair biodar dul arthead ann ran aonac d'iarir an mac ar a dtair pteang do ceannac asur do deunam adartair dó. "Deunpaid mire rtail diom féin," doeir ré, "asur diolpaid tu mé ar an aonac ro. Tuicpaid Ríoripe na gcleap eugao ar an aonac—tá ré do d' leanamaint anoir—asur ceannódaird ré mire uait. Nuair beirdear tu 's am' díol, ná tabair an t-adartair uait acé congdbais eugao féin é, asur [ir] féidir liom-ra teacé ar air eugao—acé an t-adartair do congdbail."

Rinne an mac rtail de féin ann pin, asur fuair an t-adartair adartair asur cuir ré air é. Tarpaing ré ruar ann pin ar an aonac é; asur ir gearr do bí ré 'na fearam ann pin, nuair táinig Ríoripe na gcleap cuir asur d'iarir ré cia méad do beirdear ar in rtail aige. "Trí ceud púnta" doir an duine-uapal. "Tiúbhraid mire pin duit," doir Ríoripe na gcleap—tiúbraid ré ruo ar bit dó as fáil go bfuigread ré an mac ar air, mar bí fíor aige go maic sur b'é do bí ann ran rtail. "Tiúbraid mire duit é ar an airtioó pin," ar ran duine-uapal, "acé ní tiúbraid mé an t-adartair." "Buó ceap an t-adartair do tabairt," ar ran Ríoripe.

D'imtigh an Ríoripe ann pin asur an rtail leir, asur d'imtigh an duine-uapal ar a bealac féin as dul a-baile. Acé ní raib ré acé amuis ar an aonac 'ran am a dtáinig an mac ruar leir air.

if you recognise your son amongst those, you shall get him. I will not be eating my grain, but the others will be eating. I will be going back and forwards and picking at the rest of the pigeons. You shall get your choice, and you will tell him that it is I you will take. That is the sign I give you now, so that you may know me amongst the other pigeons, and if you choose right you will have me then."

The son left him after that, and he came into the house, and the Knight of the Tricks bade him welcome. The gentleman said that he was come looking for his son, since the Knight did not bring him back with him at the end of the year. "You did not put that in the bargain," said the Knight, "but since you are come so far to look for him you must have him if you can choose him out." He brought him in then to the room where the thirteen pigeons were, and told him to choose out his choice pigeon, and if it was his own son he should choose that he might keep him. The other pigeons were picking grains of oats off the floor, all but one, who was going round and picking at the others. The gentleman chose that one. "You have your son gained," said the Knight.

They spent that night together, and the gentleman and his son departed next day and left the Knight of the Tricks. When they were going home then, they came to a town, and there was a fair in it, and when they were going into the fair the son asked the father to buy a rope and make a halter for him. "I'll make a stallion of myself," said he, "and you will sell me at this fair. The Knight of the Tricks will come up to you on the fair—he is following you now—and he will buy me from you. When you will be selling me don't give away the halter, but keep it for yourself, and I can come back to you—only you to keep the halter."

The son made a stallion of himself then, and the father got the halter and put it on him. He drew him up after that on the fair, and it was short he was standing there when the Knight of the Tricks came up to him, and asked him how much would he be wanting for the stallion. "Three hundred pounds," says the gentleman. "I'll give you that," said the Knight of Tricks—he would give him anything at all hoping that he might get the son back, for he knew well that it was he that was in the stallion. "I'll give him to you at that money," said the gentleman, "but I won't give the halter." "It were right to give the halter," said the Knight.

The Knight went away then, and the stallion with him, and the gentleman departed on his own road going home, but he

“A achair,” a veir pé, “tá mé ar págail an t-ú á gá, aet tá donac ann a leirio reo d’ait amárac agur macamaio arceac ann.”

An lá ar na márac, nuair bíodar ag dul arceac ann ran donac eile, dúbairt an mac: “Deunparó mé rtail diom féin agur tiucparó Ríoripe na gcleap arí r’ dom’ ceannac. Tiúbraró ré airgíó ar bit oim a iarppar tu, aet cuir ann ran margac nac dtiúbraró tura an t-adartar dó.” Tarraingeadar ruar ar an donac ann rin, agur pinne ré rtail dé féin agur cuir an t-achair adartar air agur ir gearr do bí ré ann, na fearam, nuair táinig Ríoripe na gcleap cuige agur d’farpais ré dé cia méao do beiteac ar an rtail aige. “Sé ceo púnta,” ar ran duine-uapal. “Tiúbraró mife rin duit,” a veir pé. “Aet ní tiúbraró mé an t-adartar duit.” “Duó ceart an t-adartar tabairt arceac ran margac,” ar an Ríoripe, aet ní bfuair pé é.

D’iméig Ríoripe na gcleap ann rin agur an rtail leir, agur d’iméig an duine-uapal ar a bealac ag dul a-baile, aet ní raib ré i mbeapna a’ corcuim ag dul amac ar an donac am [nuair] a dtáinig an mac arí ruar leir.

“Tá go maic, achair” a veir pé, “tá an uair reo gnócaigce againn, aet ní’l fíor agam creuo deunpar an lá-amárac linn. Tá donac ann a leirio reo d’ait amárac agur tarríngamaio ann.”

Cuadar map rin ar an donac an lá ar n-a márac, agur pinne an mac rtail dé féin, agur cuir an t-achair adartar air, agur ir gearr do bí pé na fearam ar an donac i n-am táinig Ríoripe na gcleap arí cuige. D’farpais an Ríoripe cia méao do beiteac ré ag iarparó ar an rtail bpeág rin do bí aige ann ran adartar: “Naol gceuo púnta tá mife ag iarparó air,” ar ran duine-uapal: Níor faoil ré go dtiúbraró ré rin dó. Aet ní congobóac airgíó ar bit an rtail o’n Ríoripe. “Tiúbraró mé rin duit,” a veir pé. Cuir pé a lám ann a póca agur tug pé an naol gceuo púnta dó, agur rug pé ar an rtail leir an lám eile, agur d’iméig pé leir éom luac rin gur deapmao an duine-uapal é do cur ann ran margac an t-adartar tabairt ar air dó.

D’fan pé ag rúil go bfuilpeao an mac, aet níor fíll pé. Tug pé ruar é ann rin agur dúbairt pé nac raib don maic dó trupón (?) [beic ag rúil] go brát leir, ná le n-a ceac ar air arí go brát.

Tug Ríoripe na gcleap ann rin an mac leir, agur bí pé tabairt ‘c uile fóirt pionnúir agur d’poc-upáide dó, agur ní leigfeao pé é ar boio le don duine ag ite a beata, aet bí ré ann rin ceangailte, agur an lá leigfeao pé na gairgíóig eile amac, ní leigfeao

was only just out of the fair when the son came up to him again. "Father," says he, "you have got me to-day, but there is a fair in such-and-such a place to-morrow, and we'll go to it."

The next day when they were going into the other fair, the son said, "I will make a stallion of myself, and the Knight of the Tricks will come again to buy me. He'll give you any money that you may ask for me, but put it in the bargain that you will not give him the halter." They drew up on the fair then, and he made a stallion of himself, and the father put a halter on him; and it was short he was standing there when the Knight of the Tricks came to him and asked him how much he'd be wanting for the stallion. "Six hundred pounds," says the gentleman. "I'll give you that," says he; "but I won't give you the halter," said the gentleman. "It were only right to give the halter into the bargain," said the Knight, but he did not get it.

The Knight of the Tricks departed then, and the stallion with him, and the gentleman went on his way, going home; but he was not as far as the custom-gap, going out of the fair, when the son came up with him again.

"It is well, father," says he, "we have gained this time, but I don't know what will to-morrow do with us. There is a fair in such-and-such a place to-morrow, and we will go down to it."

They went to the fair accordingly next day, and the son made a stallion of himself, and the father put a halter on him, and it was short he was standing on the fair when the Knight of the Tricks came up to him again. The Knight asked how much he would be wanting for that fine stallion that he had there by the halter. "Nine hundred pounds I'm asking for him," says the gentleman. He never thought he would give him that. But no money would keep the stallion from the Knight. "I'll give you that," says he. He put his hand in his pocket and gave him the nine hundred pounds, and with the other hand he seized the stallion and went off with him so quick that the gentleman forgot to put it into his bargain that he should give him back the halter.

He waited, hoping the son would return, but he did not. He gave him up then, and said that there was no good for him to be expecting him for ever, or expecting him to ever come back again.

The Knight of the Tricks then took away the son with him, and was giving him all sorts of punishment and bad usage, and would not let him [sit down] at table with anyone to eat

ré eiréan leó. Bí ré real fáda mar rin, agus Ríoríne na gcleaí ag cur d'íoc-mear air agus ag tabairt uile dóirt pionnúir do:

Tuit ré amac sup iméig Ríoríne na gcleaí an lá ro ar baile, agus o'fásgharó ré eiréan ann ran bfuinneóis ir áiríoe 'ran teac, 'n áit nac faib ruo ar bit le pásail aige; agus é ceangailte ann rin, ruar i n-áiríoe. Agus nuair bí 'é uile duine iméighe ann rin, agus gan ar an t-ríaró áct é féin agus an cailín, o'íarí ré deóc uirge i n-ainm Dé, ar an gcalín. Dubairt an cailín go mbeiríodó fáitcior uiríu dá b'fásgharó a máisgirtir amac í, go mar-bócaó ré í.

"Ní éloiríó duine ar bit go deó é," aoirí ré, "ná bíod fáitcior ar bit ort, ní mire innreócar [= inneórar] do é." Tus rí ruar an deóc uirge éuige ann rin, agus nuair éurí ré a éloiríonn ann ran uirge, ag ól an uirge, sinne ré earcon de féin agus éuaró ré ríor ann ran roiteac. Bí ríotán beas uirge taob amuis de 'n dorur bí [ag] rí go n'beacáiró ré arceac ann ran abainn, agus éait rí amac ann ran ríotán gac a faib o'fúigleac 'ran roiteac aici. Bí seiréan ag iméacé ann rin agus é 'na earcuin ann ran abainn, ag carraingé a-baile.

Nuair éaimis Ríoríne na gcleaí a-baile, éuaró ré ruar go b'feiríeacó ré an fear o'fás ré ceangailte, agus ní bfuairí ré é roime ann. O'fíaríuig ré de 'n cailín ar ariuig rí é ag iméacé. Dubairt an cailín náir ariuig, áct go 'rtus rí féin b'raon uirge ruar éuige.

"Agus cá 'r éurí tu an fúigleac do bí agao?" aoirí ré.

"Éait mé 'ran ríotán amac é," ar ríre.

"Tá ré iméighe 'na earcuin ann ran abainn," aoirí ré, "gleuríagíó ruar," aoirí ré, leir an dá-'r'eus gairídeac, "go leanfamaoio é."

Rinneadair dá m'adairó deus uirge díob féin agus leanadair ann ran abain é; agus nuair bíodair ag teacé ruar leir ann ran abainn o'éiríuig ré 'na eun ar an abainn ann ran aéir.

Nuair fuairí ríad rin amac sup iméig ré ar an abainn, sinneadair dá feabac deus díob féin agus o'iméigheadair an'íarí an éin—uiríeós do sinne ré de féin—agus bíodair ag teacé ruar leir.

Nuair fuairí ré iad ag teannad leir, agus nac faib ré íoinnán dul uata, bí fáitcior móir air. Bí bean ag cátaó amuis ar páiríe báin. Tuirling ré 'nuar ar an aéir, ó beir 'na eun, i ngar do'n coirce, agus sinne ré gíána coirce de féin.

Tuirling ríad féin 'na díarí agus sinneadair dá éearc-ríancac

his food, but he was there tied, and the day he would let the other champions out he would not let him out with them. He was like this for a long time and the Knight of the Tricks putting dishonor on him, and giving him every kind of punishment.

It fell out that on this day [of which we are going to tell] the Knight of the Tricks went from home, and left him at the window that was highest in the house, where he had nothing at all to get, and him tied there, up on high. And then when everybody was gone away and nobody left on the street (*i.e.*, about the place) but himself and a servant-girl, he asked the girl, in the name of God, for a drink of water. The girl said that if her master were to find it out he would kill her.

"Nobody shall ever hear it," says he: "don't be a bit afraid, it's not I who'll tell him." She brought up the drink of water to him then, and when he put his head into the water, drinking the water, he made an eel of himself, and he went down into the vessel. There was a little streamlet of water beside the door, that was running until it went into the river, and she cast out into the little stream all the remains that she had in the vessel. He kept going, then, and he an eel, in the river, drawing towards home.

When the Knight of the Tricks came home, he went up to see the man he had left bound, and he did not find him there before him. He asked the girl if she felt [perceived] him going, or if she perceived anything that gave him leave to go. The girl said that she perceived nothing, but that she herself brought a drop of water up to him.

"And where did you put the leavings that you had?" says he.

"I threw it out into the little stream," says she.

"He's gone as an eel into the river," says he. "Prepare yourselves," says he to the twelve champions, "till we follow him."

They made twelve water-dogs of themselves, and they followed him in the river, and when they were coming up with him in the river, he rose up as a bird, out of the river into the air.

When they found this out, that he had gone out of the river, they made twelve hawks of themselves, and pursued after the bird—it was a lark he made of himself—and they were coming up to him.

When he found them closing on him, and that he was not able to escape from them, there was great terror on him.

deus díob péin, [agus bí an Ríoripe 'na cóileac-francac]. Tóraig-eaodar ag ite an cóirce ann rin agus faoil ríao é beit itte aca, aet ní ríab. Bí ríao ag ite an cóirce go ríab ríao i ngar do beit rátae.

Nuair méar reiréan go ríab a ráit itte aca, agus nac ríabodar ionnán móran eile do deunam, o'éirig ré ríar agus rinne ré ríonnae de péin, agus bain ré an cloigíonn de'n d'á francae deus agus de'n cóileac:

Bí ceao aige dul a-baile o'á acair ann rin nuair bíodar uile marb aige. Agus rin deirpe Ríoripe na Scleap. '

There was a woman winnowing [oats] out in a bare field. He descended out of the air from being a bird, near to the oats, and he made a grain of oats of himself.

They themselves descended after him, and made twelve turkeys of themselves, and the Knight was the turkey cock. They began eating the oats, and they thought that they had him eaten, but they had not. They were eating the oats until they were near to being satiated.

When he considered that they had enough eaten and that they were not able to do much more, he rose up and made a fox of himself, and took the heads off the twelve turkeys and turkey cock.

He had leave to go home to his father then, when he had them all killed And that is the end of the Knight of Tricks

MO BHRÓN AIR AN BPAIRRGE

Mo bhrón air an bpairrge
 Ir é tá mór,
 Ir é gabail roir mé
 'S mo míle rtor.

O'rágáó 'ran mbaile mé
 Deunam bhrón,
 San don trúil tar páile liom
 Coróce ná go deó.

Mo léun nac bfuil mire
 'Sur mo mháirín bán
 I g-cúige laigean
 No i g-conradé an Chláir.

Ma bhrón nac bfuil mire
 'Sur mo míle spáó
 Air boirto loinge
 Truall go 'Meiricá

Leaburó luacra
 Bí rúm ariér,
 Agus éat mé amac é
 Le tear an laé:

Táinig mo spáó-ra
 Le mo taéb
 Suata air gualain
 Agus beul ar beul

MY GRIEF ON THE SEA.*

(TRANSLATED BY DOUGLAS HYDE.)

My grief on the sea,
 How the waves of it roll!
 For they heave between me
 And the love of my soul!

Abandoned, forsaken,
 To grief and to care,
 Will the sea ever waken
 Relief from despair?

My grief and my trouble!
 Would he and I were
 In the province of Leinster
 Or county of Clare.

Were I and my darling—
 Oh, heart-bitter wound!—
 On board of the ship
 For America bound.

On a green bed of rushes
 All last night I lay,
 And I flung it abroad
 With the heat of the day.

And my love came behind me—
 He came from the South;
 His breast to my bosom.
 His mouth to my mouth.

* *Literally*: My grief on the sea, It is it that is big. It is it that is going between me And my thousand treasures. I was left at home Making grief, Without any hope of (going) over sea with me, For ever and aye. My grief that I am not, And my white moorneen, In the province of Leinster Or County of Clare. My sorrow I am not, And my thousand loves On board of a ship Voyaging to America. A bed of rushes Was under me last night And I threw it out With the heat of the day. My love came To my side, Shoulder to shoulder And mouth on mouth. ["Love Songs of Connacht."]

AN BUACÉAILL DO BÍ A BPAO AN A MÁTAR.*

A bpaó ó foir bí lánamain póрта dar b' ainm páorais agur nuála ní ciaracáin. Bideadar bliadain agur píce póрта san don éilann do beir aca, agur bí bñón móir orra, mar nac raib don oirpe aca le na gcuir raibóir d' fásbáil aise. Bí dá acra talman, bó, agur péire gabar aca, agur bí tuairm aca go raibadar raibóir.

Don oirde amáin, bí páorais teacé a-baile o teacé uine muinntirig, agur nuair éainis pé éom fada leir an poilis máoil, éainis rean uine liaé amac agur dubairt: "Go mbeannaisiú Dia uuit," "Go mbeannaisiú Dia 'sur Muire uuit," ar páorais. "Cao atá ag cur bñón or?" ar ran rean uine. "Ní'l morán go deimhín," ar páorais, "ní béró mé a bpaó beó, agur ní'l mac 'ná ingean le caoinead mo diais nuair geobar mé báp." "B' éoir nac mbeirdeá mar rin," ar ran rean-uine. "Papaor! beirdead," ar páorais, "táim bliadain agur píce póрта, agur ní'l don éoramlacé fóp." "Glac m'focal-ra go mbéró mac ós ag do mnaoi, trí páite ó'n oirde anoct." Cuair páorais a-baile, lútgáiracé go leór, agur d'innir an rgeul do nuála. "Ara! ní raib ann ran trean uine acé sogaille, a bí ag deunam mag-aíó or," ar nuála. "Ir maic an rgeulúó an ainmíir," ar páorais.

Bí go maic agur ní raib go h-ole; real má (rul) n'oeacáir leir-bliadain éar, éonnairc páorais go raib nuála uil oirpe do éabairt do, agur bí bñó móir air. Tóruis pé ag cur na feilme i n-oruagad, agur ag fásbáil sac nío péir le h-agaíó an oirpe óis. An lá éainis cinneap cloinne ar nuála, bí páorais ag cur érainn óis a látarí voraip an tige: Nuair éainis an rgeul éuise go raib mac ós ag nuála, bí an oirpeó rin lútgáiracé air gur tuic pé marb le cinneap éoirde.

Bí bñón móir air nuála, agur dubairt rí leir an naoríeanán:

"Ní éoirgíó mé tu óm' éic go mbéró tu ionánn an érainn do bí d' átarí ag cur nuair fuair pé báp do éarraig ag na fréamhaib."

Soirpeó páirín ar an naoríeanán, agur éus an mátarí éicé do go raib pé reacé mbliadna d'aoir. Ann rin éus rí amac é le feucaint an raib pé ionánn an érainn do éarraig, acé ní raib: Níor éuir rin don vnoé-meirneac ar an mátarí, éus rí arteac é,

* O fearí dar b'ainm bláca, i n-aice le baile-an-róba, gConrae muig-éó.

THE BOY WHO WAS LONG ON HIS MOTHER.

(Translated by Douglas Hyde.)

THERE was long ago a married couple of the name of Patrick and Nuala O'Keerahan. They were a year and twenty married, without having any children, and there was great grief on them because they had no heir to leave their share of riches to. They had two acres of land, a cow, and a pair of goats, and they supposed that they were rich.

One night Patrick was coming home from a friend's house, and when he was come as far as the ruined churchyard, there came out a gray old man and said, "God save you."

"God and Mary save you," says Patrick.

"-What's putting grief on you?" says the old man.

"There isn't much indeed putting grief on me," says Patrick, "but I won't be long alive, and I have neither son nor daughter to keen after me when I find death."

"Perhaps you won't be so," says the old man.

"Alas! I will," says Patrick, "I'm a year and twenty married, and there's no sign yet."

"Take my word that your wife will have a young son three-quarters of a year from this very night."

Patrick went home, joyous enough, and told the story to Nuala.

"Arrah, there was nothing in the old man but a dotard who was making a mock of you," says Nuala.

"Well, 'time is a good story-teller,'" said Patrick.

It was well, and it was not ill. Before half a year went by Patrick saw that Nuala was going to give him an heir, and there was great pride on him. He began putting the farm in order and leaving everything ready for the young heir. The day that sickness came on Nuala, Patrick was planting a young tree before the door of the house. When the news came to him that Nuala had a young son, there was that much joy on him that he fell dead with heart-disease.

There was great grief on Nuala, and she said to the infant, "I will not wean you from my breast until you will be able to pull up out of the roots the tree that your father was planting when he died."

The infant was called Paudyeen, or little Pat, and the mother nursed him at her breast until he was seven years old. Then she brought him out to see was he able to pull up the tree, but he was not. That put no discouragement on the mother; she brought him in, and nursed him for seven years

asur tús cíod feadót mbliadóna eile d'ó, asur ní faib don buacail ann ran tír ionánn deaót ruar leir i n-obair:

Faoi céann deirid na ceit're bliadóna deus tús a mátaí amac é, le feudaint an faib ré ionánn an crann do tarrainis, aót ní faib, mar bí an crann i n-éirí máit, asur as fáir go móir. Níor éirí rin don d'poc-mírnead ar an mátaí.

Tús rí cíod feadót mbliadóna eile d'ó, asur faoi céann deirid an ama rin, bí ré com móir asur com láirí le fáta:

Tús an mátaí amac é asur d'ubairt: "Mur (muna) b'fui tu ionánn an crann rin ro tarrainis anoir, ní tiúbaird mé don b'pao eile cíce d'uit." Éirí páirín r'mugairle ar a lámhaib, asur fuair gheim ar bun an crainn: An ceud-iarrair do tús ré, éirí ré an talam feadót b'éiríre ar gac taoib d'é, asur leir an d'ara iarrair d'ós ré an crann ar na r'péamhaib, asur timcioll fíce tonna de éreapóis leir. "Gpáó mo éiríde tu," ar ran mátaí; "ir fíú cíce bliadón asur fíce tu." "A mátaí," ar páirín, "d'oiríis tu go cruair le biad asur deod do t'ubairt d'am-ra ó r'usaó mé, asur tá ré i n-am d'am anoir ruo éigin do d'eunam d'uit-re, ann do fean-laeitib. Ir é reó an ceud-crann do tarrainis mé asur d'eunaird mé maide láime d'am féin d'é." Ann rin fuair ré ráb asur tuas, asur gearr an crann, as fágáil timcioll fíce t'póis de 'n bun, asur bí enap air, com móir le túr de na túraib cruinne do bídeat i n-éirínn an t-am rin. Bí or cionn tonna meadacain ann ran maide láime nuair bí ré gleurta as páirín.

Ar maidein, lá ar na máraó, fuair páirín gheim ar a maide; d'pás a beannaót as a mátaí, asur d'iméis as t'púigeadót reir-bíre. Bí ré as ríúdal go d'áinís ré go cairleán ríis laigean: D'fíarruís an ríis d'é cat do bí ré 'iarrair: "As iarrair oiríre, má ré do t'oil," ar páirín. "B'fui don éirí d'as?" ar ran ríis. "Ní'l," ar páirín, "aót t'is liom obair ar bí d'á n'deairnair fear ariam d'eunam." "D'eunaird mé margaó leat," ar ran ríis, "má t'is leat h-uile n'ó a o'p'ócar mire d'uit a d'eunam ar feadó ré mí, d'eunaird mé do meadacain féin d'ór d'uit, asur m'ingean mar m'naoi-pórtá, aót muna d'is leat gac n'ó do d'eunam, caillfid tu do céann." "Táim fáta leir an margaó 'n," ar páirín. "Téid ardeac 'ran r'gioból, asur bí as bualaó coirce do na dá (buaib) go mbéid do ceud-r'p'onn féid."

Éirí páirín ardeac, asur fuair an r'p'irce, aót ní faib an r'p'ircein aót mar éirínn i lám páirínis, asur d'ubairt ré leir féin," ir fearr mo maide-lám 'ná an gleur rin." T'púis ré as bualaó leir an maide-lám' asur níor b'pao go faib an méad

more, and there was not a lad in the country who was able to keep up with him in his work.

At the end of fourteen years his mother brought him out to see was he able to pull up the tree, but he was not, for the tree was in good soil, and growing greatly. That put no discouragement on the mother.

She nursed him for seven more years, and at the end of that time he was as large and as strong as a giant.

His mother brought him out then and said, "Unless you are able to pull up that tree now, I will never nurse you again."

Paudyeen spat on his hands, and got a hold of the bottom of the tree, and the first effort he made he shook the ground for seven perches on each side of it, and at the second effort he lifted the tree from the roots, and about twenty ton of clay along with it.

"The love of my heart you are," said the mother, "you're worth nursing for one and twenty years."

"Mother," says Paudyeen, "you worked hard to give me food and drink since I was born, and it is time now for me to do something for you in your old days. This is the first tree I ever pulled up, and I'll make myself a hand-stick of it. Then he got a saw and axe, and cut the tree, leaving about twenty feet of the bottom, and there was a knob on it as big as a round tower of the round towers that used to be in Erin at that time. There was above a ton weight in the hand-stick when Paudyeen had it dressed.

On the morning of the next day, Paudyeen caught a hold of his stick, left his blessing with his mother, and went away in search of service. He was traveling till he came to the castle of the King of Leinster. The king asked him what he was looking for. "Looking for work, if you please," says Paudyeen.

"Have you e'er a trade?" says the king.

"No," says Paudyeen, "but I can do any work in life that ever man did."

"I'll make a bargain with you," says the king; "if you can do everything that I'll order you to do during six months, I'll give you your own weight in gold, and my daughter as your married wife; but if you are not able to do each thing you shall lose your head."

"I'm satisfied with that bargain," says Paudyeen.

"Go into the barn, and be threshing oats for the cows till your breakfast is ready."

Paudyeen went in and got the flail, and the *flaileen* was

do bí ann ran r'gioból buailte aige. Ann rin éuaíó ré amac ann ran n'garóa agus éoruis a' bualao na r'áca coirce agus cruicneacá, sup éuir ré cíteanna spáin ar feao na tíre. Táinig an n'is amac agus dubairt, "Coirce do lámh, a' deirim, no r'giorraíó tu mé. Téir agus beir cúpla buiceuo uirge cum na r'earb-fósanca ar an loe úo r'ior, agus béir an leite fuar go leór nuair éucpar tu ar air." O'feuc páiróin éar, agus éonnaic ré dá báirille móir folam, le coir balla. Fuair ré spaim orra, ceann aca ann gac lámh, éuaíó cum an loe, agus éus iao líonta go cúl doirar an éarleáin. Bí iongantar ar an n'is nuair éonnaic ré páiróis a' teac, agus dubairt ré leir: "Téir arteaé, tá an leite r'ieró duit." Éuaíó páiróin arteaé, agus éuaíó an n'is cum dáil glic do bí aige, agus o'innir ré dó an maraó do minne ré le páiróin, agus o'farruis ré d'é, creuo do buó cóir dó éabairt le deunam do páiróin. "Abair leir dul r'ior agus an loe do éaoómaó, agus é do beir deunta aige, real má d'éir an éuan faoi, an r'acóna ro."

Éair an n'is ar páiróin agus dubairt leir: "Taoóm an loe rin r'ior agus bíó ré deunta a'ao real má d'éir an éuan faoi an r'acóna ro." "Mait go leór," ar páiróin, "acé cia an áit a éuirpar mé an r-uirge?" "Cuir ann ran n'gleann móir a' a' n'gar do'n loe é," ar ran n'is. Ní raib íoir an éleann agus an loe acé r'gonra, agus bídeao na daoine a' deunam bócair-coire d'é. Fuair páiróin buiceuo, picóio agus láide, agus éuaíó cum an loe. Bí bun an éleanna coiróm le bun an loe. Éuaíó páiróin arteaé 'ran n'gleann agus minne poll arteaé go bun an loe. Ann rin éuir ré a beul ar an bpoll, éarraig anál f'ao, agus níoir f'as ré b'raon uirge, iars, ná báo, ann ran loe, ná r'earraig ré amac leir an anál rin, agus náir éuir ré arteaé 'ra' n'gleann. Ann rin dún ré ruar an poll.

Nuair o'feuc an n'is r'ior, éonnaic ré an loe cóir tíim le boir do láime, agus níoir b'ao go d'éinig páiróin éirge agus dubairt: "Tá an obair rin éirócuighe, cao deunpar mé duit anoir?" "Ní'l don ruo eile le deunam a'ao anoir, acé béir neair a'ao le deunam amárac." An oirde rin, éuir an n'is r'ior ar ar n'dall glic, agus o'innir dó an éao ar taoóm páiróin an loe, agus nac raib r'ior aige creuo do b'arparó ré dó le deunam. "Tá r'ior a'gam-ra an n'io nac mbéiró ré ionánn a deunam, ar mairon amárac, tabair r'gribinn dó cum do b'arbrácar i n'gailim, abair leir dá r'ieró tonna cruicneacá do tabairt éugao, agus a beir ar air ann ró faoi éann ceirre uair ar r'ieró. Tabair an r'ean-láir agus a cáir dó, agus tíg leat beir cinnce nac d'ucparó ré ar air." Ar mairon, lá ar na márac, éair an n'is

only like a *traneen* in Paudyeen's hand, and he said to himself, "My hand-stick is better than that contrivance." He began threshing with the hand-stick, and it was not long till he had all that was in the barn threshed. Then he went out into the garden and began threshing the stacks of oats and wheat, so that he sent showers of grain throughout the country.

The king came out and said, "Hold your hand, or you'll destroy me. Go and bring a couple of buckets of water to the servants out of that loch down there, and the stirabout will be sufficiently cool when you come back."

Paudyeen looked round, and he saw two great empty barrels beside the wall. He caught hold of them, one in each hand, went to the lake, and brought them filled to the back of the castle door. There was wonder on the king when he saw Paudyeen arriving, and he said to him, "Go in, the stirabout's ready for you."

Paudyeen went in, but the king went to a Dall Glic, or cunning blind man that he had, and told him the bargain that he made with Paudyeen, and asked him what he ought to give Paudyeen to do.

"Tell him to go down and teem [bail out] that lake, and him to have it done before the sun goes under this evening."

The king called Paudyeen, and said to him, "Teem that lake down there, and let you have it done before the sun goes under this evening."

"Very well," says Paudyeen, "but where shall I put the water."

"Put it into the great glen that is near the lake," says the king.

There was nothing but a scunce [ditch-bank] between the glen and the lake, and the people used to make a foot-road of it.

Paudyeen got a bucket, a pickaxe, and a loy [narrow spade], and he went to the lake. The bottom of the glen was even with the bottom of the lake. Paudyeen went into the glen and made a hole in the bottom of the lake. Then he put his mouth to the hole, drew a long breath, and never left boat, fish, or drop of water in the lake that he did not draw out through his body, and cast into the glen. Then he closed up the hole.

When the king looked down he saw the lake as dry as the palm of your hand, and it was not long till Paudyeen came to him and said, "That work is finished, what shall I do now?"

"You have nothing else to do to-day, but you shall have plenty to do to-morrow."

páirín, agus tug an r'páirín do, agus d'ubairt leir, "fás an láir agus an cáirt agus téir go Sallim. Tabair an r'páirín reo dom' deapbáitair, agus abair leir dá fícríonna c'ruit-neac'ta do tabairt duit, agus bí ar air ann go faoi ceann ceit're uaire ar fícrí." "

Fuair páirín an láir agus an cáirt, agus cuair ar an mbótar. Ní raib an láir ionánn níor mó ná ceit're míle ran uair do fícrí. Céangail páirín an láir ar an gcairt, cuir ar a gualain é, agus ar go b'pát leir, tar cnocair agus gleannair, go n'oeac'air ré go Sallim. Tug ré an uirí do deapbáitair an r'páirín, fuair an c'ruit-neac't agus cuir ar an gcairt é. Nuair cuir ré an láir faoi an gcairt, rinnead dá leir d'á d'ruim. Cuir páirín an c'ruit-neac't ann ran r'páirín. Nuair cuair muinntir an cáirtleáin 'na gcoill, cuair páirín cum an cuair, agus níor fás ré pláir ar an loingear náir tug ré leir. Ann rin r'páirín ré faoi an r'páirín, céangail na pláirleáir timéirí air, agus ar go b'pát leir, agus an r'páirín agus gac a raib ann ar a d'ruim. Cuair ré tar cnocair agus gleannair, agus níor r'páirín fás ré an r'páirín i láir cáirtleáin an r'páirín. Bí láir, ceair, agus g'páirín ann ran r'páirín. Ar mairín go mó, d'feud an r'páirín amad ar a feomra agus creud d'feicfead ré ac't r'páirín a deapbáitair.

"M' anam ó'n diabail," ar ran r'páirín "ré rin an fear ir ionganairé 'ran domán." Táirís ré anuair agus fuair páirín le na mairí ann a láir, 'na fearair le coir an r'páirín.

"An d'ug tu an c'ruit-neac't cuair?" ar ran r'páirín.

"Tugair," ar páirín, "ac't tá an t'rean-láir mairí." Ann rin d'innir ré do'n r'páirín gac ní d'á n'oeairíad ré ó d'innir ré go d'innir ré ar air.

Ní raib níor ag an r'páirín creud do deunpát ré, agus d'innir ré cum an dail glic, agus d'ubairt leir, "mur (muna) n-inniríeann tu dom ní d'ac mbéir an fear rin ionnán a deunair, bainirí mé an ceann d'iot."

Smuair an dail glic tamall agus d'ubairt, "abair leir go b'páirín do deapbáitair i n-iríonn, agus go mbud mairí leat amair do deir agad air, agus abair leir é do tabairt cuair, go mbéir amair agad air; nuair a g'páirín r'páirín in n-iríonn é, ní leiríad r'páirín do teac't ar air."

Fáirín an r'páirín agus d'ubairt leir, "tá deapbáitair dom i n-iríonn agus tabair cuair é, go mbéir amair agam air." "Cia an c'páirín d'inniríad mé do deapbáitair ó na d'inniríad eile ac't 'ran air rin?" ar páirín:

That night the king sent for the Dall Glic, and told him the way that Paudyeen teemed out the lake, and [said] that he did not know what to give him to do.

"I know the thing that he won't be able to do. To-morrow morning give him a writing to your brother in Galway, and tell him to bring you forty tons of wheat, and to be back here in twenty-four hours. Give him the old mare and the cart, and you may be sure he won't come back."

On the morning of the next day the king called Paudyeen and gave him the writing and said to him, "Get the mare and the cart, and go to Galway. Give the writing to my brother, and tell him to give you twenty tons of wheat, and be back here in twenty-four hours."

Paudyeen got the mare and the cart, and went on the road. The mare was not able to travel more than four miles in the hour. Paudyeen tied the mare to the cart, put it on his shoulder, and off and away with him over hills and hollows, till he came to Galway. He gave the letter to the king's brother, got the wheat, and put it on the cart. When he put the mare under the cart, there were two halves made of its back [the load was so heavy]. Then Paudyeen put the wheat back into the barn. When the people of the castle went to sleep, Paudyeen went to the harbor, and he never left a chain on the shipping that he did not take with him. Then he dug under the barn [slipped the chains under] and tied them round it, and off and away with him, and the barn with all that was in it on his back. He went over hills and glens, and never stopped till he left the barn in front of the king's castle. There were ducks, hens, and geese in the barn. Early in the morning the king looked out of his room, and what should he see but his brother's barn.

"My soul from the devil," said the king, "but that's the most wonderful man in the world." He came down and found Paudyeen with his stick in his hand standing beside the barn.

"Did you bring me the wheat?" says the king.

"I brought it," says Paudyeen, "but the old mare is dead." Then he told the king everything he had done from the time he went away till he came back.

The king did not know what he should do, and he went to the Dall Glic, and said to him, "Unless you tell me a thing which that man will not be able to do, I will strike the head off you."

The Dall Glic thought for a while and said, "Tell him that your brother is in hell, and that you would like to have a sight of him; and to bring him to you, until you have a

“Tá fiacail fáda i gceart-lár a caphaid uachtaraí,” ar ran nís:

Cuir páirín rmuzaíle ar a máide, buail an bótar, agus níor bpad go dtáinig ré go geata ipinn. Buail ré buille ar an ngeata do cuir ardeac amearg na nriabail é, agus siúbail ré féin ardeac 'na diais. Nuair connairc Deiribú é ag teact, táinig faicéor air, agus o'riappuis ré dé cneud do bí a' teactál uair:

“Dearbhrátaí nís Laigean atá a' teactál uaim,” ar páirín.

“Píoc amac é,” ar Deiribú.

O'feuc páirín tar, aet fuair ré níor mó ná dá fícto fear a raiú fiacail fáda i gceart-lár a gcapaid uachtaraí aca.

“Ar faicéor nac mbeidead an fear ceart agam,” ar páirín, “tiomáin mé an tiomlán aca liom, agus tís leir an nís a dearbhrátaí píocaó arca.”

Tiomáin ré dá fícto aca amac poime, agus níor rtop go dtáinig ré i látaí cailleadín an nís. Ann rin gáir ré ar an nís agus dubairt leir, “píoc amac do dearbhrátaí ar na fir (fearaib) reó.”

Nuair o'feuc an nís agus connairc ré na diaibail le h-adarcaib orra, bí faicéor air, ríreao ré ar páirín agus dubairt, “tabair ar air iad.”

Toruis páirín 'gá mbualad le na máide, gur cuir ré ar air go h-irpionn iad.

Cuair an nís cum an Daili glic, agus o'innir do an nio do pinne páirín, agus dubairt leir, “ní tís leat innrint dam don nio nac bfuil ré ionánn a deunam, agus cailleir tu do ceann ar maidin amárac.”

“Tabair iarrad eile dam,” ar ran Daili glic, “agus ní beir an Connactac a bpad beó. Ar maidin amárac, abair leir, an tobair atá i látaí an cailleadín do taod-mad; bíod fir réir agad, agus nuair a geobair tu píor ann ran tobair é, abair leir na fir (fearaib), an éloc muilinn atá le coir an balla do caiteam píor 'na muillac, agus marbhócair rin é.”

Ar maidin, lá ar na márac, gair an nís páirín agus dubairt leir: “céir agus taodm an tobair rin tá i látaí an cailleadín, agus nuair a beirdear ré deunta agad, beupair mé hata nuad uirt, ir ruarac an cáibín é rin atá ort.”

Bí na fir réir ag an nís le páirín boct do marbad, dá beupairad ríad é.

Cuair páirín go bpuac an tobair, luir píor air a beul paor;

look at him. But when they get him in hell, they won't let him come back."

The king called Paudyeen and said to him, "I have a brother in hell, and bring him to me until I have a look at him."

"How shall I know your brother from the other people that are in that place?" said Paudyeen.

"He had a long tooth in the very middle of his upper gum," says the king.

Paudyeen spat on his stick, struck the road, and it was not long till he came to the gate of hell. He struck a blow upon the gate which drove it in amongst the devils, and he himself walked in after it. When Belzibub saw him coming there came a fear on him, and he asked him what he was wanting.

"A brother of the King of Leinster is what I am wanting," says he.

"Well, pick him out," says Belzibub.

Paudyeen looked round him, but he found more than forty men who had a long tooth in the very middle of their upper gums.

"For fear I shouldn't have the right man," said Paudyeen, "I'll drive the whole lot of them with me, and the king can pick his brother out from among them."

He drove forty of them out before him, and never stopped till he came to the king's castle. Then he called the king and said to him, "Pick out your brother from these men."

When the king looked and saw the devils with horns on them, there was fear on him. He screamed to Paudyeen, and said, "Bring them back."

Paudyeen began beating them with his stick, till he sent them back to hell.

The king went to the Dall Glic and told him the thing Paudyeen did, and said to him, "You cannot tell me anything that he is not able to do, and you shall lose your head to-morrow morning."

"Give me another trial," says the Dall Glic, "and the Connachtman won't be long alive. Tell him to-morrow morning to teem the well that is before the castle. Let you have men ready, and when you get him down in the well, tell the men to throw down the millstone that is beside the wall on top of him, and that will kill him."

On the morning of the next day the king called Paudyeen, and said to him, "Go and teem that well in front of the castle, and as soon as you have that done I'll give you a new hat; that's a miserable old caubeen that's on you."

agus toruis a5 tarrpaing an uirge arcead ann a beul, agus d'á r5áirtaó amac uair arís 5o raió an tobair ionnann agus tihm aise: Bí moinn beas i mbun an tobair nac raió taoómea, agus éuair pátrais ríor le na tihmugaó. Táinig na rir leir an 5cloic móir mhilinn agus éiríodar ríor ar mullaó pároin é. Bí an poll do bí i lár na cloicé 5o díreac com móir le ceann pároin, agus fáoil ré 5ur b' é an hata nuao do éair an rí5 ríor éirí, agus 5laao ré ruar: "táim buirdeac díot, a má5irtir, ar fon an hata nuair." Ann rin táinig ré ruar leir an 5cloic mhilinn ar a ceann. Bí b'ro móir aise ar an hata nuao. Bí ion5antar ar ar rí5 agus ar h-uile duine eile, nuair éannaic ríao pároin leir an 5cloic mhilinn ar a ceann.

Bí ríor a5 an rí5 nac raió don maic d'ó don nío eile do tabairt do pároin le deunam, agus dubairt ré leir, "ir tu an fearb-fó5anta ir fearr do bí a5am ariam; ní'l don nío eile a5am duit le deunam, agus tar liom-ra, 5o d'cu5air mé do éuairtar duit. Ní'l m' ingean rean 5o leór le póraó, aét nuair a b'irdear rí bliadain agus ríde d'aoir, tís leat i do beir a5ao."

"Ní'l d'ingean a' teartál uaim," ar pároin:

5us an rí5 é cum an éirte, an áit a raió 5o leór óir, agus dubairt leir: "bain díot do hata nuao, agus téir arcead 'ra' r5ála."

"5o deimín, ní bainiré mé mo hata díom, b'ronn tura orim é," ar pároin, "beirdeac ré com maic duit mo b'irte do baint díom."

Ní raió an oirdeao óir agus a meaoócaó hata pároin, aét focruis an rí5 leir a5 tabairt d'ó d'á mála óir. Cuir pároin ceann aca fáoi 5ac arcall, fuair 5reim air a maide, an hata nuao ar a ceann, agus ar 5o b'rac leir, tar enocair agus 5leanncair, 5o d'cáinig ré a-baile.

Nuair éannaic d'aoine an baile pároin a5 teac leir an 5cloic mhilinn ar a ceann, bí ion5antar móir orra; aét nuair éannaic an mácair an d'á mála óir, buó beas náir éuit rí marb le lúe-5áir: Toruis pároin, agus cuir ré teac b'ead ar bun d'ó péin, agus d'á mácair. Rinne ré ceirte leir (leatanna) de 'n hata nuao, agus pinne cloca cúinne díob do 'n teac. Congbuis ré a mácair mar mnaoi uairil 5o b'fuair rí b'ar le rean-aoir, agus éair ré péin beata maic i n5ráo d'ó agus na 5-comairan.

The king had the men ready to kill poor Paudyeen if they were able.

Paudyeen came to the brink of the well, and lay down with his mouth under, and began drawing the water into his mouth and spouting it out behind him until he had the well all as one as dry. There was a little quantity of water on the bottom of the well that was not teemed, and Paudyeen went down to dry it. The men came then with the great millstone, and threw it down on the top of Paudyeen. The hole that was in the middle of the stone was just as big as Paudyeen's head, and he thought it was the new hat the king had thrown down to him, and called up and said, "I'm thankful to you, master, for the new hat." Then he came up with the millstone on his head. He had great pride out of the new hat. There was wonder on the king and on every one else when they saw the millstone on his head.

The king knew that it was no use for him to give Paudyeen anything else to do, so he said to him, "You're the best servant that ever I had. I've nothing else for you to do, but come with me till I give you your wages. My daughter is not old enough to marry, but when she is one and twenty years of age you can have her."

"I do not want your daughter," said Paudyeen.

The king brought him then to the treasury, where there was plenty of gold, and said, "Take off your new hat and get into the scales."

"Indeed I won't take off my new hat; you gave it to me," said Paudyeen; "you might as well take off my breeches."

There was not as much gold as would weigh Paudyeen's hat, but the king settled with him by giving him two bags of gold. Paudyeen put one of them under each oxter [arm-pit], got hold of his stick—his new hat on his head—and off and away with him over hills and hollows till he came home.

When the people of the village saw Paudyeen coming with the millstone on his head, there was great wonder on them; but when the mother saw the two bags of gold, it was little but she fell dead with joy.

Paudyeen began working, and set up a fine house for himself and his mother. He made four parts of the new hat, and made corner-stones of them for the house. He kept his mother like a lady, until she died of old age; and he spent a good life himself, in the love of God and of the neighbors.

MALA NÉIRIN:

Dá mbéirínn-re air málá Néirín
 'S mo ceud-ghrád le mo tsoib;
 I r lágad coirdeolamaoir i n-éinfeadú
 Mar an t-éinín air an t-ghraoid;
 'Sé do béilín binn briaicé
 'Do meudais air mo pian,
 Agus co'laib ciúin ní feudaim,
 Go n-éusfaid, paraoir!

Dá mbéirínn-re air na cuantaib
 Mar buidéal 'dam, geobainn ríocht;
 Mo cáirde uile faoi buaidínead
 Agus ghuaim oiríá gac ló.
 Ríor-ríad na n-ghuagac
 Fuair buaid a' r clú ann rí gac gleó,
 'S gur b'é mo éiríde-rí gac tá 'nna gual 'dub;
 Agus bean mo ghuaige ní'l beó.

Nac doibínn do na h-éinínib
 A éirígear go h-áirí,
 'S a co'luigear i n-éinfeadú
 Air don ghraoidín amáin.
 Ní mar rin 'dam péin
 A' r do m' ceud míle ghraó,
 I r faoi ó na céile oiríainn
 Éirígear gac ló.

Cao é do bheathuagad air na ríearéad
 Tíad tíg teap air an ló,
 Na air an lán-mara ag éiríge
 Le h-eudán an éiríde áirí?
 Mar rúo bíor an té úo
 A beir an-toil do 'n ghraó
 Mar éirínn air málá ríeide
 'Do éirígead a bíad.

THE BROW OF NEFIN.

(TRANSLATED BY DOUGLAS HYDE.)

[“ Love Songs of Connacht.”]

Did I stand on the bald top of Néfin
 And my hundred-times loved one with me,
 We should nestle together as safe in
 Its shade as the birds on a tree.
 From your lips such a music is shaken,
 When you speak it awakens my pain,
 And my eyelids by sleep are forsaken,
 And I seek for my slumber in vain.

But were I on the fields of the ocean
 I should sport on its infinite room,
 I should plow through the billows' commotion
 Though my friends should look dark at my doom.
 For the flower of all maidens of magic
 Is beside me where'er I may be,
 And my heart like a coal is extinguished,
 Not a woman takes pity on me.

How well for the birds in all weather,
 They rise up on high in the air,
 And then sleep upon one bough together
 Without sorrow or trouble or care;
 But so it is not in this world
 For myself and my thousand-times fair,
 For, away, far apart from each other,
 Each day rises barren and bare.

Say, what dost thou think of the heavens
 When the heat overmasters the day,
 Or what when the steam of the tide
 Rises up in the face of the bay?
 Even so is the man who has given
 An inordinate love-gift away,
 Like a tree on a mountain all riven
 Without blossom or leaflet or spray.

AN LACHA DHEARG.

Sgríobh mé an sgeul so, focal ar fhocal, o bheul sean-mhná de mhuinntir Bhriain ag Cill-Aodáin, anaice le Coillte-mach i gcondaé Mhuigh-Eó.

An Cμaoibhín.

Bhí rígh i n-Eirinn, fad ó shoin, agus bhí dá 'r 'éag mac aige. Agus ghabh sò amach lá ag siúbhal anaice le loch, agus chonnaire sé lacha agus dhá cheann déag d' éanachaibh léithe. Bhí sí [ag] bualadh an dómhadh ceann déag uaithi, agus ag congabháil aoin cheann déag léithe féin.

Agus tháinig an rígh a-bhaile chuig a bhean féin, agus dubhairt sé léithe go bhfacaidh sé iongnadh mór andhiú, go bhfacaidh sé lacha agus dhá cheann déag d' éanachaibh léithe, agus go raibh sí ag dibirt an dómhadh ceann déag uaithi. Agus dubhairt an bhean leis, “ní de thír ná de thalamh thú, nach bhfuil fhios agad gur gheall sí ceann do'n *Deachmhaidh* agus go raibh sí chomh cineálta agus go dtug sí amach an dá cheann déag.”

“Ní de thír ná de thalamh thú,” ar seisean, “tá dhá cheann déag de mhacaiph agam-sa, agus caithfidh ceann dul chuig an *Deachmhaidh*.”

“Ní h-ionnann na daoine agus eánacha na genoc le chéile,” [ar sise].

Ghabh sé síos ann sin chuig an Sean-Dall Glic, agus dubhairt an Sean-Dall Glic nach ionnann daoine agus eánacha na genoc le chéile. Dubhairt an rígh go gcaithfidh ceann aca dul chuig an *Deachmhaidh*, “agus cad é an ceann,” ar seisean, “bhéarfas mé chuig an *Deachmhaidh* ? ”

“Tá do dhá-déag cloinne ag dul chum sgoile, agus abair leó lámh thabhairt i lámh a-chéile, dul chum sgoile, agus an chéad fhear aca bhéidheas 'san mbaile agad go dtiúbhraidh tú dinéar maith dhó, agus cuir an fear deiridh chum bealaigh ann sin.”

Rinne sé sin. An t-oidhre do bhí ar deireadh, agus níor fhéad sé an t-oidhre chur chum bealaigh.

Chuir sé amach ag tiomáint ann sin iad, seisean ar gach taoibh agus an taobh do bhí ag gnóthughadh, bhí sé ag tarraing fear [fir] uaithi, agus d'á thabhairt do'n taoibh do bhí ag cailleadh. Faoi dheireadh bhain aon fhear amháin an liathróid de'n aon fhear déag. Dubhairt an t-athair leis, ann sin, “a mhic,” ar seisean, “caithfidh tú dul chuig an *Deachmhaidh*.”

“Ní rachaidh mise chuig an *Deachmhaidh*, a athair,” ar seisean

THE RED DUCK.

[Written down in Irish by Douglas Hyde at the dictation of an old woman in County Mayo, and translated from the French of G. Dottin by Charles Welsh.]

ONCE upon a time in Ireland, and a long time ago at that, there was a king who had twelve sons. He went one day to walk by the borders of a lake, and there he saw a female duck with twelve little ones. Eleven of them she kept close by her side, but with the twelfth she would have nothing to do, and was always chasing it away.

The King went home and told his wife that he had seen a very wonderful thing that day; that he had seen a female duck with twelve little ones. Eleven she kept close by her side, but with the twelfth she would have nothing to do, and was always chasing it away.

His wife said, "You're neither of people or land. Do you know that she has promised one of her brood to the Deachmhaidh, and that the duck is of such a fine breed that she has hatched out twelve."

"You're neither of people or land," he replied. "I have twelve sons, and one of them must certainly go to the Deachmhaidh."

His wife answered him, "People and birds of the hillside are not the same thing."

Then he went to find the old blind diviner, and the old blind diviner told him that the people and the birds of the hillside were not the same.

The King told the old blind diviner that one out of his children must go to the Deachmhaidh. "And what I want to know," said he, "is which one shall I send to the Deachmhaidh."

"Your children are now going to school. Tell them to walk hand-in-hand as they go to school, and that you will give to him who shall be first in the house again a good dinner; and it will be the last one that you will be sending away."

He did so, but it was his son and heir who was the last one, and he couldn't think of sending his son and heir away. He then sent them to play a hurling match—six on one side and six on the other—and from the side which won he took one away and gave it to the side which lost. At last, a single one swept away the ball from the eleven others. Then he said to that one, "My son, it is you that will be going to the Deachmhaidh."

“tabhair dham costas, agus rachaidh mé ag féacháin m’ fhortúin.”

D’imthigh sé ar maidin, agus bhí sé ag siúbhal go dtáinig an oidhche, agus casadh asteach i dteach beag é nach raibh ann acht sean-fhear, agus chuir sé failte roimh Réalandar mac righ Eireann. “Ní’l mall ort” [ar seisean leis an mac righ] “do shaidhbhbreas do dheunamh amárach má tá aon mhaith ionnat id’ *fowl*-éiridh, [seilgire]. Ta inghean righ an Domhain-Shoir ag tigheacht chuig an loch beag sin shíos, amárach, agus níor tháinig sí le seacht mbliadhnaibh roimhe; agus béidh da cheann déag de mhnáibh-coimhdeacht léithe. Teirigh i bhfolach ann san tseisg go gcaithfidh siad a dá cheann déag de cochaill díobh. Leagfaidh sise a cochall féin leith-thaobh, mar tá [an oiread sin] d’ onóir innti, agus nuair gheobhas tusa amuigh ann san tsnámh iad, éirigh agus beir ar an gcochall. Fillfidh sise, asteach ar ais, agus déarfaidh sí, “a mhic righ Eireann tabhair dham mo chochall.” Agus déarfaidh tusa nach dtiubhraidh [tú]. Agus déarfaidh sise leat, “muna dtugann tú ded’ dheóin go dtiubhraidh tú ded’ aimhdheóin é.” Abair léithe nach dtiubhraidh tú ded’ dheóin, na de d’ aimhdheóin dí é [munar ngeallann sí do phósadh]. Déarfaidh sí, ann sin, nach bhfuil sin le fághail agad mur [=muna] n-aithnigheann tú í aris. Geóbhaidh siad amach uait ann san tsnámh aris, agus déanfaidh siad trí easconna déag díobh féin. Béidh sise ’na rubailín [ear, baillín] suarach ar uachtar; ní thig léithe bheith ar deireadh-mar tá onóir innti, agus béidh sí ag caint leat. Aithneóchaidh tú air sin í, agus abair go dtógfaidh tú í féin i gcoimhnuidhe, an ceann a bhéidheas ag caint leat. Déarfaidh sise ann sin, “Caillte an sgeul, an fear thug a athair do’n Deachmhaidh aréir, geallamhain pósta ag inghin Righ an Domhain-Shoir andhiú air!”

[Dubhairt an mac righ leis an sean-fhear go ndéanfadh sé gach rud mar dubhairt sé leis. Chuaidh sé amach ar maidin chuig an loch agus thárla h-uile shórt go díreach mar dubhairt an sean-fhear.

Nuair bhí an bhean gnóthaighthe alge] d’imthigh an dá-r’eug cailín a-bhaile. Tharraing sise amach slaitín draoidheachta, agus bhuail sí ar dhá bhuachallán buidhe í, agus rinne sí dá chapall marcúigheachta dhíobh.

Bhí siad ag siúbhal ann sin, go dtáinig an oidhche, agus bhí sí ag teach *oncaíl* dí, ar dtuitim na h-oidhche. Agus dubhairt sí le mac righ Eireann eochair rúma na séad d’ iarraidh ar an *oncal*, agus go bhfuighfeadh sé í féin astigh ann san rúma roimhe. [Ní raibh fhíos ag an oncal, go raibh sise ann, chor ar bith, agus shaoil sé gur ag iarraidh a inghine féin tháinig mac righ Eireann chulge.]

"I will not be going to the Deachmhaidh," said he. "Give me some money and I will go and make my fortune." He started off the next morning, and walked until it was night, and came to a little house where there was nobody but an old man, who welcomed Réalander, the son of the King of Ireland.

"It will be no delay of you," said he, to the son of the King, "to make your fortune to-morrow morning, if you are any good as a hunter of birds. The daughter of the King of the Eastern World is coming to the little lake you see down there to-morrow morning. She will have twelve women attendants with her. Hide yourself in the rushes until they throw down their twelve hoods and cloaks. The daughter of the King will throw her hood and cloak in a separate place from the rest; and when you see them go in to swim, jump up and take her hood and cloak. The Princess will come to the edge of the lake, and she will say, "Son of the King of Ireland, give me my hood and cloak." And you will tell her then that you will not; and she will say to you, "If you don't give it to me with a good will, you will give it to me with a bad will." Tell her that you will neither give it to her with a good will or a bad will, unless she will promise to marry you. She will then say, that you shall not have her, unless you can recognise her again.

Then she and her attendants will swim away, and they will be changed into thirteen eels. She will be the smallest and the meanest one, but she will lead, because she is a person of honor, and could not follow her train, and she will speak to you. You will recognize her again by this, and you will say that you will marry the eel who has spoken to you. Then she will say, "Oh, unhappy story, he whose father sent him to the Deachmhaidh last night, has to-day received a promise of marriage from the daughter of the King of the Eastern World."

The King's son told the wise old man that he would do all that he told him to do. The next morning he went to the lake, and everything happened as the wise old man had said.

When he had gained the daughter of the King of the Eastern World, the twelve attendants started for home. The Princess drew a magic wand and struck two tufts of yellow ragwort with it, and they were at once turned into two saddle-horses. They travelled on until night was coming, and when night came, they found themselves at the home of an uncle of hers. She told the son of the King of Ireland to ask her uncle for the key of the treasure chamber, and that he would find her in that chamber. The uncle did not know that

Fuair sé an eochair ó'n oncal, agus chuaidh sé asteach, agus fuair sé mar bean bhreágh astigh ann san rúma í. Bhí siad ag caint go h-am suipéir. D'iarr sí air, a cheann do leagan ar a h-uchd. Rinne sé sin, agus chuir sí biorán suain ann a cheann go maidin. Nuair tharraing sí amach an biorán ar maidin, dhúisigh sé, agus dubhairt sí leis go raibh fathach mór le marbhadh aige ar son inghine a h-oncail.

Ghabh sé amach chum na coille [ag iarraidh an fhathaigh]. "Fud, fad, féasog!" ar san fathach, "mothaighim boladh an Eireannaigh bhréagaigh bhradaigh."

"Nár ba soirmid (?) bidh ná digh ort, a fhathaigh bhróich!"

"Cad é [is] fearr leat-sa caraigheacht ar leacachaibh dearga no gabhail de sgeannaibh glasa i mbárr easnacha a-chéile?"

"Is fearr liom-sa caraigheacht ar leacachaibh dearga, 'n áit a mbéidh mo chosa míne uaisle i n-uachtar, agus do spága mío-stuamacha ag dul i n-fochtar."

Rug an dias gaisgidheach ar a chéile, agus dá dtéidhfíde ag amharc ar ghaisge ar bith ná ar chruadh-chómhrac, is orra rachá d'amharc. Dhéanfadh siad cruadhán de 'n bhogán agus bogán den chruadhán, agus tharróingadh siad toibreacha fíor-uisge tre iár na gcloch glas. [Bhí siad ag troid mar sin] gur chuimhnigh mac rígh Eireann nach raibh fear a chaointe ná a shínte aige. Leis sin thug sé fásghadh do'n fhathach do chuir go dtí na glúna é, agus an dara fásghadh go dtí an básta, agus an tríomhadh fásghadh go meall a bhrághaid go doimhin.

"Fód glas os do chionn a fhathaigh!"

"Is fíor sin; seóide mac-rígh agus tighearna bhéarfas mé dhuit, acht spórail m'anam dam."

"Do sheóide i láthair a bhodaigh!" "Bhéarfaidh mé cloidh-eamh solais a bhfuil faobhar an ghearrtha agus faobhar an bhearrtha [air agus] treas faobhar, teine 'na chúl, agus ceol ann a mhaide."

"Cia [chaoi] bhféachaidh mé mianach do chloidhimh?"

"Sin thall sean-smotán maide [ata ann sin] le bliadhain agus seacht gcéad bliadhan."

"Ni fheicim aon smota 'san gcoill is mó chuir gráin orm 'na do sheann-cheann féin." Bhuail sé i gcómhgar a chinn a bhinn agus a mhuinéill é. Bhain sé an ceann dé, gan meisge gan mearbhal. Chaith sé naoi n-iomaire agus naoi n-eitrighe uaidh é.

she was there at all, but he thought it was in search of his own daughter the son of the King of Ireland had come.

He got the key from the uncle; he went in and found her in the chamber in the form of a beautiful woman. They talked together until supper time. She asked him to rest his head on her bosom; he did so, and she trust the pin of sleep into his head, until morning.

When she took out the pin he woke up, and she told him that he had a giant to kill because of her uncle's daughter.

He went out into the woods to seek the giant. "Fud fod fèsòg," said the giant, "I smell the smell of a lying Irish rascal."

"May you be without the food and without the drink, you dirty giant."

"Which do you prefer, to fight on the red-hot flagstones, or shall we fight to plunge the knives of gray steel in each other's sides?"

"I prefer to fight on the red-hot flagstones, where my small pretty feet shall be on top, and where your heavy, ill-built hoofs shall be going to the bottom."

The two warriors then attacked each other, and if you would go to see the brave and the fierce fighting, it is there that you would go to see it. They made a hard place of a soft place and a soft place of a hard place, and they made wells of fresh water run over the gray flagstones. And so they went on fighting until the son of the King of Ireland remembered that he had no one who would keene over him if he died, nor who would lay him out or wake him.

Thereupon he gave the giant a terrible grip, and buried him into the ground up to his knees, and then another which buried him up to his waist, and then another which buried him deep up as far as the lump of the throat. "Now for a green turf over your head, giant."

"It is true. The treasures of the sons of the kings and lords I will give them to you, but spare my life."

"The treasures on the spot, you rascal."

"I will give you the sword of life, which has an edge to cut and an edge to raze, and a third edge of fire in the back, and music in the handle."

"How shall I try the temper of your sword?"

"There is an old block of wood which has been there for seven hundred years."

"I see no block in the wood which is more frightful than your head." He smote it at the point where the head joins the

“Is fíor sin,” ar san ceann, “da dtéidhinn suas ar an gcolainn arís, a raibh i n-Eirinn ní bhainfeadh siad anuas mé!”

“Is dona an ghaissgidheacht do rinne tú nuair bhí tu shuas!”

Tháinig sé abhaile [agus ceann an fhathaigh ann a láimh] agus dubhairt an t-oncail go raibh trian d’á inghin gnóthaighthe aige.

“Ní buidheach díot-sa tá mé, a bhodaigh,” ar sé.

Ghabh sé asteach ann sin go dtí a chailín mná féin, agus chuir sí biorán suain ann a cheann arís go d’ éirigh an la. Bhí dólás mór air nuair nach raibh cead cainte aige léithe go maidin. [Nuair dhúisigh sé ar maidin dubhairt sí leis] “ta fathach eile le marbhadh agad, sin d’ obair andiú ar son inghine m’ oncail arís.”

Chuaidh sé chum na coille, agus thainig an fear mór roimhe. “Fud, fad, féasóg! mothaighim boladh an Eireannaigh bhradaigh bhréagaigh ar fud m’ fhóidín dúthaigh!”

“Ní Eireannach bradach ná bréagach mé, acht fear le ceart agus le cóir do bhaint asad-sa.”

“Cia fearr leat, caraigheacht ar leacachaibh dearga na gabhail de sgeannaibh glasa i mbárr easnacha a-chéile?”

“Is fearr liom-sa caraigheacht ar leacachaibh dearga, ’n áit a mbéidh mo chosa míne uaisle i n-uachtar, agus do spágá mío-stuamacha ag dul i n-íochtar.”

Bhí siad ag troid ann sin gur chuimhnigh mac rígh Eireann nach raibh fear a chainte ná a shínte aige. Leis sin thug sé fásghadh do’n fhathach go dtí na glúna, agus an dara fásghadh go di an basta, agus an tríomhadh fásghadh go dtí meall a bhrághaid ’san talamh.

“Fód glas os do chionn a fhathaigh!”

“Is fíor sin, is tu an gaisgidheach is fearr d’á bhfacaidh mé riamh no d’á bhfeicfidh mé choidheche. Agus bhéarfaidh mé seóide mac-rígh agus tighearna dhuit, acht spórail m’anam.”

“Do sheóide i láthair a bhodaigh!”

“Bhéarfaidh mé each caol donn duit, bhéarfas naoi n-uaire ar an ngaoith roimpi, sul mbeiridh [sul do bheir] an ghaoth ’na diaigh aon uair amháin uirri.”

Thóg sé an clóidheamh agus chaith sé an ceann dé, agus chuir sé naoi n-iomaire agus naoi n-eitrighe uaidh é le neart na buille sin.

“Ochón go deó?” ar san ceann, “dá bhfághainn dul suas ar an gcolainn arís, agus a bhfuil i n-Eirinn ní bhéarfadh siad anuas mé.”

neck. He cut off his head without error or mishap; he threw it nine ridges and nine furrows away from him.

"It is true," said the head, "if I could only join my body again, all that is in Ireland could never cut it off."

"It is a wretched business the feat you did perform when you were there." He went to the house with the head of the giant in his hand, and the uncle told him he had gained the third part of his daughter.

"I am in no way grateful to you for that, you churl."

He went into the house and sat by the young girl, who again put the pin of sleep into his head until the dawn of day. He had great sorrow because he was not allowed to speak to her until the morning. When he woke up in the morning, she said to him, "You have another giant to kill; that is your task again for the daughter of my uncle."

He went to the wood to seek the giant. "Fud fod fèsòg," said the giant, "I smell the blood of a lying Irish rascal."

"I am neither lying nor a rascally Irishman, but a man who will make you do right and justice."

"Which do you prefer, to fight on the red-hot flagstones, or shall we fight to plunge the knives of gray steel in each other's sides?"

"I prefer to fight on the red-hot flagstones, where my small pretty feet shall be on top, where your heavy ill-built hoofs shall be going down."

They fought until the son of the King of Ireland remembered that there was no man to weep for his loss or to lay him out when he was dead. Thereupon he caught the giant in a grip, and forced him up to his knees into the earth; a second sent him in up to his waist, and a third up to the lump of his throat.

"A green turf over your head, giant!"

"It is true that you are the best fighter than I ever saw, or ever shall see, and I will give you the treasures of the sons of kings and lords, but spare my life."

"Give me the treasures on the spot, you rascal."

"I will give you my light-brown horse, which will beat the wind in swiftness nine times before the wind can beat him once."

He lifted the sword, cut off the giant's head, and by the force of the blow sent it nine ridges and nine furrows away.

"Alas, what luck," said the head; "if only I got on my body again, all that there is in Ireland could never take me down again."

“Budh bheag an ghaissgidheacht do rinne tú, nuair bhí tú shuas uirri cheana!”

Tháinig sé a-bhaile ann sin, agus tháinig an t-oncal amach roimhe arís: “Ta dá dtrian de m’ inghin gnóthuighthe agad anocht.”

“Ní buidheach díot-sa tá mé, a bhodaigh.”

Ghabh sé asteach ann sin ann san rúma, agus fuair sé a chailín mná féin roimhe, agus ní raibh bean ’san domhan budh bhreágh-dha ’ná i. Bhí siad ag caint go h-am suipéir, agus dubhairt sí leis tar éis an t-suipéir a cheann do leagan ar a h-uchd, agus nuair rinne sé sin chuir sí biorán suain ann go maidin. Bhí sé trioblóideach nuair nach raibh cead cainte aige léithe go maidin. [Nuair dhúisigh sé dubhairt sí leis.] “Tá fathach eile le marbhadh agad ar son inghine m’ oncail arís andiú, agus tá faichios orm go bhfuighfidh tú cruaidh é seo. Acht seó coileáinín beag madaidh dhuit, agus leig amach faoi n-a chosaibh é. agus b’ éidir go dtiubhraidh sé congnamh beag duit. Agus amharc ar an meadhon-laé de’n lá, ar do ghualainn dheis, agus geobhaidh tú mise mo cholum geal, agus bhéarfaidh mé congnamh dhuit.”

Chuaidh sé chum na coille agus tháinig an fathach mór chuige. “Ní mharbhóchaidh tú mise le do choinín gránna mar mharbh tú mo bheirt dhearbhráthar, a raibh fear aca cúig bliadhna agus fear aca seacht mbliadhna go leith.”

“Fuair mé garbh go léor iad sin féin,” ar sa mac righ Eireann.

Ghabh siad de na sgeannaibh glasa i mbárr easnacha a-chéile, chuirfeadh siad cith teineadh d’á gcroicinn arm agus éadaigh. Nuair tháinig an meadhon-laé, d’amharc sé ar a ghualainn dheis agus chonnaire sé an colum geal. Nuair chonnaire an fathach mór an colum, rinne sé seabhac dé féin, acht rinne sise trí meirliúin dí féin, de’n choileán, agus de mhac righ Eireann, agus throid siad leis an scabhac ann san aer, agus thuirling siad ar an talamh arís. Dubhairt an fathach mór ann sin, “is tú an fear gan chéill, cad é ’n sórt *act-ál* atá agad; thú féin agus an dá ruidín gránna sin? Níl aon fhear le fághail le mise do mharbhadh acht Réalandar mac righ Eireann.”

“Mise an fear sin.”

“Má’s tú é,” ar san fathach, “tarrnóchaidh [tarrongaidh] tú an cloidheamh so.” Sháith sé a chloidheamh asteach ’san gcarraig, agus dubhairt, “tarraing an cloidheamh so má ’s tú Réalandar.”

"It was a pretty small good you did when you were up there before."

He went to the house then, and the uncle came out to meet him, and said, "You have gained two-thirds of my daughter."

"I am in no way grateful to you for that, you churl."

He went indoors then, and in the room he found his young girl before him, and there was no woman in the whole world who was more beautiful than she. They talked until supper-time, and after supper she told him to lay his head upon her breast, and when he had done so, she put the pin of sleep into his head until morning. He was vexed because he was not allowed to speak to her until morning.

When he was awake again, she said to him, "You have yet another giant to kill for the daughter of my uncle to-day, but I fear that it will be hard for you; but here is a little dog for you, let him follow at your heels, and it is possible that he may be of some use to you; and in the middle of the day look over your right shoulder; you will find me there in the form of a white dove, and I will bring you help."

He went to the wood, and the great giant came to him. "You will not kill me with your horrible little dog, as you have killed my two other brothers, one of whom was five years old and the other seven and a half."

"I found them, nevertheless, fierce enough," said the son of the King of Ireland. Then each of them plunged their gray steel knives at each other's sides, and they would send a rain of fire out of their skins, their arms and their clothes.

When the middle of the day came, he looked upon his right shoulder, and he saw the white dove. When the giant saw the dove he changed himself into a falcon; but she made three hawks, one of herself, one of the little dog, and one of the son of the King of Ireland, and they fought with the falcon in the air, until they came down to earth again.

"You are a fool," the great giant said then. "What joke are you playing me, you and those two wretched little things? The man that could kill me is not to be found, except Réalander, the son of the King of Ireland."

"I am that man!"

"If you are," said the giant, "you will pull out this sword."

He plunged his sword into a rock, and said, "Pull out the sword if you are Réalander."

Tharraing sé an cloidheamh, agus bhuail sé an fathach mór leis, agus chaith sé an ceann dé. Bhí sé féin loite. Bhí gearradh mór faoi bhonn a chích' deas [deise]. Tharraing sí amach buideull beag iocshláinte, agus chneasaigh sí é. Chuaidh sé a-bhaile ann sin, agus tháinig an t-oncal roimhe.

"Tá m'inghean gnóthuighthe agad anocht."

"Ní buidheach díot-sa atá mise a bhodaigh."

Ghabh sé asteach ann a rúma féin, agus fuair sé a bhean astigh ann roimhe.

CAOINEADÓ NA TRI MUIRE.

[From Douglas Hyde's "Religious Songs of Connacht."]

RACAMAIOID CUM AN TPLEIBE
 SO MOÉ AR MAIOIN AMÁRAIS
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó.)

"A PEADAIR NA N-ABRTAL
 AN BPAICID TU MO ŠRÁD ŠEAL ?"
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó.)

"MAIREADÓ ! A MAIGHEAN,
 CONNAIC ME AR BALL É,
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó.)
 AŠUR BÍ RÉ ŠADTA ŠO CPUARÓ
 I LÁR A NÁMAO,"
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó.)

"BÍ LÚDÁR 'NA AICE
 AŠUR MUŠ RÉ ŠPEIM LÁIM' AIR,"
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó.)

"MAIREADÓ A LÚDÁIR BPAODAIŠ
 CREUD DO PINNE MO ŠRÁD OPT ?"
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó.)

Literally: We shall go to the mountains early in the morning to-morrow, ochone and ochone, O! Peter of the apostles, did you see my white Love. Ochone and ochone, O!

Musha, O Mother, I did see him just now, ochone and ochone, O! And he was caught firmly in the midst of his enemies, ochone and ochone, O!

Judas was near him, and he took a hold of his hand, ochone, etc. "Musha, O vile Judas, what did my love do to you, ochone," etc.

He never did anything to child or infant, ochone, etc. And he put anger on his mother never, ochone, etc.

He pulled out the sword and smote the great giant, and cut off his head. He was wounded himself; he had a great cut above his right breast; she drew out a little bottle of balsam and cured him.

He went into the house then and the uncle said to him, "You have gained my daughter this evening."

"I am not at all grateful to you for it, you churl."

He went into his room and there found his wife before him.

THE KEENING OF THE THREE MARYS.

A Traditional Folk Ballad.

Taken down from O'Kearney, a schoolmaster near Belmullet, Co. Mayo.

[From the "Religious Songs of Connacht," by Douglas Hyde.]

Let us go to the mountain

All early on the morrow.

(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

"Hast thou seen my bright darling,

O Peter, good apostle?"

(Ochone agus ochone, O!)*

"Aye! truly, O Mother,

Have I seen him lately,

(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

Caught by his foemen,

They had bound him straitly."

(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

"Judas, as in friendship

Shook hands, to disarm him."

(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

O Judas! vile Judas!

My love did never harm him,

(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

* This is nearly in the curious wild metre of the original. "Agus," = "and," is pronounced "oggus." In another version of this piece, which I heard from my friend Michael MacRuaidhrigh, the *cur-fá* ran most curiously, *óch óch agus óch úch áh*, after the first two lines, and *óch óch, agus, óch ón ó* after the next two. Thus:—

leasao ánuar i n-úto a mátar é

(Och, óc, agus oc úc áh)

Sadair a leir, a rá mhuir agus caoinisíoe.

(Och oc, agus oc ón ó.)

No child has he injured,
Not the babe in the cradle,
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
Nor angered his mother
Since his birth in the stable.
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

When the demons discovered
That she was his mother,
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
They raised her on their shoulders,
The one with the other ;
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

And they cast her down fiercely
On the stones all forlorn,
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
And she lay and she fainted
With her knees cut and torn.
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

"For myself, ye may beat me,
But, oh, touch not my mother."
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
"Yourself—we shall beat you,
But we'll slaughter your mother."
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

They dragged him off captive,
And they left her tears flowing,
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
But the Virgin pursued them,
Through the wilderness going.
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

"Oh, who is yon woman ?
Through the waste comes another."
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
"If there comes any woman
It is surely my mother."
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

When the demons found out that she herself was his mother, ochone, etc., they lifted her up upon their shoulders on high, ochone, etc.

And they smote her down upon the stones of the street, ochone, etc. She went into a faint, and her knees were cut, ochone, etc.

Beat myself, but do not touch my mother, ochone, etc. We shall beat yourself, and we shall kill your mother, ochone, etc.

"A éoin, feuc, fásaim ort
Cúram mo máthair,
(Oc ón asur oc ón ó.)
Congbais uaim í
Go gcríochnócaí mé an páir reó,"
(Ocón asur oc ón ó !)

Nuair éulaíod an máighean
An ceileabhaí cniáróte,
(Ocón asur oc ón ó !)
Tug sí léim tair an ngláí
Asur léim* go crann na páire
(Ocón asur oc ón ó !)

Cia h-é an fear breásh rin
Ar crann na páire
(Ocón asur oc ón ó !)
An é nac n-aicnígeann tu
Do mac a máthair ?
(Ocón asur oc ón ó !)

An é rin mo leanb
A d'iomcair mé trí náite;
(Ocón asur oc ón ó !)
No an é rin an leanb
Do h-oileadh i n-uict náire ?
(Ocón asur oc ón ó !)

* * * * *

Caitheadar anuas é
Na ríolaid geárrta
(Ocón asur oc ón ó !)
"Sin eugaid anoir é
Asur caoinisíod buir ráit air,"
(Ocón, asur oc ón ó !)

Glaoí ar na trí mhúiré
Go scaoinfimid ar ngláí geal
(Ocón, asur oc ón ó !)
Tá do cúro mná-caointe
Le breic fóir a máthair
(Ocón, asur oc ón ó !)

Is that my child that I carried for three-quarters of a year, ochone, etc. Or is that the child that was reared in the bosom of Mary, ochone, etc.

O Owen (i.e., John) see, I leave to thee the care of my mother, ochone, etc. Keep her from me until I finish this passion, ochone, etc.

When the Virgin heard the sorrowful notes, ochone, etc. She gave a leap past the guard, and the second leap to the tree of the passion, ochone, etc.

"O John, care her, keep her,
Who comes in this fashion,"
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

But oh, hold her from me
Till I finish this passion."
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

When the Virgin had heard him
And his sorrowful saying,
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

She sprang past his keepers
To the tree of his slaying.
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

"What fine man hangs there
In the dust and the smother?"
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

"And do you not know him?
He is your son, O Mother."
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

"Oh, is that the child whom
I bore in this bosom,
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

Or is that the child who
Was Mary's fresh blossom?"
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

They cast him down from them,
A mass of limbs bleeding,
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

"There now he is for you,
Now go and be keening."
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

Go call the three Marys
Till we keene him forlorn,
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

O mother, thy keeners
Are yet to be born,
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

Who is that fine man on the tree of the passion, ochone, etc. Is it that you do not recognise your son. O mother, ochone, etc.

They threw him down [a mass of] cut limbs, ochone, etc. There he is for you now, and keene your enough over him, ochone, etc.

Call the three Marys until we keene our bright love, ochone, etc. Thy share of woman-keeners are yet to be born, ochone, etc.

Thou shalt be with me yet in the garden of Paradise, ochone, etc. Until thou be a . . . (?) woman in the bright city of the graces, ochone, and ochone, etc.

Béid tu liom-ra
 So fóil i ngáirdeín pánntair:
 (Océon agus oc ón ó !)
 So raib tu do bean iomrád (?)
 I gcátair gíl na ngrára
 (Océon agus oc ón ó !)

Tobar Mhuire:

A b'rad ó fóin do bí tobar beannaighe i mBaile an tobar,* i scondae Muis Eó. Bí mainirtir ann ran áit a bfuil an tobar anoir, agus ir ar lorg altóra na mainirtre do bhir an tobar amac. Bí an mainirtir ar éaoib énuic, áct nuair éainis Cíomail agus a cuir ríriaradóir cum na tíre reó, leasadar an mainirtir, agus níor fásgadar cloc or cionn cloicé de'n altóir nár éair-eadar ríor.

Bliadain ó'n lá do leasadar an altóir, 'ré rin lá féil Mhuire 'ran earpac, 'read bhir an tobar amac ar lorg na h-altóra, agus ir iongantac an ruo le ráo nac raib braon uirge ann ran rruut do bí ag bun an énuic ó'n lá do bhir an tobar amac.

Bí bráctair boct ag dul na rlighe an lá ceunna, agus cuair pé ar a bealac le paioir do ráo ar lorg na h-altóra beannaighe, agus bí iongantac móir air nuair éonnaire pé tobar breas ann a h-áit. Cuair pé ar a glúnaib agus éoraig pé ag ráo a paioire nuair éulair pé gut ag ráo, "cuir díot do bróga, tá tu ar éalam beannaighe, tá tu ar bhuac Tobar Mhuire, agus tá léigear na mílte caoc ann. Béid duine léigeara le uirge an tobar rin anasair gac uile duine o'éirt aipionn i láctair na h-altóra do bí ann ran áit ann a bfuil an tobar anoir, má bíonn ríao tumta trí h-uair ann, i n-ainm an áctar an míle agus an Spioraid Naomh."

Nuair bí a paioireaca ráioce ag an mbractair o'feuc pé ruar

* This is not the Roscommon Ballintubber, celebrated for the ancient castle of the O'Conors, which is called in Irish "Baile-an-tobair Uí Chonchubhair," or "O'Conor's Ballintubber," but a place near the middle of the County Mayo, celebrated for its splendid abbey, founded by one of the Mac a' Mhilidhs, a name taken by the Stauntons [Mac-a-Veely, *i.e.*, "son of the warrior," now pronounced so that no remains of any vulgar Irish sound may cling to it, as "Mac Evilly"]. The prophecy is current in Mayo that when the abbey is re-roofed Ireland shall be free. My

Thyself shall come with me
Into Paradise garden.
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

To a fair place in heaven
At the side of thy darling.
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

MARY'S WELL.

A Religious Folk Tale.

[From the "Religious Songs of Connacht," by Douglas Hyde.]

[Taken down from *Próinsias O'Conchubhair*.]

LONG ago there was a blessed well in Ballintubber (*i.e.*, town of the well),* in the County Mayo. There was once a monastery in the place where the well is now, and it was on the spot where stood the altar of the monastery that the well broke out. The monastery was on the side of a hill, but when Cromwell and his band of destroyers came to this county, they overthrew the monastery, and never left stone on top of stone in the altar that they did not throw down.

A year from the day that they threw down the altar—that was Lady Day in spring—the well broke out on the site of the altar, and it is a wonderful thing to say, but there was not one drop of water in the stream that was at the foot of the hill from the day that the well broke out.

There was a poor friar going the road the same day, and he went out of his way to say a prayer upon the site of the blessed altar, and there was great wonder on him when he saw a fine well in its place. He fell on his knees and began to say his paternoster, when he heard a voice saying: "Put off your brogues, you are upon blessed ground, you are on the brink of Mary's Well, and there is the curing of thousands of blind in it; there shall be a person cured by the water of that well for every person who heard Mass in front of the altar that was in the place where the well is now, if they be dipped three times in it, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit."

When the friar had his prayers said, he looked up and

friend, Colonel Maurice Moore, told me that when he was a young boy he often wondered why the people did not roof the abbey and so free Ireland without any more trouble. The tomb of the notorious Shaun-na-Sagart, the priest hunter, which is not far from it, is still pointed out by the people. It is probably he who is the "spy" in this story, though his name is not mentioned.

asur connaire colum móir gléiseal ar éiríann tuisiúbaire i ngar vó: b'ur h-i an colum do bí as caint. Bí an b'áitair gleurta i n-eudaisib-b'áige, mar bí luac ar a ceann, com móir asur do bí ar ceann maora-alla.

Ar éair ar bit d'fuarasair ré an rseul do d'aoineib an baile big, asur níor b'áda go n'deacair ré t'p'io an t'p'ir. B'ur boct an áit i, asur ní raib áct boctáin as na d'aoineib, asur iad líonta le deatad. Ar an ábair rin bí cur mair de d'aoineib caoda ann. Le clappolair, lá ar na mairad, bí or cionn d'á f'ic'io d'aoine ann, as tobar mhuirí, asur ní raib fear ná bean aca nac d'áin'is ar air le raobair mair.

Cuair clú tobar mhuirí t'p'io an t'p'ir, asur níor b'áda go raib oit'p'eadá ó gac uile conradé as teact go Tobar mhuirí, asur ní d'eadair don neac aca ar air gan beir léigeara; asur faoi ceann tamail do b'idead d'aoine ar t'p'ortáib eile féin, as teact go vti Tobar mhuirí.

Bí fear m'c'p'io'meac 'na c'omnuirde i ngar do baile-an-tobar. Duine uaral do bí ann, asur níor c'p'io ré i léigear an tobar beannaighe. Dubairt re nac raib ann áct p'irp'edga, asur le magad do d'eunam ar na d'aoineib t'p'is ré arall d'ail do bí aise cum an tobar asur tum a ceann faoi an uirge. Fuair an t-arall raobair, áct t'p'is an magadóir a-baile com d'ail le bun do b'p'oise.

Faoi ceann bliadna tuit ré amac go raib r'asair as obair mar gárdadóir as an duine-uaral do bí d'ail. Bí an r'asair gleurta mar fear-oibire, asur ní raib f'ior as duine ar bit go mbur r'asair do bí ann: don lá amáin bí an duine uaral b'p'ed'ite asur d'iarri ré ar a fearb'p'osanta é do d'abairt amac 'ran n'gárdá: Nuair táin'is ré cum na h-áite a raib an r'asair as obair, fuir ré f'ior: "Nac móir an t'p'is é," ar p'irean, "nac vti'is liom mo gárdá b'p'ed'is d'p'icead!"

Glac an gárdadóir t'p'is vó asur dubairt, "Tá f'ior asam cá b'p'uil fear do léig'p'ed'ad tu, áct tá luac ar a ceann mar geall ar a c'p'io'deam."

"Beir'm-re m'p'ocal nac n'd'eunf'air m'p'ir p'p'io'd'p'iead' air asur iocf'air mé go mair é ar pon a t'p'io'b'p'io'de," ar ran duine uaral:

"Áct b'p'ioir náir mair leat vti t'p'io an t'p'lighe-plánaighe adá aise," ar ran gárdadóir:

"I'p' cuma liom cia an t'p'lighe adá aise má t'p'isann ré mo raobair dam," ar ran duine uaral:

Anoir, bí v'p'oc-clú ar an duine-uaral, mar b'p'air ré a lán de

saw a large white dove upon a fir tree near him. It was the dove who was speaking. The friar was dressed in false clothes, because there was a price on his head, as great as on the head of a wild-dog.

At any rate he proclaimed the story to the people of the little village, and it was not long till it went out through the country. It was a poor place, and the people in it had nothing [to live in] but huts, and these filled with smoke. On that account there were a great many weak-eyed people amongst them. With the dawn, on the next day, there were about forty people at Mary's Well, and there was never man nor woman of them but came back with good sight.

The fame of Mary's Well went through the country, and it was not long till there were pilgrims from every county coming to it, and nobody went back without being cured; and at the end of a little time even people from other countries used to be coming to it.

There was an unbeliever living near Mary's Well. It was a gentleman he was, and he did not believe in the cure. He said there was nothing in it but pishtrogues (charms), and to make a mock of the people he brought a blind ass, that he had, to the well, and he dipped its head under the water. The ass got its sight, but the scoffer was brought home as blind as the sole of your shoe.

At the end of a year it so happened that there was a priest working as a gardener with the gentleman who was blind. The priest was dressed like a workman, and nobody at all knew that it was a priest who was in it. One day the gentleman was sickly, and he asked his servant to take him out into the garden. When he came to the place where the priest was working he sat down. "Isn't it a great pity," says he, "that I cannot see my fine garden?"

The gardener took compassion on him, and said, "I know where there is a man who would cure you, but there is a price on his head on account of his religion."

"I give my word that I'll do no spying on him, and I'll pay him well for his trouble," said the gentleman.

"But perhaps you would not like to go through the mode-of-curing that he has," says the gardener.

"I don't care what mode he has, if he gives me my sight," said the gentleman.

Now, the gentleman had an evil character, because he

fasarthaib moime rin; Bingham an t-ainm do bí air. Ar éadai ar bit glac an fasartha meirneac agus duabairt, “Díor do cóirte réir ar maidin amárac, agus tiomáinpró mire tu go dtí áit do léigir, ní tís le cóirteoir ná le don duine eile beir i láthair ádt mire, agus ná h-innir d’aon duine ar bit cá bfuil tu ag dul, no ríor cad é do gnaite (gnó).”

Ar maidin, lá ar na márac, bí cóirte Bingham réir, agus éadai ré féin arteaó, leir an ngarthaóir d’a tiomáint. “Fan, tura, ann fan mbaile an t-am ro,” ar ré leir an g-cóirteoir, “agus tiomáinpró an gáthaóir mé.” Bí an cóirteoir na bíteamnac, agus bí éadai air, agus glac ré rún go mbeirteó ré ag faise na cóirte, le págail amac cia an áit faib ríad le dul. Bí a g-leur beannagíte ag an fasartha, taob-artig de’n eudac eile. Nuair éánsadai go Tobar Muipe duabairt an fasartha leir, “Ir fasartha mire, tá mé dul le do ríadac d’págail duit ’fan áit ar éadai tu é.” Ann rin cum ré tui uaire ann fan tobar é, i n-ainm an átar an míle agus an Spioraio Naoim, agus éáinis a ríadac éise com maic agus bí ré ariam.

“Beurpaio mé ceud rúnt duit,” ar ra Bingham, “com luac agus pacpar mé a-baile.”

Bí an cóirteoir ag faise, agus com luac agus connaire ré an fasartha ann a g-leur beannagíte, éadai ré go luac an blige agus bpaic ré an fasartha. Do gátha agus do epocac é gan bpeiteam gan bpeiteamnar. D’feurpaio an fear do bí tar éir a ríadac d’págail ar air, an fasartha do ríadac, ádt níor labair ré focal ar a fion.

Timcioll míora na díais reó, éáinis fasartha eile go Bingham agus é g-leurta mar gáthaóir, agus d’iarr ré obair ar Bingham agus fuair uair i. Ádt ní faib ré a bpaio ann a feirbír go dtárla ríoc-puo do Bingham. Éadai ré amac don lá amáin ag ríubal ríio na páirceannaib, agus do capac cailín maireac, ingean fíir boicé, air, agus funne ré marlugaó uirru, agus d’pág leac-marb i. Bí ríuip dearbpaio ag an g-cailín, agus éugadai mionna go marbóac ríad é com luac agus geobairt gneim air. Ní faib a bpaio le fanamaint aca. Gáthaóir é fan áit ceudna ar marlaig ré an cailín, agus épocadai é ar épann, agus d’págadai ann rin é na épocac.

Ar maidin, an lá ar na márac, bí milliúinpró de míoltógaib cruinnigíte, mar énoc móir, timcioll an épann, agus níor feud duine ar bit dul anaise leir, mar gail ar an mbolaó bpean do bí timcioll na h-áite, agus duine ar bit do ríacac anaise leir, do dailpaio na míoltóga é.

betrayed a number of priests before that. Bingham was the name that was on him. However, the priest took courage, and said, "Let your coach be ready on to-morrow morning, and I will drive you to the place of the cure; neither coachman nor anyone else may be present but myself, and do not tell to anyone at all where you are going, or give anyone a knowledge of what is your business."

On the morning of the next day Bingham's coach was ready, and he himself got into it, with the gardener driving him. "Do you remain at home this time," says he to the coachman, "and the gardener will drive me." The coachman was a villain, and there was jealousy on him. He conceived the idea of watching the coach to see what way they were to go. His blessed vestments were on the priest, inside of his other clothes. When they came to Mary's Well the priest said to him, "I am going to get back your sight for you in the place where you lost it." Then he dipped him three times in the well, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, and his sight came to him as well as ever it was.

"I'll give you a hundred pounds," said Bingham, "as soon as I go home."

The coachman was watching, and as soon as he saw the priest in his blessed vestments, he went to the people of the law, and betrayed the priest. He was taken and hanged, without judge, without judgment. The man who was after getting back his sight could have saved the priest, but he did not speak a word in his behalf.

About a month after this, another priest came to Bingham, and he dressed like a gardener, and he asked work of Bingham, and got it from him; but he was not long in his service until an evil thing happened to Bingham. He went out one day walking through his fields, and there met him a good-looking girl, the daughter of a poor man, and he assaulted her, and left her half dead. The girl had three brothers, and they took an oath that they would kill him as soon as they could get hold of him. They had not long to wait. They caught him in the same place where he assaulted the girl, and hanged him on a tree, and left him there hanging.

On the morning of the next day millions of flies were gathered like a great hill round about the tree, and nobody could go near it on account of the foul smell that was round the place, and, anyone who would go near it, the midges would blind him.

Tairis bean agus mac bhíngam ceo púnt d'aon duine do bheirte an corp amac. Rinne cuid mairt daoine iarraidh air rin do deunam, aet níor feudadar. Fuair ríad púdar le cratao ar na míoltógaib, agus geuga crann le na mbualao, aet níor feudadar a rgarao, ná dul com ríada leir an rcrann. Bí an bheuntar an éiríge níor meara, agus bí eagla ar na cómarannaidh go rciubrao na míoltóga agus an corp bheun pláig orra.

Bí an daria rgarar 'na gárbadóir as bhíngam 'ran am ro, aet ní raib fíor as luét an tige gur rgarar do bí ann. óir da mberdeao fíor as luét an tige no as na rprdeadóirib, do geobao ríad agus do éroéao ríad é. Cuair na Catoileis go bean bhíngam agus dubaradar léi go raib eólar aca ar duine do víbheoao na míoltóga. "Tabair eugam é," ar ríre, "agus má'r fíoir leir na míoltóga do víbirt ní h-é an duair rin geobar re aet a reaoe n-oríeo.

"Aet," ar ríad-ran, "da mberd' fíor as luét-an-tige agus da ngaradair é, do éroéadair é, mar éroé ríad an fear do raair raóar a fúl ar air do." "Aet," ar ríre, "nac bheudao ré na míoltóga do víbirt gan fíor as luét-an-tige?"

"Ní'l fíor asainn," ar ríad-ran, "go nglacamar do cómarle leir."

An oíde rin glacadair cómarle leir an rgarar, agus d'innir ríad do cao dubairt bean bhíngam.

"Ní'l asam aet beata raogaila le cáilleamaint," ar ran rgarar, "agus beirte mé i ar pon na ndaoine boet, óir beir pláig ann ran tír muna geuirpí mé víbirt ar na míoltógaib. Ar mairin amárac, beir iarraidh asam i n-ainm Dé iao do víbirt, agus tá muinígin asam agus doéar i n'Dia go rábáiríao ré mé ó mo cúro námao. Téir cuis an bean-uairil anoir, agus abair léi go mberd-mé i ngar do'n crann le h-éiríge na rgríne ar mairin amárac, agus abair léi fíir do beir réir aici leir an rcorp do cup 'ran uais."

Cuair ríad cum na mná-uairle, agus d'innir ríad ví an méao dubairt an rgarar.

"Má éirígeann leir," ar ríre, "beir an duair réir asam do, agus oróao mé móir-feirear fear do beir i láair."

Cait an rgarar an oíde rin i n-urraigíob, agus leat-uairí poim éiríge na rgríne cuair ré cum na h-áite a raib a gleur beannaisce i bpolac. Cuir ré rin air, agus le cpoir ann a leat-láim agus le uirge coirreagta ann ran láim eile, cuair ré cum na h-áite a raib na míoltóga. Tórais ré ann rin as léigeao ar a leabair agus as cratao uirge coirreagta ar na míoltógaib, i n-

Bingham's wife and son offered a hundred pounds to anyone who would bring out the body. A good many people made an effort to do that, but they were not able. They got dust to shake on the flies, and boughs of trees to beat them with, but they were not able to scatter them, nor to go as far as the tree. The foul smell was getting worse, and the neighbours were afraid that the flies and noisome corpse would bring a plague upon them.

The second priest was at this time a gardener with Bingham, but the people of the house did not know that it was a priest who was in it, for if the people of the law or the spies knew they would take and hang him. The Catholics went to Bingham's wife and told her that they knew a man who would banish the flies. "Bring him to me," said she, "and if he is able to banish the flies, that is not the reward he'll get, but seven times as much."

"But," said they, "if the people of the law knew, they would take him and hang him, as they hung the man who got back the sight of his eyes for him before." "But," said she, "could not he banish the flies without the knowledge of the people of the law?"

"We don't know," said they, "until we take counsel with him."

That night they took counsel with the priest and told him what Bingham's wife said.

"I have only an earthly life to lose," said the priest, "and I shall give it up for the sake of the poor people, for there will be a plague in the country unless I banish the flies. On to-morrow morning I shall make an attempt to banish them in the name of God, and I have hope and confidence in God that he will save me from my enemies. Go to the lady now, and tell her that I shall be near the tree at sunrise to-morrow morning, and tell her to have men ready to put the corpse in the grave."

They went to the lady and told her all the priest said.

"If it succeeds with him," said she, "I shall have the reward ready for him, and I shall order seven men to be present."

The priest spent that night in prayer, and half an hour before sunrise he went to the place where his blessed vestments were hidden: he put these on, and with a cross in one hand, and with holy water in the other, he went to the place where were the flies. He then began reading out of his book and

ainm an Achar an Mic agus an Spioraid Naomh. D'éirigh an enoc míoltóg, agus d'éitill ríad ruar 'ran aér, agus rinneadar an rpeir comh doirca leir an oirde. Ni ríab fíor as na daoine cib an áit a ndéadar, áit faoi ceann leat-uairé ni ríab ceann oíob le feiceál (feicrint).

Bí lútgáire móir ar na daoine, áit níor b'ada go b'acadar an ríobé doir as teact, agus glaoí ríad ar an ragarit rí leir comh tapa a' rí ann. Tug an ragarit do na boinn agus lean an ríobéadóir é, agus rígan ann gac láim aise. Nuair náir feud ré teact ruar leir, áit ré an rígan 'na d'iaig. Nuair bí an rígan as dul tar gualain an rígarit, cuir ré a lámh clé ruar, agus gab ré an rígan, agus áit ré an rígan ar air gan féadaint taob ríar de. Duail rí an fear, agus cuair rí ríó a éiríob, gur áit ré marb, agus d'iméig an rígarit raor.

Ruair na rí corp bingam, agus cuireadar ann ran uair é, áit nuair cuadar corp an ríobéadóra do cuir, ruairéadar na mílte de lúdgáir móra timcioll air, agus ni ríab gheim feóla ar a cnámáir nac ríab ite aca. Ni corpóad ríad de'n corp agus níor feud na daoine iad do ruagad, agus b'éigín oíob na cnámáir d'fágbáil or cionn talmán.

Cuir an rígarit a gleur beannaisce i b'olac, agus do bí as obair 'ran ngaró nuair cuir bean bingam fíor air, agus d'iarir air an duair do glacad ar ríon na míoltóga do d'ibírt, agus i do tábairt do'n fear do d'ibírt iad má bí eólar aise air.

“Tá eólar agam air, agus d'ubairt ré liom an duair do tábairt cuige anoct, mar tá rún aise an tír d'fágbáil rí má gpoépaíó lúct an d'ligé é.”

“Seó d'uit í,” ar ríre, agus feadair rí ríorán óir do.

Ar maidin, lá ar na márac, d'iméig an rígarit go coir na ríarige; ruair ré long do bí as dul cum na ríance, cuair ré ar boir, agus comh luat agus d'fás ré an cuair cuir ré air a eudais rígarit, agus tug buideacár do d'ia faoi n-a tábairt raor. Ni'l fíor agáinn cao tárla do 'na d'iaig ríon.

Tar éir ríon do b'idead daoine d'alla agus caoá as tígáct go Tobar Mhuire, agus níor fíll don duine aca ariam ar air gan a beir léigearca. Áit ni ríab ruo maí ar bí ariam ann ran tír reo, náir míleat le duine éigín, agus míleat an tobar, mar ro.

scattering holy-water on the flies, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. The hill of flies rose, and flew up into the air, and made the heaven as dark as night. The people did not know where they went, but at the end of half an hour there was not one of them to be seen.

There was great joy on the people, but it was not long till they saw the spy coming, and they called to the priest to run away as quick as it was in him to run. The priest gave to the butts* (took to his heels), and the spy followed him, and a knife in each hand with him. When he was not able to come up with the priest he flung the knife after him. As the knife was flying out past the priest's shoulder he put up his left hand and caught it, and without ever looking behind him he flung it back. It struck the man and went through his heart, so that he fell dead and the priest went free.

The people got the body of Bingham and buried it in the grave, but when they went to bury the body of the spy they found thousands of rats round about it, and there was not a morsel of flesh on his bones that they had not eaten. The rats would not stir from the body, and the people were not able to hunt them away, so that they had to leave the bones overground.

The priest hid away his blessed vestments and was working in the garden when Bingham's wife sent for him, and told him to take the reward that was for banishing the flies, and to give it to the man who banished them, if he knew him.

"I do know him, and he told me to bring him the reward to-night, because he has the intention of leaving the country before the law-people hang him."

"Here it is for you," said she, and she handed him a purse of gold.

On the morning of the next day the priest went to the brink of the sea, and found a ship that was going to France. He went on board, and as soon as he had left the harbor he put his priest's clothes on him, and gave thanks to God for bringing him safe. We do not know what happened to him from that out.

After that, blind and sore-eyed people used to be coming to Mary's Well, and not a person of them ever returned without being cured. But there never yet was anything good in this country that was not spoilt by somebody, and the well was spoilt in this way.

* This is the absurd way the people of Connacht translate it when talking English. "Bonn" means both "sole" (of foot) and "butt."

“Bî cailin i m’baille-an-tobair, aḡur bî rî ar ti beit pôrtâ, nuair câimîḡ fean-bean c’aoḡ cuici aḡ iarriar’o d’êirce i n-onôir’o ōia aḡur’o Muipe.

“Ni’l don ruo aḡam le taḡairt’o fean-c’aoḡrân cailliḡe, tâ mé boḡarraiḡṡe aca,” ar ran cailin.

“Nâ raiḡ rânne an pôrtâ orṡ a-c’oir’ḡe ḡo mbêir’o tu c’om c’aoḡ a’r tâ mire,” ar ran t’fean-bean.

Ar mairoin, lâ ar na mârâḡ, bî rûile an cailin ôiḡ nimneâḡ, aḡur ar mairoin ’na ōiaḡ rin bî rî beaḡ-naḡ ōall, aḡur ōuḡairt’o na c’omârranna ḡo mbur’o c’oir’o ōi’ ōul ḡo Tobari Muipe.

Ar mairoin ḡo moḡ, ō’êirḡ rî, aḡur c’uar’o rî cum an tobair, aḡṡ c’rêur’o ō’fêicrêur’o rî ann aḡṡ an t’fean-bean ō’iarri an ōêirce uirri’o na ruiḡe aḡ b’ruâḡ an tobair, aḡ c’iarâḡ a cinn or’ cionn an tobair beannraiḡṡe.

“Lêir-rḡrior orṡ, a cailleâḡ ḡrânna, an aḡ râlâc’ar’o Tobair Muipe aṡâ tu?” ar ran cailin; “imṡiḡ leat no b’urri’o mé ōo m’uineul.”

“Ni’l don onôir’o nâ mear aḡar ar ōia nâ ar Muipe, ō’êirṡ tu d’êirce ōo taḡairt’o i n-onôir’o ōôir’o, ar an a’ḡḡar rin ni c’umrêur’o tu c’u fêin’ran tobair.”

Ruarri an cailin ḡrêim ar an ḡcailliḡ, aḡ fêuc’aint’o i ōo r’rêac’ailt’o ō’n tobair, aḡṡ lêir an r’rêac’ailt’o ōo bî eatorria ōo c’uit an beirṡ arṡeâḡ’ran tobair aḡur b’âir’êar’o iâo.

Ō’n lâ rin ḡo ōṡi an lâ r’o ni raiḡ don lêiḡear ann ran tobair.

* * * * *

There was a girl in Ballintubber and she was about to be married, when there came a half-blind old woman to her asking alms in the honor of God and Mary.

"I've nothing to give to an old blind-thing of a hag, it's bothered with them I am," said the girl.

"That the wedding ring may never go on you until you are as blind as I am," said the old woman.

Next day, in the morning, the young girl's eyes were sore, and the morning after that she was nearly blind, and the neighbours said to her that she ought to go to Mary's Well.

In the morning, early, she rose up and went to the well, but what should she see at it but the old woman who asked the alms of her, sitting on the brink, combing her head over the blessed well.

"Destruction on you, you nasty hag, is it dirtying Mary's Well you are?" said the girl; "get out of that or I'll break your neck."

"You have no honor nor regard for God or Mary, you refused to give alms in honor of them, and for that reason you shall not dip yourself in the well."

The girl caught a hold of the hag, trying to pull her from the well, and with the dragging that was between them, the two of them fell into the well and were drowned.

From that day to this there has been no cure in the well.

* * * * *

muire agus naomh ioseph:

nae naomta do bi naomh iorep
 nuair pór ré Muire mátair?
 nae é do fuair an tabairtar
 do b' fearr 'ná an rasoal áide [Ádam]?

Tháitais ré do'n ór burde
 agus do'n cróm do bi as Dáibí,
 agus b' fearr leir beic as treóruaó
 agus as múnad an eolair do Mhuire mátair;

Lá amáin d'a raib an cúpla
 as riúbal ann ran ngáiróin;
 meas na reirínó cúbarca;
 bíat úbia, agus áirínóe;

Do cuir Muire dúil ionnta
 agus tnué rí leó, i látair;
 O bolaró breá na n-úbal
 bhí go cúbarca deas ó'n áiró-rí;

Ann rin do labair an Mhaighean
 De'n cómpad bí fann,
 "Dain dam na reiró rin
 Tá as fáir ar an gcraon;

* Now ill-called "Caldwell" in English.

† *Literally*: Is it not holy that St. Joseph was when he married Mary Mother; is it not that he got the gift that was better than Adam's world? He refused the yellow gold and the crown that David had had, and he preferred to be guiding and showing the way to Mary Mother. One day that the couple were walking in the garden among the fragrant cherries, apple-blossoms and sloes, Mary conceived a desire for them, and fancied them at once, [enticed] by the fine scent of the apples that were fragrant and nice from the High King [*i.e.*, God]. Then spake the Virgin with utterance that was feeble, "Pluck for me yon jewels which are growing on the tree. Pluck me enough of them, for I am weak and faint, and the works of the King of the graces are growing beneath my bosom." Then spake St. Joseph with utterance that was stout, "I shall not pluck thee the jewels, and I like not thy child. Call upon his father, it is he you may be stiff with." Then stirred Jesus blessedly beneath her bosom. Then spake Jesus holily, "Bend low in her presence, O tree." The tree bowed down to her in their

MARY AND ST. JOSEPH.

From Michael Rogers and Martin O'Calally,* in Erris Co. Mayo.—
DOUGLAS HYDE.

Holy was good St. Joseph
When marrying Mary Mother,
Surely his lot was happy,
Happy beyond all other.†

Refusing red gold laid down,
And the crown by David worn,
With Mary to be abiding
And guiding her steps forlorn.

One day that the twain were talking,
And walking through gardens early,
Where cherries were redly growing,
And blossoms were growing rarely,

Mary the fruit desired,
For faint and tired she panted,
At the scent on the breezes' wing
Of the fruit that the King had planted.

Then spake to Joseph the Virgin,
All weary and faint and low,
"O pull me yon smiling cherries
That fair on the tree do grow,

presence, without delay, and she got the desire of her inner-heart quite directly off the tree. Then spake St. Joseph, and cast himself upon the ground, "Go home, O Mary, and lie upon thy couch, until I go to Jerusalem doing penance for my sin." Then spake the Virgin with utterance that was blessed. "I shall not go home, and I shall not lie upon my couch, but you have forgiveness to find from the King of the graces for your sins."

Three months from that day, the blessed child was born, there came three kings making adoration before the child. Three months from that night the blessed child was born in their cold bleak stable between a bullock and an ass.

Then spake the Virgin softly and sensibly, "O Son of the King of the friends, in what way shalt thou be on the world?"

"I shall be on Thursday, and I sold to my enemy, and I shall be on Friday a sieve [full] of holes with the nails. My head shall be on the top of a spike, and the blood of my heart on the middle of the street, and a spear of venom going through my heart with contempt upon that day."

" Bain dam mo fáil aca
 Oir tá me las pann,*
 A'r tú oibreáda ius na ngráda
 As páir faoi mo bhoim."

Ann rin do labair Naomh Iósep
 De'n cómpáid bí teann,
 " Ní bainfid mé duit na reóda
 A'r ní h-aill liom do élanu:

" Glaoó ar acair ó do leinb
 Ir air ir cóir duit beir teann"
 Ann rin do corruis Iora
 So beannaighe faoi na bhoim:

Ann rin do labair Iora
 So naomta faoi na bhoim
 " Irigis go h-irioil
 Ann a fíadnuir a éirinn:"

D'ámlaig an crann ríor dí
 Ann a bfiadnuir gan máil;
 Agus fuair sí mian a cpoide-rigis
 Glain-díreac ó'n scrann:

Ann rin do labair Naomh Iósep
 Agus éit é féin ar an talam;
 " Gab a-baile a Mháire
 Agus luir ar do leabuir.
 So dtéir mé go h-Iaruralem
 As deunam aicrige ann mo peacair."

Ann rin do labair an Mhaighean
 De'n cómpáid bí beannaighe,
 " Ní pacair mé a-baile
 A'r ní luirfid mé ar mo leabuir;
 Aet tá maiteamhar le fágail asao
 Ó ius na ngráda ann do peacair."

* * * * *

* "Ann a gcaill" vubairt Mac na Ruairig, aet vubairt an Callaoileac
 "las pann" tá me ann a gcaill = "Teartuigheann uaim iat."

"For feeble I am and weary,
And my steps are but faint and slow,
And the works of the King of the graces
I fee! within me grow."

Then out spake the good St. Joseph,
And stoutly indeed spake he,
"I shall not pluck thee one cherry.
Who art unfaithful to me.

"Let him come fetch you the cherries,
Who is dearer than I to thee."
Then Jesus hearing St. Joseph,
Thus spake to the stately tree,

"Bend low in her gracious presence,
Stoop down to herself, O tree,
That my mother herself may pluck thee,
And take thy burden from thee."

Then the great tree lowered her branches
At hearing the high command,
And she plucked the fruit that it offered,
Herself with her gentle hand.

Loud shouted the good St. Joseph,
He cast himself on the ground,
"Go home and forgive me, Mary,
To Jerusalem I am bound;
I must go to the holy city,
And confess my sin profound."*

Then out spake the gentle Mary,
She spake with a gentle voice,
"I shall not go home, O Joseph,
But I bid thee at heart rejoice,
For the King of Heaven shall pardon
The sin that was not of choice."

* * * * *

* *These six-line verses are alien to the spirit of the Irish Language, and probably arise from the first half of the next quatrain being forgotten.*

Trí mí ó'n lá rin
 Rugaó an leanó beannuighe,
 Thainig na trí mige
 As deunam aóraighe do'n leanó.

Trí mí ó'n oirde rin
 Rugaó an leanó beannuighe,
 Ann a rtábla fuar feannta
 Eirir bulán agus aral.

Ann rin do labair an maighean.
 So ciún agus so céillide,
 "A mic mige na scairde
 Cía 'n nóir mbéir tu ar an traoisat?"

"Béir mé Diairdaoin
 Agus mé díolta as mo námaid,
 Agus béir me Dia hAoine
 Mo éiriatar polt as na táirginn.

Béir mo ceann i mbáir ríce
 'S fuil mo éiride i láir na rírdie;
 'S an trleig nime dul tpe mo éiride
 Le rírdiealac an lá rin.

Three months from that self-same morning,
The blessed child was born,
Three kings did journey to worship
That babe from the land of the morn.

Three months from that very evening,
He was born there in a manger,
With asses, and kine and bullocks,
In the strange, cold place of a stranger.

To her child said the Virgin softly,
Softly she spake and wisely,
"Dear Son of the King of Heaven,
Say what may in life betide Thee."

[THE BABE.]

"I shall be upon Thursday, Mother,
Betrayed and sold to the foeman,
And pierced like a sieve on Friday,
With nails by the Jew and Roman.

On the streets shall my heart's blood flow,
And my head on a spike be planted,
And a spear through my side shall go,
Till death at the last be granted.

Then thunders shall roar with lightnings,
And a storm over earth come sweeping,
The lights shall be quenched in the heavens
And the sun and the moon be weeping.
While angels shall stand around me,
With music and joy and gladness,
As I open the road to Heaven,
That was lost by the first man's madness."

* * * * *

Christ built that road into heaven,
In spite of the Death and Devil,
Let us when we leave the world
Be ready by it to travel.

naomh peadair.

Chualairé pbróinriar O Conclúdar, i m'Uáit-luain, an rgeul ro ó fean-
mnaoi dár b' ainm bhrígo ni chaéaraig ó bhaile-óá-ábain i gconradé
Shligiú, agus fuair níre uairé-pean é.

Ann ran am a raib Naomh Peadair agus ár Slánuigíteoir ag
riubal na tíre, ir iomda iongantar do éirbeán a Mháigirtir dó,
agus dá mbuó duine eile do bí ann, o'feicfead leat an oirio, ir
dóig go mbeirdear a dóctear ar a Mháigirtir níor láirre 'ná bí
dóctear Pheadair.

Aon lá amáin do bíodar ag teact arcead go baile-mór agus
do bí fear-ceóil leat ar meirge 'na fuide ar éaoib an bóchair
agus é ag iarraid d'éirce. Thuig ár Slánuigíteoir píora airgid
dó ar ngabail éarce dó. Dhí iongantar ar Pheadair faoi rin, óir
dubairt ré leir féin "Ir iomda duine boct do bí i n-earbuid móir,
o'eirig mo máigirtir, déct anoir éus ré d'éirce do'n fear-ceóil reó
atá ar meirge. Déct b' éirir," ar ré leir féin, "b'éirir go bfuil
dúil airse ran gceól."

Do bí fíor ag ár Slánuigíteoir créad do bí i n-inntinn
Pheadair, déct níor labairt ré focal o'á éaoib.

An lá ar n-a márac do bíodar ag riubal arí, agus do capad
bráchair boct orra, agus é cróm leir an doir, agus beag-naé
noctta. O'iarra ré d'éirce ar ár Slánuigíteoir, déct ni éus Seirpean
aon áirio air, agus níor fíreagair Sé a imirde.

"Sin níó eile naé bfuil ceart," ar ra Naomh Peadair ann a
inntinn féin; bí eagla air labairt leir an Máigirtir o'á éaoib,
déct bí ré ag cailleadaint a dhóctear gac uile lá.

An tréatnóna ceutna bíodar ag teact go baile eile nuair
capad fear d'all orra, agus é ag iarraid d'éirce. Chuir ár
Slánuigíteoir caint air agus dubairt "ceut tá uair?"

"Luac dírtín oirde, luac fuir le n'íre, agus an oiréad agus
bérdear ag ceartál uaim amárac; má éis leat-ra a éabairt dam,
geobair tu cúitiugad móir, agus cúitiugad naé bfuil le págail
ar an tréagal brónac ro."

"Ir maic i do caint," ar ran Tigearna, "déct ní'l tu déct ag
iarraid mo méallaó, ní'l earbuid luac-dírtín ná fuir le n'íre
oir, tá ór agus airgid ann do póca, agus buó éoir duit do
buidéadar do éabairt do Dhia faoi do díol go lá do beir agad."

Ni raib fíor ag an Dall gur b'é ár Slánuigíteoir do bí ag caint
leir, agus dúbairt ré leir: "Ni reanmóra déct d'éirce atá mé
iarraid, ir cinnte mé dá mbeirdear fíor agad go raib ór ná

SAINT PETER.

A Folk Story.

An old woman named Biddy Casey, from near Riverstown, in the Co. Sligo, told this story to O'Connor in Athlone, from whom I got it.—
DOUGLAS HYDE [in *Religious Songs of Connacht*.]

AT the time that Saint Peter and our Saviour were walking the country, many was the marvel that his Master showed him, and if it had been another person who was in it, and who had seen half as much, no doubt his confidence in his Master would have been stronger than that of Peter.

One day they were entering a town, and there was a musician sitting half drunk on the side of the road and he asking for alms. Our Saviour gave him a piece of money, going by of him. There came wonder on Peter at that, for he said to himself, "Many's the poor man in great want that my Master refused, but now He has given alms to this drunken musician; but perhaps," says he to himself, "perhaps He likes music."

Our Saviour knew what was in Peter's mind, but He did not speak a word about it.

On the next day they were journeying again and a poor friar (*sic*) met them, and he bowed down with age and almost naked. He asked our Saviour for alms, but He took no notice of him, and did not answer his request.

"There's another thing that's not right," said Peter in his own mind. He was afraid to speak to his Master about it, but he was losing his confidence in Him every day.

The same evening they were approaching another village when a blind man met them and he asking alms. Our Saviour talked with him and said, "What do you want?" "The price of a night's lodging, the price of something to eat, and as much as I shall want to-morrow; if you can give it to me you shall get great recompense, and recompense that is not to be found in this sorrowful world."

"Good is your talk," said the Lord, "but you are only seeking to deceive me? you are in no want of the price of a lodging or of anything to eat; you have gold and silver in your pocket; and you ought to give thanks to God for your having enough (to do you) till (next) day."

The blind man did not know that it was our Saviour who was talking to him, and he said to him, "It is not sermons,

airgíod aSAM go mbainfeá díom é, 'tusa' leat* anoir, ní tear-tuigseann do cáint uaim."

"Go deimhin ir dí-céillíde an fear tu," ar ran Tigearna, "ní b'éid ór ná airgíod aSAM i b'rao," aSUR leir rin d'fás ré an dail.

Bhí Peadaar aS éirtead leir an gcómpáid, aSUR bí dúil aise a innreac do'n dail sup mbuó é ar Slánuigsteóir do bí aS cáint leir, aS ní b'ruair ré aon fáill. Acs do bí fear eile aS éirtead nuair duhairt ar Slánuigsteóir go raib ór aSUR airgíod aS an dail. Buó r'griopadóir militeac do bí ann, aS do bí fíor aise náir innir ar Slánuigsteóir aon b'reus ariam. Chom luac aSUR bí Seirean aSUR Naomh Peadaar imtígte, cáinis an r'griopadóir cum an dail aSUR duhairt leir, "Tabair dam do cúro óir aSUR airgíod, no cuirfead r'gían tré do éiríde."

"Ní' ór ná airgíod aSAM" ar ran dail, "da mberdeac, ní beróinn aS iarraid b'éirce."

Acs leir rin do fuair an r'griopadóir g'reim air, do cúir faoi é, aSUR do bain dé an méac do bí aise. Do fáir aSUR do r'griead an dail com h-áir aSUR d'feud ré. aSUR eualair ar Slánuigsteóir aSUR Peadaar é.

"Tá eugcór d'á deunam ar an dail," arfa Peadaar.

"Fás go fealltac, aSUR imteóair ré an éaoi ceunna, san cáint ar lá an b'reiteamhair," ar ar Slánuigsteóir.

"Tuigim tu, ní' aon ruo i b'folac uait a Mháirírtir," arfa Peadaar.

An lá 'na díais rin do b'beadar aS r'íubal coir fáraig, aSUR cáinis leóman cíocrac amac. "Anoir a Pheadair," ar ar Slánuigsteóir, "ir minic duhairt tu go scaillfeá do beata ar mo fon, anoir teirig aSUR tabair tu féin do'n leóman aSUR imteóair mife raor."

Do r'muáin Peadaar aise féin aSUR duhairt, "b'fearr liom báir ar bit eile d'fágail 'ná leigint do leóman m'ite; támaoir cor-luac aSUR t'is linn iut uair, aSUR má feicim é aS teac ruar linn fanfair mé ar deirde, aSUR t'is leat-ra imteac raor."

"Bíod mar rin," ar ar Slánuigsteóir.

Do leig an leóman r'griead, aSUR ar go b'rác leir 'na n'díais, aSUR níor b'rao go raib ré aS b'reit oirra, aSUR i b'rozar dóib.

"Fan riad a Pheadair," ar an Slánuigsteóir, aS leig Peadaar air féin nac g'eualair ré focai, aSUR d'imtíg ré amac riom a Mháirírtir. D'iompaig an Tigearna ar a cúl aSUR duhairt ré leir an leóman, "Teirig ar air go r'ci an fárac," aSUR rinne í é amhair.

* "Tusa leat" = "imtíg leat," "amac leat," no ruo de'n tróirt rin. b'éoiri sup "cuige leat" buó éoiri do beir ann, 7 cuig an Deamán!"

but alms, I am looking for. I am certain that if you did know that there was gold or silver about me, you would take it from me. Get off now; I don't want your talk.

"Indeed, you are a senseless man," said the Lord; "you will not have gold or silver long," and with that He left him.

Saint Peter was listening to the discourse, and he had a wish to tell the blind man that it was our Saviour who was talking to him, but he got no opportunity. But there was another man listening when our Saviour said that the blind man had gold and silver. It was a wicked robber who was in it; but he knew that our Saviour never told a lie. As soon as He and Saint Peter were gone, this robber came to the blind man, and said to him, "Give me your gold and silver, or I'll put a knife through your heart."

"I have no gold or silver," said the blind man; "if I had I wouldn't be looking for alms." But with that the robber caught hold of him, put him under him, and took from him all he had. The blind man shouted and screamed as loud as he was able, and our Saviour and Peter heard him.

"There's wrong being done to the blind man," said Peter.

"Get treacherously and it will go the same way," said our Saviour, "not to speak of the Day of Judgment."

"I understand you; there is nothing hid from you, Master," said Peter.

The day after that they were journeying by a desert, and a greedy lion came out. "Now, Peter," said our Saviour, "you often said that you would lose your life for Me; go now and give yourself to the lion, and I shall escape safe."

Peter thought to himself and said, "I would sooner meet any other death than let a lion eat me; we are swift-footed and we can run from him, and if I see him coming up with us I will remain behind, and you can escape safe."

"Let it be so," said our Saviour.

The lion gave a roar, and off and away with him after them, and it was not long till he was gaining on them, and close up to them.

"Remain behind, Peter," said our Saviour; but Peter let on that he never heard a word, and went running out before his Master. The Lord turned round and said to the lion, "Go back to the desert," and so he did.

Peter looked behind him, and when he saw the lion going back, he stood till our Saviour came up with him.

"D'feud Peardar taob-fiar d'é, agus nuair éonnairc ré an leóman ag dul ar air do fear ré go dtáinig ar Slánuigheóir ruar leir. "A Peardar," ar Sé, "d'fás tu mé i mbaogal, agus —puo buó meara 'nā rin,—d'innir tu bheuga."

"Rinne mé rin," ar Peardar, "mar bí fíor agam go bfuil cúmáct agao or cionn gac nio, ni h-é amáin ar leóman an fárdais."

"Coirg do beul, agus ná bí ag innreáct bheug, ni faib fíor agao agus dá bfeicfeá mé i mbaogal amárac do éreigfeá mé arir, tá fíor agam ar rmuaintib do éroirde."

"Níor rmuáin mé ariam go nbeairnair. tu don nio nac faib ceairt," ar-ra Peardar.

"Sin bheug eile," ar ar Slánuigheóir. "Nac cuimin leat an lá do tug mé déiric do'n fear-ceóil do bí leat ar meirge, bí iongantar ort agus tuidairt tu leat féin gur iomda duine boct do bí i n-eairbuid mhoir d'eiric mé, agus go dtug mé déiric do fear do bí ar meirge mar bí dúil agam i gceól. An lá 'nā diais rin d'eiric mé an fear-bpácar, agus tuidairt tu nac faib an nio rin ceairt. An trachóna ceudna ir cuimin leat creud tárla i tcaoirb an bail. Mineócar mé anoir duit cao fáct funneap mar rin. Rinne an fear-ceóil níor mó de mair 'nā rinne fice bpácar d'á fórt ó rugaó iao. Shábáil ré anam cailín ó pian-taib iprinn. Bhí eairbuid boinn airgíó uirri agus bí pí ag dul peacáó marbúac do deunam le na fásgail, áct coirmirg an fear-ceóil i, tug ré an bonn oi, ció go faib eairbuid díge air féin an t-am ceudna. Maroir leir an mbpácar, ni faib don eairbuid air-rean, ció go bfuair ré ainm bpácar buó bail de'n diaabal é, agus rin é an fáct nac dtug mé don áirio air. Maroir leir an bail, do bí a Ohia ann a póca, óir ir fíor an fear-focal, "an áit a bfuil do éirte béir do éroirde léi."

Seal gearr 'nā diais rin tuidairt Peardar, "A Mháirgírtir, tá eólar agao ar na rmuaintib ir uaigne i geroirde an duine, agus ó'n nóimio reó amac géillim duit annr gac nio."

Timcioll reáctmaine 'nā diais-rin do bíodar ag riubal tre énoaib agus pléibib. agus cáilleadar an bealac. Le tuicim na h-oirde táinig teinnceac agus coirneac agus fearmáin érom. Bhí an oirde com dorca rin náir feudadar corán caorac d'feiceál. Thuir Peardar anagair capraige agus loir ré a cor com dona rin náir feud ré coirceim do riubal.

Chonnairc ar Slánuigheóir solur beas faoi bun chuib, agus tuidairt Sé le Peardar, "fan mar tá tu agus pacair mire ag córuigeáct congnaim le d'iomcar."

"Peter," said He, "you left me in danger, and, what was worse than that, you told lies."

"I did that," said Peter, "because I knew that you have power over everything, not alone over the lion of the wilderness."

"Silence your mouth, and do not be telling lies; you did *not* know, and if you were to see Me in danger to-morrow you would forsake Me again. I know the thoughts of your heart."

"I never thought that you did anything that was not right," said Peter.

"That is another lie," said our Saviour; "do you not remember the day that I gave alms to the musician who was half drunk, there was wonder on you, and you said to yourself that many's the poor man in great want whom I refused, and that I gave alms to a drunken man because I liked music. The day after that I refused the old friar, and you said that that was not right; and the same evening you remember what happened about the blind man. I will explain to you now why I acted like that. That musician did more good than twenty friars of his sort since ever they were born. He saved a girl's soul from the pain of hell. She wanted a piece of money and was going to commit a deadly sin to get it, but the musician prevented her, and gave her the piece of money, though he himself was in want of a drink at the same time. As for the friar, he was not in want at all; although he had the name of friar, he was a limb of the devil, and that was why I paid him no heed. As for the blind man, his God was in his pocket, for the old word is true, 'Where your store is, your heart will be with it.'"

A short time after that Peter said, "Master, you have a knowledge of the most lonesome thoughts in the heart of man, and from this moment out I submit to you in everything."

About a week after that they were traveling through hills and mountains, and they lost their way. With the fall of night there came lightning, thunder, and heavy rain. The night was so dark they could not see a sheep's path. Peter fell against a rock and hurt his foot so badly that he was not able to walk a step.

Our Saviour saw a little light under the foot of a hill, and He said to Peter, "Remain where you are, and I will go to seek help to carry you."

"There is no help to be found in this wild place," said Peter, "and don't leave me here in danger by myself."

"Be it so," said our Saviour, and with that He gave a whistle,

"Ní'l don éongnam le fágáil ann ran áit fíadán reo," ar Peadar, "agus ná leis ann ro mé i mbaosáil liom féin."

"Díod mar rin," ar ár Slánuigsteóir, agus le.r rin do leis ré fead, agus cáinís ceathrar fear, agus cia bí 'na cairtín orra aet an fear do rígnor an dall real noime rin. D'aicníz ré ar Slánuigsteóir agus Peadar, agus dubairt ré le n-a cúro fear Peadar o'iomcár go cúpamad go dtí an áit-cómnuidé do bí aca amearz na gcnoc. "Chuir an beirt reo," ar ré, "ór agus aih-gíod ann mo deatac-ra real gearr ó fóin."

O'iomcáir fíad Peadar go dtí reompa faoi talam; bí teine breá ann, agus cúipeadar an fear loitche i ngar dí, agus tugadar deoó dó. Thuit ré ann a córlaó agus do pinne ár Slánuigsteóir lorg na cpoire le n-a méar, or cionn na loite, agus nuair dúiriz ré o'feuo ré ríubal com maic agus o'feuo ré ríam. Bhí iongantar air, nuair dúiriz ré, agus o'fíapruiz ré cneuo do bain dó. O'innir ár Slánuigsteóir dó gac nio mar tápla.

"Shaoil mé," ar ra Peadar, "go raib mé marb agus go raib mé ruar as doirur flaitir, aet nior feuo mé dul ardeac mar bí an doirur doiruite, agus ní raib doirpreoir le fágáil."

"Airling do bí asao" ar ár Slánuigsteóir, "aet ir fíor i; tá an flaitear doiruite agus ní'l ré le beic forfáilte go b'fás' mire bár ar fon peacaid an éine daonna, do cuir fearz ar m'atair. Ní bár coitcionnta aet bár náipeac geobar mé, aet éipeócar mé air go glóimhar agus foirgeólar mé an flaitear do bí doiruite, agus beir túra do doirpreoir!"

"Óra, a Mháigirtir," ar ra Peadar, "ní féidir go bfuigtea bár náipeac, nac leigfeá dam-ra bár fágáil ar do fon-ra, tá mé réir agus coitceannac."

"Saoileann tu rin," ar ár Slánuigsteóir.

Thainis an t-am a raib ár Slánuigsteóir le bár fágáil: An trathóna noime rin bí ré féin agus an dá abrtal deus as reipe, nuair dubairt ré, "tá fear asuib as dul mo b'at." Bhí trioblóir mór orra agus dubairt gac don aca "an mire é?" Aet dubairt Seiréan, "an té túmar le n-a láimh ann ran méir liom, ir é rin an fear b'aitfear mé."

Dubairt Peadar ann rin, "dó mbeidead an domán iomlán i o'asaid," ar Seiréan, "ní beir mire i o'asaid," aet dubairt ár Slánuigsteóir leir, "pul má foiréann an Coileac anocht ceilfiré (reunfáir) tu mé tri h-uairé."

"Do geobainn bár pul má ceilfínn tu," ar ra Peadar, "go veimín ní ceilfead tu."

and there came four men; and who was captain of them but the person who robbed the blind man a while before that! He recognised our Saviour and Peter, and told his men to carry Peter carefully to the dwelling-place they had among the hills; "these two put gold and silver in my way a short time ago," said he.

They carried Peter into a chamber under the ground. There was a fine fire in it, and they put the wounded man near it, and gave him a drink. He fell asleep, and our Saviour made the sign of the cross with his finger above the wound, and when he awoke he was able to walk as well as ever. There was wonder on him when he awoke, and he asked "what happened to him." Our Saviour told him each thing, and how it occurred.

"I thought," said Peter, "that I was dead, and that I was up at the gate of heaven; but I could not get in, for the door was shut, and there was no doorkeeper to be found."

"It was a vision you had," said our Saviour, "but it is true. Heaven is shut, and is not to be opened until I die for the sin of the human race, who put anger on My Father. It is not a common, but a shameful, death I shall get; but I shall rise again gloriously, and open the heaven that was shut, and you shall be doorkeeper."

"Ora! Master," said Peter, "it cannot be that you would get a shameful death; would you not allow me to die for you; I am ready and willing."

"You think that," said our Saviour.

The time came when our Saviour was to get death. The evening before that He himself and His twelve disciples were at supper, when He said, "There is a man of you going to betray me." There was great trouble on them, and each of them said, "Am I he?" But He said, "He who dips with his hand in the dish with Me, he is the man who shall betray Me."

Peter then said, "If the whole world were against you, I will not be against you." But our Saviour said to him, "Before the cock crows to-night you will reneague (deny) Me three times."

"I would die before I would reneague you," said Peter; "indeed I shall not reneague you."

When death-judgment was passed upon our Saviour, His enemies were beating Him and spitting on Him. Peter was

Nuair tugadh breiteamnar báir ar ár Slánuigheoir, bí a cúro námhao u'a bualaod agus as cataod rmuzaire ari. Uhi Peadar amuis ann ran gcúirt, nuair táinig cailín-aimríne cuise agus dubhairt leir "bí tura le hÍora." "Níl fíor aham," ar ra Peadar, "cao é tá tu nád."

Nuair bí pé as dul amac an geata, ann rin, dubhairt cailín eile, "rin fear do bí le hÍora," aet tug reirean a mionna nac raib eolap ar bit aise ari. Ann rin dubhairt cuio de na daoine do bí as éirteact, "níl amhar ar bit nac raib tu leir, aicnigim do do caint é." Thug pé na mionnair móra ann rin, náir leir é, agus ar ball do glao an coileac, agus cuimnis pé ann rin ar na foclaib dubhairt ár Slánuigheoir, agus do fil pé na deora aicnige, agus fuair re maiteamnar ó'n té do ceil pé. Tá eocraa flaitir aise anoir, agus má fileann rinne na deora aicnige faoi n-ár loctair mar do fil reirean iad, geobamaoio maiteamnar mar fuair reirean é, agus cuipir pé ceo mile fáilte rómainn, nuair nacar rinne so doir flaitir.

outside in the court, when there came a servant-girl to him and said to him, "You were with Jesus." "I don't know," says Peter, "what you are saying."

Then when he was going out the gate another girl said, "There's the man who was with Jesus," but he took his oath that he had no knowledge at all of Him. Then some of the people who were listening said, "There is no doubt at all but you were with Him; we know it by your talk." He took the great oaths then that he was not with Him. And on the spot the cock crew, and then he remembered the words our Saviour said, and he wept the tears of repentance, and he found forgiveness from Him whom he denied. He has the keys of heaven now, and if we shed the tears of repentance for our faults, as he shed them, we shall find forgiveness as he found it, and he will welcome us with a hundred thousand welcomes when we go to the door of heaven.

MAR TÁINIS AN T-SAINTE ANNSAN EAGLAIS.*

Uthi ar Slánuigtheoir agus Naomh Peadar as rpairveoract
 traenóna, agus do carad sean-fear oirra: Uthi an duine boct
 rin go dona, ni faib ari aet ceirteada agus sean-cóta rtróicte,
 agus san fiú na mbriós faoi n-a córaib. D'iarr ré déiric ar ar
 oTigearna agus ar Naomh Peadar. Uthi truaig as Peadar do
 an donán boct agus faoil ré go dtiúbrad an Tigearna ruo
 éigin do. Aet níor éur an Tigearna don trua ann, aet d'imtí
 re tairir san fheadairt eadairt do: Uthi iongantar ar Pheadar
 faoi rin, óir faoil ré go dtiúbrad an Tigearna do gac aindeir-
 eoir a faib oirar ari, aet bi faicéir ari don nio do rad.

An lá ar na marac bi an Tigearna agus Peadar as rpair-
 veoract ari ar an mbótar ceurona, agus cia d'feicfead riao as
 teact 'na scoinne ann san gceart-aic ann a faib an sean-fear
 boct an lá noime rin aet robdáilide agus cloirdeam nocta aige
 ann a láimh: Tháinig ré eua agus d'iarr ré aigíod oirra:
 Thug an Tigearna an t-aigíod do san focal do rad, agus d'imtí
 an robdáilide. Uthi iongantar dúbailta ar Pheadar ann rin, óir
 faoil ré go faib an iomarcuio meirnis as ar oTigearna aigíod
 do eadairt do gairuio ar faicéir: Nuair bi an Tigearna agus
 Peadar imtígte tamall beas ar an mbótar níor feuo Peadar
 san ceir do éur ari: "Nac móir an rgeul a Thigearna" ar ré
 "nac dtug tu daoradh do'n donán boct d'iarr déiric oir anóe,
 aet go dtug tu aigíod do'n biceamnac gairuio do táinig eugao
 le cloirdeam ann a láimh: nac faib rinn-ne 'n ar mbeir agus
 ni faib ann aet fear amáin; tá cloirdeam agam-ra" deir ré,
 "agus b' fearr an fear mire 'n a eiréan!" "A Pheadar" ar
 san Tigearna "ni feiceann tura aet an taob amuis, aet éiríom-

*Fuair mé an rgeul ro, o fear-oirre do bi as Redington De Róirte, Dhuim an t-
 reasail, aet eualar go mimic é. Ni h-iao ro na ceart-focail ann a d'fuairéar é.

HOW COVETOUSNESS CAME INTO THE CHURCH.

This is a story I have often heard. The above version I got from a man near Monivea, in Galway, though I do not give his exact words. I heard one nearly identical, only told in English, in the Co. Tipperary. The story reminded me so strongly of those strange semi-comic mediæval moralities, common at an early date to most European languages—such pieces as Goethe has imitated in his story of “St. Peter and the Horse-shoe”—that I could not resist the temptation to turn it into rhyme, though it is not rhymed in the original. More than one celebrated piece of both English and French literature founded upon the same *motif* as this story will occur to the student.—DOUGLAS HYDE.
[*Religious Songs of Connacht.*]

As once our Saviour and St. Peter
Were walking over the hills together,
In a lonesome place that was by the sea,
Beside the border of Galilee,
Just as the sun to set began
Whom should they meet but a poor old man!
His coat was ragged, his hat was torn,
He seemed most wretched and forlorn,
Penury stared in his haggard eye,
And he asked an alms as they passed him by.

Peter had only a copper or two,
So he looked to see what the Lord would do.
The man was trembling—it seemed to him—
With hunger and cold in every limb.
But, nevertheless, our Lord looked grave,
He turned away and He nothing gave.
And Peter was vexed awhile at that
And wondered what our Lord was at,
Because he had thought Him much too good
To ever refuse a man for food.
But though he wondered he nothing said,
Nor asked the cause, for he was afraid.

It happened that the following day
They both returned that very way,
And whom should they meet where the man had been,
But a highway robber, gaunt and lean!
And in his belt a naked sword—
For an alms he, too, besought the Lord.
“He’s an ass,” thought Peter, “to meet us thus;
He won’t get anything from us.”
But Peter was seized with such surprise,
He scarcely could believe his eyes
When he saw the Master, without a word,
Give to the man who had the sword.

After the man was gone again
His wonder Peter could not restrain,
But turning to our Saviour, said:
“Master, the man who asked for bread,

re an taobh-arthóg: ní feiceann túra aét corp na n'aoine nuair feicim-re an croidé. Aét béir fíor agho go fóil" ar Sé "creud fát do minne mé rin."

Thuit ré amac don lá amáin 'na díais rin go n'eadair ár t'igearna agus Peadar amúga ar na pléibí. Bhí teinnthead agus toirnead agus fearrúain mór ann, agus bí ríad báirde, agus an bótar cailite aca. Cía d'feicfead ríad euca ann rin aét an pobailíde ceudna a otus an Tigearna aigíod do an lá rin, Nuair éainis ré euca bí truaig aige dóib, agus rug ré leir iad go dtí uais do bí aige faoi bun cairrúge, amearg na pléibthead, agus bain ré an t-eudac flúe dóib agus cuir eudais tirmé orra, agus eus nearc le n'íde agus le n'ól dóib agus leabuir le luidé air, agus gac uile fórt d'feud ré deunam dóib do minne ré é. An lá ar na márad nuair bí an rtoirum éart, eus ré amac iad agus níor fás ré iad sup cuir ré ar an mbótar ceart iad, agus eus lón dóib le h-aghair an airtir. "Mo éoinrar!" ar Peadar leir féin ann rin, "bí an ceart as Tigearna, ir maic an fear an gairde; ir iomda fear cóir," ar reiréan, "nac n'earnair an oiréad rin dam-ra!"

Ní raib ríad a b'ead iméighe ar an mbótar ann rin go b'ruair ríad fear marb agus é rínte ar énaim a d'roma ar láir an bótar, agus d'aitnig Peadar é sup ab é an fear-fear ceudna do díultais an Tigearna an déic do. "D'ole do minneamar" ar Peadar leir féin, "aigíod do díultuag do'n duine boct rin, agus feuc é marb anoir le donar agus ahró." "A Pheadair" ar ran Tigearna "téir eall euis an b'ear rin agus feuc créad tá aige ann a póca." Cuair Peadar anonn euis agus toraig ré as lámhrúgad a fear-éota agus creud do ruair ré ann aét a lán aigíod gael, agus timéioll cúpla ríad bonn óir. "A Tigearna," ar ra Peadar, "Bhí an ceart agho-ra, agus cia bé ruo deunrar tu no déarrar tu ahrí, ní raair mé i d' aghair." "Deunrar rin a Pheadair," ar ran Tigearna. "Glac an t-aigíod rin anoir agus caic arthead é ann ran b'oll

The poor old man of yesterday,
Why did you turn from him away?
But to this robber, this shameless thief,
Give, when he asked you for relief.
I thought it most strange for *you* to do;
We needn't have feared him, we were two.
I have a sword here, as you see,
And could have used it as well as he;
And I am taller by a span,
For he was only a little man."

"Peter," said our Lord, "you see
Things but as they seem to be.
Look within and see behind,
Know the heart and read the mind,
'Tis not long before you know
Why it was I acted so."

After this it chanced one day
Our Lord and Peter went astray,
Wandering on a mountain wide,
Nothing but waste on every side.
Worn with hunger, faint with thirst,
Peter followed, the Lord went first.
Then began a heavy rain,
Lightning gleamed and flashed again,
Another deluge poured from heaven,
The slanting hail swept tempest-driven.
Then, when fainting, frozen, spent,
A man came towards them through the bent,
And Peter trembled with cold and fright,
When he knew again the robber wight.
But the robber brought them to his cave,
And what he had he freely gave.
He gave them wine, he gave them bread,
He strewed them rushes for a bed,
He lent them both a clean attire
And dried their clothes before the fire,
And when they rose the following day
He gave them victuals for the way,
And never left them till he showed
The road he thought the straightest road.

"The Master was right," thought Peter then,
"The robber is better than better men,
There's many an honest man," thought he,
"Who never did as much for me."

They had not left the robber's ground
Above an hour, when lo, they found
A man upon the mountain track
Lying dead upon his back.
And Peter soon, with much surprise,
The beggarman did recognize.

móna éall, ní bíonn ann ran aighioḁ go minic aḁt mallaḁt móru Chruinniḡ Peaḁar an t-aighioḁ le céile, aḡur éuairé ré go ḁt an poll-móna leir; aḁt nuair bí ré ḁul o'á caiteam aḁteaḁ, "ocón," ar ré leir féin, "nac áirḁbéul an tṛuaḡ an t-aighioḁ bṛeaḡ ro ḁo éur amúḡa, aḡur ip minic bíonn oḁar aḡur tapḁ aḡur fuaḁt ar an Máigirṁ, óir ní éuḡann ré aon aṛie ḁó féin, aḁt congḁócairé mire cuir ḁe 'n aighioḁ ro ar ron a leapa féin, a ḡan fíor ḁó, aḡur b'fearrḁe é." leir rin ḁo éairé ré an t-aighioḁ ḡeal uile, aḁteaḁ ann ran bṛoll, i muḁt go ḡcluinfearḁ an Tigearna an toṛan, aḡur go raolṛearḁ ré go raib ré uile caiteḁ aḁteaḁ. Nuair táinig ré ar aṛann rin o'fiarruiḡ an Tigearna, ḁé "A Phearraṛ," ar ré, "ar éairé tu an t-aighioḁ rin uile aḁteaḁ." "Chaitear" ar Peaḁar, "aḁt amáin píora óir no ḁó, ḁo congḁairḡ mé le biaḁ aḡur ḁeocḁ ḁo éeannaḁ ḁuit-re."

"O! a Phearraṛ," ar ran Tigearna, "eṛeao fáḁ nac nḁearnaidḁ tu maṛ ḁubairṁ mire leat. fearṁ rannṁaḁ éu, aḡur béirḁ an tṛaint rin oṛṁ go bṛáḁ."

Sin é an fáḁ faoi a bṛuil an Eagliar rannṁaḁ ó foin;

"Ochone!" thought Peter, "we had no right
To refuse him alms the other night.

He's dead from the cold and want of food,
And we're partly guilty of his blood."

"Peter," said our Lord, "go now

Feel his pockets and let us know

What he has within his coat."

Then Peter turned them inside out,

And found within the lining plenty

Of silver coins, and gold ones twenty.

"My Lord," said Peter, "now I know

Why it was you acted so.

Whatever you say or do with men,

I never will think you wrong again."

"Peter," said our Saviour, "take

And throw those coins in yonder lake,

That none may fish them up again,

For money is often the curse of men."

Peter gathered the coins together,

And crossed to the lake through bog and heather.

But he thought in his mind: "It's a real sin

To be flinging this lovely money in.

We're often hungry, we're often cold,

And money is money—I'll keep the gold

To spend on the Master; He needs the pelf,

For He's very neglectful of Himself."

Then down with a splash does Peter throw

The *silver* coins to the lake below,

And hopes our Lord from the splash would think

He had thrown the whole from off the brink.

And then before our Lord he stood

And looked as innocent as he could.

Our Lord said: "Peter, regard your soul;
Are you sure you have thrown in the whole?"

"Yes, all," said Peter, "is gone below,

But a few gold pieces I wouldn't throw,

Since I thought we might find them very good

For bed, or for drink, or a bite of food.

Because our own are nearly out,

And they are inconvenient to do without.

But, if you wish it, of course I'll go

And fling the rest of the lot below."

"Ah, Peter, Peter," said our Lord,

"You should have obeyed me at my word,

For a greedy man you are, I see;

And a greedy man you will ever be;

A covetous man you are of gain,

And a covetous man you will remain."

And that's the reason, as I've been told,

The clergy are since so fond of gold.

FIGAIR NA CROISE NAOMTA.

O námao mo éireoinn, námao mo tír,
 Námao mo cloinne 'r mo céile,
 A tigeanna deun mo comairce
 Le figair na Croiire naomta:

Le báir na Croiire ceannais tu
 Slíocht [mí-] fortúnao éba,
 Ó foim anuas ir beannaighe
 An comairce ro áir-naomta:

Do pleurg an éirraig, do duiú an grian;
 Do éirí an domhan go h-éacta,
 Nuair o'áirdeagad ruar an Slánuigheoir
 Ar éruim na Croiire naomta.

Fánaor! dá bítin rin, an té
 Nac mbéir a éiríoe o'á reubad;
 A'r deoir aicmige as ríleao uair,
 Or cómair na Croiire naomta!

Ir gearr é réim an duine laig
 Sior le pán an t-raogail-re;
 Ni taomann (?) an Spiorao malluighe
 Luot figair na Croiire Naomta:

Sgannrócar sac don faoi gheim an báir
 O'á taétao ruar, as eugaó;
 —Ir doct béir lá an anara
 San ríat na Croiire Naomta:

THE SIGN OF THE CROSS FOR EVER.

[I came across this religious poem in Irish among the MSS. of William Smith O'Brien, the Irish Leader, at Cahermoyle. It was attributed to a Father O'Meehan.—DOUGLAS HYDE, in "Religious Songs of Connacht."]

From the foes of my land, from the foes of my faith,
 From the foes who would us dis sever,
 O Lord, preserve me in life, in death,
 With the Sign of the Cross for ever.

By death on the Cross was the race restored,
 For vain was our endeavor;
 Henceforward blessèd, O blessèd Lord,
 Be the Sign of the Cross for ever.

Rent were the rocks, the sun did fade
 The darkening world did quiver,
 When on the tree our Saviour made
 The Sign of the Cross for ever.

Therefore I mourn for him whose heart
 Shall neither shrink nor shiver,
 Whose tears of sorrow refuse to start
 At the Sign of the Cross for ever.

Swiftly we pass to the unknown land,
 Down like an ebbing river,
 But the devils themselves cannot withstand
 The Sign of the Cross for ever.

When the hour shall come that shall make us dust,
 When the soul and the body sever,
 Fearful the fear if we may not trust
 In the Sign of the Cross for ever.

bea a ucrí mbó.

nn

So péir, bean na ucrí mbó!
 Ar do bólaet na bí teann:
 Do connairc meirí san gó,
 Bean ir ba dá mó a beann.

Ní mairceann paróbbear do gnat,
 Do neac ná tabair táir so móir:
 Cúgar an t-éag ar gac taob;
 So péir, a bean na ucrí mbó

Sliocht Eogain mhóir 'ra mómair;
 A n-imt aet do gni clú dóir,
 A peolta gur léigeadar rior;
 So péir, a bean na ucrí mbó!

Clann fairge tigeairna an élaí,
 A n-imteact-ran, ba lá leoin,
 San rúil pe n-a oteact so bráct
 So péir, a bean na ucrí mbó!

Dóinnall ó Dún baol na long,
 Ua Súilleabáin ná'ri tim glór;
 Féac gur tuit 'ran Spáin pe cláróeam;
 So péir, a bean na ucrí mbó!

Ua Ruairc ir MagUirí, do bí
 Lá i n-Éirinn 'na lán beoil;
 Féac péin gur imtís an oír:—
 So péir, a bean na ucrí mbó!

Síol gCeardail do bí teann;
 le mbeirí gac geall i ngleo;
 Ní mairceann don dóir, mo díct!
 So péir, a bean na ucrí mbó!

Ó don boim amáin do bpeir
 Ar mnaoi eile, ir i a dó,
 Do pinnir-pe iomorca a péir:
 So péir, a bean na ucrí mbó!

An Ceangal:

Bíod ar m'falluins, a ainoir ir uairneac gnáir;
 Do bíor san dearmad fearmae buan 'ra tnué:
 Trí an radmur do glacair peo' buaib ar ucrí;
 Dá bpaiginn-pe realb a ceatair do buailpinn tú.

THE WOMAN OF THREE COWS.

(FROM THE IRISH, BY JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.)

O Woman of Three Cows, *agra!* don't let your tongue thus rattle!
 Oh, don't be saucy, don't be stiff, because you may have cattle.
 I have seen—and, here's my hand to you, I only say what's true—
 A many a one with twice your stock not half so proud as you.

Good luck to you, don't scorn the poor, and don't be their despiser;
 For worldly wealth soon melts away, and cheats the very miser;
 And death soon strips the proudest wreath from haughty human brows—
 Then don't be stiff, and don't be proud, good Woman of Three Cows.

See where Momonia's heroes lie, proud Owen Mór's descendants.
 'Tis they that won the glorious name, and had the grand attendants;
 If they were forced to bow to Fate, as every mortal bows,
 Can you be proud, can you be stiff, my Woman of Three Cows?

The brave sons of the Lord of Clare, they left the land to mourning;
Mavrone! for they were banished, with no hope of their returning.
 Who knows in what abodes of want those youths were driven to house?
 Yet you can give yourself these airs, O Woman of Three Cows.

Oh, think of Donnel of the Ships, the Chief whom nothing daunted,
 See how he fell in distant Spain unchronicled, unchanted;
 He sleeps, the great O'Sullivan, where thunder cannot rouse—
 Then ask yourself, should you be proud, good Woman of Three Cows?

O'Ruark, Maguine, those souls of fire, whose names are shrined in story:
 Think how their high achievements once made Erin's greatest glory.
 Yet now their bones lie mouldering under weeds and cypress boughs—
 And so, for all your pride, will yours, O Woman of Three Cows.

Th' O'Carrols, also, famed when fame was only for the boldest,
 Rest in forgotten sepulchres with Erin's best and oldest;
 Yet who so great as they of yore in battle or carouse?
 Just think of that, and hide your head, good Woman of Three Cows.

Your neighbour's poor; and you, it seems, are big with vain ideas,
 Because, *inagh!* you've got three cows—one more, I see, than she has;
 That tongue of yours wags more at times than charity allows;
 But if you're strong, be merciful—great Woman of Three Cows.

AVRAN.

Now, there you go; you still, of course, keep up your scornful bearing,
 And I'm too poor to hinder you; but, by the cloak I'm wearing,
 If I had but four cows myself, even though you were my spouse,
 I'd thwack you well, to cure your pride, my Woman of Three Cows.

First published by O'Curry in the "Irish Penny Journal" (Gunn & Cameron's)
 No. 9, 29th August, 1840, with an introductory note, and Mangan's famous metrical
 version (pp. 68, 69).

AN RANN SAEÜEALAC.

Δε πο ρανν λεατ-πάσαντα εϊλε το εualar ó duine o Connac
 Úúin-na-ngall; buð mí-fuaimíneac rtaíro na h-Éireann, map ír
 cormúil, nuair minnead é—

Nár mairbairó míre duine ar bit
 A'í nár mairbairó don duine mé,
 Δετ má tá don duine ar tí mo mairbta
 So mbuð míre mairbpar é!

Δε πο ρανν εϊλε ar an scléir, to bí aca i sCúige Mumán, aður
 to beir O Dálaið úúinn—

Seacáin fearómanar cille,
 le buíoin na cléire ná veun coingió,
 No ír baogal to o'cuio uile
 imteac map buileabpar ar bárr tuile!

Δε πο ρανν ar an meirge, to eualairó mé ó m' éaparo Tomár
 bárlaið. ír beagnac i n "Deibíde é"—

Ní meirge ír mírte liom,
 Δετ leirg a feicint orim,
 Jan uis ná meirge. ír mírte an sneann,
 Δετ ní snáac meirge jan mí-sneann.

Δε πο ρανν to eualar ó'n bfeap ceuona, ar mnaoi boirb; atá
 ré aca i sCúige Mumán map an sceuona—

Faoóó teine paol loc
 No carream cloc le cuan,
 Cómairle to eabairt to mnaoi boirb
 ír buille o'opó* ar iarann fapari:

Δε πο ρανν mí-láðac eϊle ar na mnáib, to eualar i sConnac-
 taið—

Trí mío ír doilíð a múnad
 Dean, muc, aður mírte!

* Aliter, "boirb," map, eualar é ó feap eila.

IRISH RANNS.

[From "Songs of Connacht," by DOUGLAS HYDM.]

Here is a half-Pagan rann which I heard from a man in Donegal. The state of Ireland seems to have been unsettled at the time it was made—

I hope and pray that none may kill me,
Nor I kill any, with woundings grim,
But if ever any should think to kill me
I pray thee, God, let me kill him.*

Here is another rann about the clerics which O'Daly gives us—

Avoid all stewardship of church or Kill,
It is ill to be much in the clerics' way,
Lest you live to see that which with pains you save,
Like foam on the wave float far away.†

Here is a rann on drunkenness which I got from my friend Thomas Barclay. It is almost in *Deibhidh* metre—

I mind not being drunk, but then
Much mind to be seen drunken.
Drink only perfects all our play,
Yet breeds it discord alway.‡

Here is another rann on the fierce or wayward woman, which I heard from the same; it is also current in Munster—

Like a fire kindled beneath a lake,
Like a stone to break an advancing sea,
Like a blow that is struck upon iron cold,
To the wayward woman thy counsels be.§

Here is another discourteous rann on women that I heard in Connacht—

If you hope to teach, you must be a fool,
A woman, a porker, or a mule.||

* *Literally*: That I may kill no man at all, and that no man may kill me! But if there is anyone bent on killing me, that it may be I who shall kill him!

† *Literally*: Avoid the stewardship of a Kill (or church). With the band of the clerics do not make agreement, or there is a danger of all your portion departing like leaves on the top of the tide.

‡ *Literally*: It is not intoxication I think the worse of, but [am] loath it to be seen on me. Without the drink of intoxication fun is the worse, but intoxication is not usual without dis-fun [*i.e.*, something the opposite of fun].

§ *Literally*: The kindling of a fire beneath a lake or the throwing of stones against the harbor, to give advice to a wayward (or fierce) woman, it is a blow of a fist upon cold iron.

|| *Literally*: Three things difficult to teach [are] a woman, a pig, and a mule!

AS ro rann ar an bfeap boib, do cialar i gconrad
Rorcomán—

Cómaire do tabairt do duine boib
Ni bfuil ann aet nio san céill,
So sclaoirdear é 'na loet
S go nigtear é 'na airm-leap féin.

* AS go cómaire do tug ragar i gconrad Mhuig Eó do cailín
do bí nio gail-beurac gleurca, do cialar mé ó'n bfeap
ceurona—

A cailín deap ná meap sup mór i do ciall,
'S go bfuil "nótion" agao náir cleaet do póir ariam,
Dólaet-bleaet do b'aire leó ar rliab,
'S ní cota bpeac ar pleac (?) do tóna fiar.

AS ro focal briogmar ar conrad Mhuig Eó—

"Saoilim," "ir dóig liom," a'r "dap liom féin,"
Sin tri fiaðnuire atá ag an mbriús.

Agur duhairt fear ó'n gconrad ceurona go cruinn ciallmair le
duine a raib an-éaint agur toga an béarla aige, aet do rinne
bpo-cuirgebeata—

Ni béarla gnio bpaic
Aet a ruatao go maic!

AS ro rann maic ar an trior-éiroir rin atá ar bun ior an
toil agur an tuigrint, air ar labair an Rómánac, nuair duhairt
ré, video meliora probo-que—deteriora sequor—

Nac boet an toirg a'r an cor ann a bfuilim i bpéin!
Mo tuigrint om' toil, a'r mo toil ag oruioim om' céill,
Ni tuigtear dom' toil gac loet dom' tuigrint ir léir,
No má tuigtear, ni toil léi, aet toil a tuigiona féin.

* *Literally*: To give advice to a wayward [or fierce] man, there is nothing in it but an act devoid of sense, until he be overthrown in his fault, and until he is washed [i.e., laid out dead] in his own misfortune.

† *Literally*. My pretty girl, do not think that great is your sense, and sure you have a notion that your people [literally, "seed"] never practised, milk-kine on a mountain they liked better, and not a speckled coat behind.

Here is a rann on the fierce or wayward man, which I heard in the County Roscommon—

To a wayward man thine advice to bring
Is a foolish thing, and a loss of time,
His fault must find him, he must be crost,
Till death be the cost of his frantic crime.*

Here is an advice which a priest in the County Mayo gave to a girl who was too foreign-mannered and dressy; I heard it from the same—

My girl, I *fear* your sense is not *great* at all,
Your fathers, my *dear*, would *rate* such sense as small,
They loved good *cheer* and not *state*, and a well-filled stall,
Not garments *queer* to *inflate* like the purse-proud Gall.†

Here is a forcible saying from the County Mayo—

"No doubt sure," "Myself believes," "Thinks I,"
Three witnesses these of the common lie!‡

A man from the same county said pithily to someone who had fine talk and choice English, but who made bad whiskey—

It's to mix-without-fault,
And not English, makes malt!§

Here is a good rann on that constant combat which is ever on foot between the will and the reason, of which the Latin spoke when he said, "I see the better things and approve of them, but I follow the worse"—

How sad is my case, I am surely in *plight* most ill,
My will with my reason, my reason *fights* with my will,
My reason sees faults that my will remains *blind* to still,
Or should my will see them, my reason *strikes* to my will.||

† *Literally*: "I think," "I'm near-sure," and "it seems to me," those are three witnesses that the lie has.

§ *Literally*: It is not English makes malt, but to mix it well.

|| *Literally*: Is it not poor, the way and the condition in which I am in pain, my understanding [moving away] from my will, and my will moving away from my understanding. Each fault which is plain to my understanding is not understood by my will, or if it is understood she wills it not, but [wills] the will of her own understanding.

Aḡ ro ḡann eile; ir rean-focal coitcéionn “ni tuisgeann an
rátac an reanḡ”—

Níor ainiḡ an rátac ráim an t-ocraic ḡam,
S ni táiniḡ ḡam trádḡad ḡan lán-muir obann 'na 'biaiḡ;
Ní bíonn ráirt aḡ mnáib le ḡroḡaire liaḡ,
'S ni tuiḡ an báir rpar 'oo 'duine ar bit ariam.

Aḡ ro ḡann eile ar céill aḡur ar mí-céill—

Ciall aḡur mí-ciall
Diar nac nḡabann le céille!
Ir 'báḡ le rean ḡan céill
ḡur 'bé réim úḡoar na céille!

Aḡ ro ḡann eile ar an 'duine a bfuil a aipe aḡur a innitinn
ar rán uair—

Craann torair an t-íubair;
Ní bíonn coróce ḡan báiri ḡlar;
Ionann a'r ḡan a beir 'ran mbaile
Neac ann a'r a aipe ar!

Tá moirán ḡann ann, aḡ innitint 'deirid neitead an traoḡail;
Cieroin ḡo bfuil an eirir ir mó aca coitcéionn 'oo'n oileán ar
raro. Ní tiúbrao anoir aét ceann aca mar pompla, 'oo réir mar
atá ré i ḡconraé Mhuir-Eó—

'Deirad loinge, bátaḡ;
'Deirad áite, loḡad;
'Deirad cuirin, cáinead,
'Deirad rláinte, orna;

Atá mar an ḡceurona a lán 'oe ḡanntaib aḡ toruḡad leir an
bfochal “Mairḡ” aḡ 'deunam truaḡe raoi neirib eusraimla: aḡ

* *Literally*: The mild satisfied one never felt [for] the hungry one, and there never came an ebb without a full tide close behind it. No woman has any part with a gray-haired dotard (?), and death has never given respite to anyone.

† *Literally*: Sense and un-sense, two who do not go together. The man without sense is certain that he himself is the author of sense.

Here is another rann: "The satiated does not understand the lean" is a common proverb—

The satisfied man for the hungry one never feels,
There never comes ebb without full tide close at its heels,
To the gray-haired dotard no woman her heart reveals,
From death when he comes no praying a respite steals.*

Here is another rann on sense and folly—

Though the senseless and sensible
Never foregather,
Yet the senseless one thinks
He is Sense's own father.†

Here is another rann on the man whose attention and mind are astray—

A constant tree is the yew to me,
It is green to see, and grows never gray,
'T were as good for a man through the world to roam
As to live at home with his mind away.‡

There exist many ranns telling the end of the things of the world. I believe the most of these are common to the entire island. I shall only give one of them here as a specimen, in the form it has in the County Mayo—

The end of a ship is drowning,
The end of a kiln is burning,
The end of a feast is frowning,
The end of man's health—is mourning.§

There are also a great number of ranns beginning with the word "alas," or "woe," lamenting over various things. Here

‡ A tree of fruit is the yewtree, it is never without a green top. It is the same thing for a man not to be at home as for him to be there with his attention away. [The idea seems to be that wherever a man is planted, he should remain there with his mind fresh and green like the yew and not grow withered by wishing to be where he cannot be.]

§ *Literally*: The end of a ship—drowning; the end of a kiln—burning; the end of a feast—reviling; the end of health—a sigh.

ro cúpla rompla díob ro, ar an gconradé Rorcomáin; mar do
cualar iad—

1r mairg do ghró bpannra san-riol,
1r mairg díor i dtír san beit tneun, (a)
1r mairg do ghró cómhád san rlaet,
Asur dá mairg nac gcuireann rmaet ar a beul;

Asur air—

1r mairg a mbíonn a capad fann,
1r mairg a mbíonn a clann san rat,
1r mairg a bídear i mboctán boet,
Ar dá mairg a bídear san oile ná maic;

1r iomda fann ann, mar an gceudna, coraigear le "1r fuat
liom."

1r fuat liom cairleán ar mhóin,
1r fuat liom fógmaí beit bárdte;
1r fuat liom bean buinnead (?) ar bhóin;
'Sur 1r fuat liom fiacla ar fagaric;

Air—

1r fuat liom cú truaig
As peat (rit) ar fuo tige;
1r fuat liom duine-uafal
As fhearcaí o'd mnaoi!

Tá fann corhmúil leir reo i dtaoib fhinn Mhic Chumail—

Ceithe nro o'd otug fionn fuat—
Cú truaig, ar eac mall,
Tigearna tife san beit glie,
Asur bean firi nac mbéarpad clanni;

Buó gnátae leir na daoimib beitideac éigin do mairbád asur
o'ite oirde fhéile Mhárcain: Thápla, an oirde reo, nac maib
le mairbád as mnaoi an tige aet muc breac, asur níor maic léi
rin do deunam: Aet buó mian leir an mac béile maic do beit

(a) Aliter, tneirdeac.

Literally: Alas for who makes land fallow without seed [to put in it],
alas for him who is in a land without being strong, alas for who makes
conversation without elegance, and twice alas for him who places no
control over his mouth,

are a couple of examples of them just as I heard them in the County Roscommon—

Alas for who plow without seed to sow,
 For the weak who go through a foreign land,
 For the man who speaks badly yet does not know,
 —Twice woe for the mouth under no command.*

And again—

Alas for the man who is weak in friends,
 For the man whose sons do not make him glad,
 For the man of the hut through which winds can blow,
 —Twice woe for who neither is good nor bad†

There is also many a rann beginning with the words "I hate." Such as—

I hate a castle on bog-land built,
 And a harvest spilt through the constant wet,
 I hate a woman who spoils the quern,
 And I hate a priest to be long in debt.‡

Again—

I hate poor hounds about a house
 That drag their mangy life,
 I hate to see a gentleman
 Attending on his wife?§

There is a rann somewhat like this about Finn Mac Cool—

Four things did Finn dislike indeed,
 A slow-foot steed, a hound run wild,
 An unwise lord who breeds but strife,
 And a good man's wife who bears no child.||

It used to be the custom of the people to kill and eat some beast on St. Martin's Night. It happened on this night that the woman of the house had nothing she could kill except a speckled pig, and she did not like to do this. But her son

* *Literally*: Alas for him whose friend is feeble, and alas for him whose children are without prosperity, alas for him who is in a poor bothy or hut, and twice alas for him who is without either bad or good. [Perhaps this last clause is a reminiscence of the Apocalyptic *οφελον ψυχης ἢ δξαστος*.]

† *Literally*: I hate a castle on a bog, I hate a harvest to be drowned, I hate a * * * (P) woman at a quern, and I hate debt on a priest.

‡ *Literally*: I hate a miserable hound running throughout a house, I hate a gentleman attending [*i.e.*, for want of servants] on his wife.

§ *Literally*: Four things to which Finn gave hatred, a miserable hound, a slow steed, a country's lord not to be prudent, and a man's wife who would not bear children.

aiſe aſur éuaíð ré i bpolac ar cúl an tige, 'o'atpáig ré a ſutí
aſur dubairt ré 'óé ſlóir ſpánna uaebárac an rann ro—

Míre Mártan 'dearſ Oia,
aſur ar ſac realb buainim feóil,
Marí náir márb tupa an muc breac
Márbpaíð míre 'óo mac Copmac óſ:

'Óo rſannpáigeaó an mátaí, óir faoil rí ſur b'é Naom Mártan
féin 'óo bí aſ labairt, aſur márb rí an muc.

aſ ro rſeul 'óo rſpíob mé ríor o beul míceáil míic Ruairórigſ
"an file ar conoaé Mhuig-Eó," marí leanar:

"Bí beirt paſart aſ rparí'oeópaót, don lá amáin, aſur éonn-
aíre ríao [aſ] tigeaót 'na n-aſaíð leaó-amaoán naó paíð don éiall
aiſe, aót bí ré an ſeap-píoballac [ſéip-freapaíeac], aſur aſpa
ceann 'oe na paſairt leir an breap eile, 'cuípríð mé ceirt ar
'Ohiarmuro anoir nuair éiucpaíð ré i nſaí 'óúinn.' 'Ír feapí
'óuit a léigean éart' ar ran feap eile. Nuair éainigſ Ohiarmuro
i n-intíſ (?) [= i nſaí] 'óóib, aſpa ceann 'óo na paſairt leir, 'lapp-
amaoíð ort [= ríapruíſimíð 'óíot] caó é an uair breádeap a éaint
aſ an bpreácán 'óub'?' 'Óeapí Ohiarmuro ruar ann ran aſaíð
ar an paſart, aſur 'innreócaíð mé rin 'óuit,' ar reiréan

Nuair éómnócap an t-iuplac [t-iolap] ar an nſleann;
Nuair ſlanpar an ceó 'oe na cnuic,
Nuair imteócap* an traint 'oe na paſairt
béio a éaint aſ an bpreácán 'óub.

'Noir,' ar ran paſart eile, 'náir breapí 'óuit éirteaót le
Ohiarmuro!' "

aſ ro rann eile 'óo ruair mé ó'n m'árcíaiſeac—

ſeallpaíð an feap breuſac
ſac [a] breuóap a énoíde;
ſaoilpríð an feap rannac
ſac a ſealltar ſo bfuigſ.†

aſ ro ceann eile ó conoaé Mhuig Eó—

An té léigear a leabap
a'í naó ſcuíreann é i meabap;
Nuair éaillean ré a leabap
bionn ré 'na baileabap (?)

* "aót ſo n-intíſ," 'óubairt mac uí Ruairórigſ, aót ní léir 'óam rin.
† = ſo bfuigpríð ré ſac n'ó ſealltar.

wished to have a good meal, and he went and hid at the back of the house, changed his voice, and spoke this rann in hideous, awful tones—

I am God's Martin, hear my word,
Out of every herd one head is mine,
I must slay your Cormac 'Og this day
Since you will not slay the spotted swine.*

The mother was frightened, for she thought it was St. Martin himself who was speaking, and she killed the pig.

Here is a story which I wrote down from the mouth of Michael Mac Rory [Rogers], the "poet from the County Mayo," as follows—

"There were two priests out walking one day, and they saw coming towards them a half fool who had no sense, but he was very short-tailed [i.e., quick-at-answer], and says one of the priests to the other, 'I'll ask Diarmuid a question when he comes near us.' 'It's best for you to let him pass,' says the other one. When Dairmuid came near them one of the priests says to him, 'We're asking you when shall the black crow have speech.' Diarmuid looked up in the priest's face, and 'I'll tell you that,' says he:

'When the eagle shall nest in the hollow glen,
When mountain and fen shall from mists be free,
When the priests shall no longer for gold be seeking,
The crow shall be speaking as plain as we.'

"'Now!' says the other priest, 'wasn't it better for you to listen to [i.e., let be] Diarmuid!'"

Here is another rann from which I got from the same—

The lying man has promised
Whatever thing he could,
The greedy man believes him,
And thinks his promise good.†

Here is another, also from the County Mayo—

The man who only took
His learning from his book,
If that from him be took
He knows not where to look.‡

* I am Martin red-God (?) and out of every herd, do I take meat; as you have not killed the speckled pig, I shall kill your son Cormac Oge. (This use of the word *realt* (which now means any possession) for "herd" is ancient and curious, but Father O'Growney tells me it is still used in Donegal in this sense.)

† Literally: The lying man will promise all that his heart is able [to invent], the covetous man will think that he will get all that is promised.

‡ Literally: He who reads his book, and does not put it into his memory, when he loses his book he becomes a simpleton (?).

SEÁŠAN AN DÍOMAIS;
BLÚIRÍN AS STAIR NA h-ÉIREANN.
CONÁN MAOL;

Cair. I.

bile na coille.

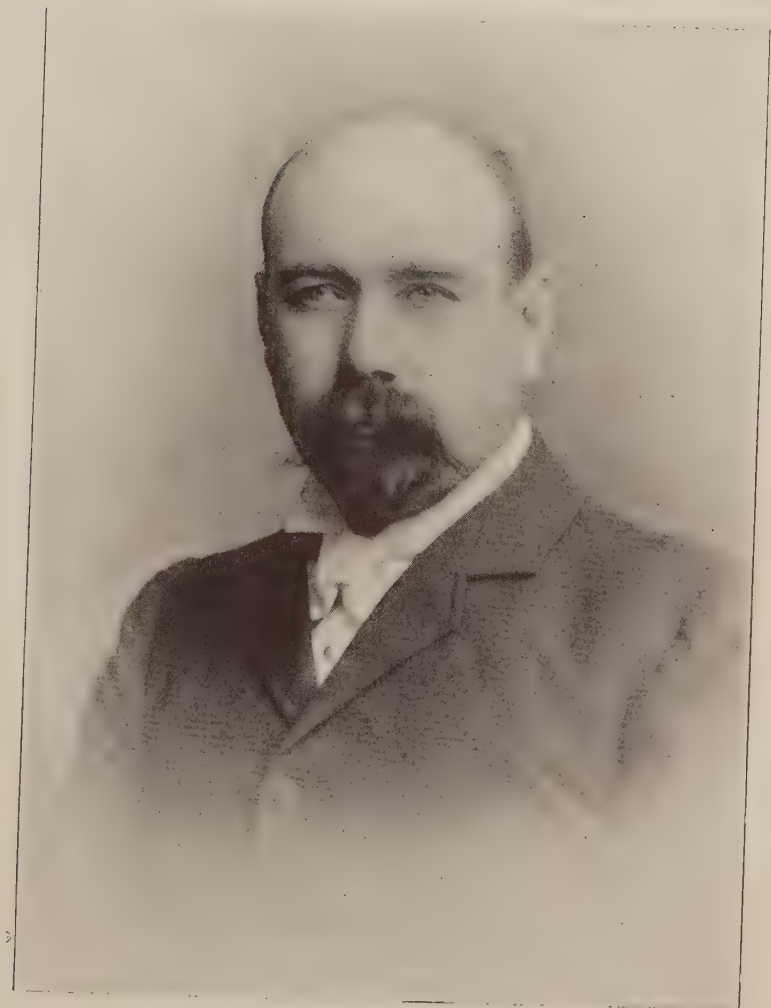
I r iomda fear gairseamail do h-oilead i n-úlad ó Coin Culainn anuas go dtí Seáshan an Díomair. I bfuad iní na cian-taib do rugad ann Niall naoi nGiallac, ní cúmactac do bí i dTeamair. I r mimic do moctuis na Rómánaig i mBreatain a corrairte ríú. I gceann d'a turpuraib tug pé leir mar éime buacail ós d'ár b'ainm 'na diaid rúo páoruis. Do b'é an éime úo an Tailgin sup innir na d'raoite noim pae a teact. Tá a clú, 7 a ceannar go h-aibid fód imearg Saedéal, áct dála Néill naoi nGiallaig i r beag nác bfuil a ainm deapmáota. Ar a fón roin ba móir le pád an ní úo lá, 7 ar a leappaca d' fár an aicme ba cumapaise 7 ba calma d'a paib i nÉirinn le n-a linn féin, 'na b'féirir ar d'ruim an domain. Cuapdaig rtair na gcríoc eile, féac imearg aicmib abur 7 tall 7 ní bfuigfir rir d'aon éinead amáin do b'áilne d'ead, do ba calma i ngleo, do ba gléir-inntinead i gcomairle 'na na páir-rir do fíolpaib ar fead na gceadta bliadan ar an b'péim uapail rin Muinir Néill.

Fá mar do liúga nn an gaoth móir timdeall crainn daine i n'aonair ar láir macaire, gan baint le n-a neart áct amáin na duilleoga do rgiobad de 7 fo-ceann d'a géagaib do b'píre ad le h-áir iapraet, do ba mar rin do na Sapanais ar fead ceitpe céad bliadan d'a mbargad féin i gcoinnib na gcupaide úo do táinig ó Niall naoi-nGiallac; 7 i r é mo tuarim ná buairpíde coirde oíra rúo muna mbéad sup eirigeadar i n-aíar a céile.

Ní paib fear ar an gcinead ba mó cáil 'na an Seáshan ro do luadmuid. Éireannac 'na ballaib do b'ead é, cóim maic 'na loctair 7 'na tréitib fearamla. Ní paib pé cóim glie i gcomairle 'na cóim géar-cúiread i gceirt le h-aod ó Néill d'foglumid cleaprideact magla i dtig Elíre, bainpíogain Sapan. Ní paib bun-eólar coíar aige cóim clíre le h-eógan Ruad, áct níor páruig aon duine aca ro é i ngeirge, i ngníom, 'na i nspad d'a tír. Tá aon pmál amáin ar a ainm. D'foillirig

PATRICK J. O'SHEA (Conan Maol)

From a photograph by Allison's, Belfast, Armagh and Dublin



SHANE THE PROUD.

A FRAGMENT OF IRISH HISTORY.

By P. J. O'SHEA.

CHAPTER I.

THE FIRST TREE OF THE WOOD.

THERE was many a valiant man reared in Ulster, from Cuchulainn to Shane the Proud. Far back in the old times Niall of the Nine Hostages was born there, a powerful king in Tara. The Romans in Britain often experienced the havoc wrought by him. In one of his expeditions he took with him as a prisoner of war a young boy whose name afterwards was Patrick. That slave was the saintly child whose coming the Druids foretold. His fame and his power are fresh and strong still among Gaels. But as to Niall of the Nine Hostages his name is almost forgotten. But nevertheless that king was very great once, and from his loins sprang the most powerful and the most valiant race that existed in all Ireland in their own time, or perhaps in the whole world. Search the history of other countries, seek among the tribes here and elsewhere, and you will not find men of any one race who were handsomer in appearance or more valiant in battle or more intellectual in counsel than the brave men who, during hundreds of years, sprang from that noble root of the O'Neills.

As the wind howls round about an oak-tree standing by itself in the middle of a plain without reducing its strength, but only snatching leaves from it and breaking an odd one of its branches by a great effort, so it was with the English for four hundred years, flinging themselves against those champions descended from Niall of the Nine Hostages: and it is my opinion that the latter would never have been conquered but for the fact that they rose up against each other.

There was no man of the family more renowned than this Shane of whom we speak. He was an Irishman all over, as well in his faults as in his manly qualities. He was not so clever in counsel nor so subtle in disquisition as Hugh O'Neill, who learned state-craft in the house of Elizabeth, Queen of England. He was not so skilful in the science of warfare as Owen Roe, but neither of these surpassed him in valor, in

na Sapanaiḡ ḡo poiḡeip an rḡmāl poin dūinn ḡo h-āḡapāc, mar ba beaḡ opḡa Seāḡan Ō Néill. D'fuaḡaiḡ ré bean Calbairḡ Uí Dómnaiḡ, deirḡbḡrúir do ḡiḡearna na nOileān coirḡ Albain, 7 ip dōic le n-a lān ūḡḡar ḡup éaluirḡ rīpe leir le n-a toil féin. Ir fuaḡac nāc raiḡ ré cōm h-olc leir na Sapanaiḡ féin ar an ḡcuma raiḡ, ācḡ amāin ḡo n-āḡmōcāḡ reirpan a d'poc-ēleācḡaḡ mar nīor ba rīmineāc é, ācḡ fear rīpīnneāc nā ceirpeāḡ a cāim.

Caib. 2.

Éire le n-a linn:

Ni fearaḡḡ inir fāil lā ruaimnir riam ō ḡaḡ reōlḡa na Norḡmānāc i ḡcuan ar “ḡrāiḡ an ḡainḡ” le Diarmairḡ na nḡail inir an mbliāḡain 1169. ḡāimḡ na Norḡmānaiḡ ḡo Sapanā ō'n bḡrḡaine cēāḡ bliāḡan poin an am poin, fā rḡiúrūḡāḡ liam ḡuāḡḡaiḡ, 7 do rḡāirpeāḡar na Sapanaiḡ i n-aon bḡuigim amāin. Bī na Sapanaiḡ fā coirḡ ḡan moill 7 Norḡmānāc 'na rīḡ 7 'na buanna opḡa fearḡa. Nīor ba ḡala poin d'Éirinn. Ō'n rī rin an ḡara Hanrī ḡo ḡḡi an ḡ-ōcḡmāḡ Hanrī bī rīḡḡe Sapanā 'na “ḡḡiḡearnaiḡ” ar Éirinn. Nī raiḡ ré i mirneāc aon rī aca Rī Éireann do ḡlaoḡāḡ ar féin ḡup cēap an ḡ-ōcḡmāḡ Hanrī ḡup cōirḡ ḡḡ féin beir 'na rī ḡāirīrīb ar Éireannaḡ.

Ar an aḡḡar poin cuir ré ḡairim rḡoile amāc ḡo raiḡ ré rīācḡanaḡ ar ḡaoirpeācāib móra Éireann cḡuinnūḡāḡ ar aon lācāir ḡo mbḡonnpāḡ ré ḡiḡḡail 7 talamḡ opḡa.

Do b'ē nōr na ḡtaoirpeāc poin ḡo ḡḡi rāḡ beir 'na ḡcinn ar an ḡḡeirḡ 7 rḡloinneāḡ a ḡḡeirḡe féin do ḡḡḡāil. Bī Ō ḡriain mar cēann ar Muinḡir ḡriain, Ō Néill mar cēann ar Mūinḡir Néill, 7 mar rin dōib. Cuirḡir an ḡ-ōcḡmāḡ Hanrī deirpeāḡ leir an nōr poin fearḡa, 7 ḡ'ā rēir rin cuirpeann ré rōḡra āḡ ḡriail ar āḡḡ-ḡaoirpeācāib Éireann nāc bḡuil uairḡ ācḡ rīōcḡāin do ḡéanaḡ leḡ, 7 ḡo nḡéanpāḡ ré ḡiḡearnaiḡ móra dōib, 7 ḡo mbḡonnpāḡ ré talamḡ na ḡreirḡe opḡa ācḡ ḡéillēāḡ ḡḡ. Do mīācḡnuirḡ na ḡaoirḡ. Do rēir nōr na h-Éireann an uair rin nīorḡ' leir an ḡtaoirpeāc talamḡ na ḡreirḡe, ācḡ leḡ féin 7 leirpan i ḡteannta cōile. Bī reirpan mar cēann opḡa mar d'āḡḡuigēāḡar féin é ar cōinḡeall ḡo ḡḡāḡpāḡ ré cēapḡ dōib. Ar an aḡḡar poin bīḡar rāor 7 nī leḡmḡāḡ an ḡaoirpeāc a ḡcuiḡ

action, nor in love of his country. There is just one stain upon his name. The English have shown us that stain clearly and gladly, for they detested Shane O'Neill. He carried off Calvach O'Donnell's wife, sister to the Lord of the Isles on the coast of Scotland; and many authors think that she eloped with him of her own will. He was very nearly as bad as the English themselves in that way, except that *he* would admit his evil conduct, for he was no hypocrite, but a truthful man, who would not conceal his fault.

CHAPTER II.

IRELAND IN HIS TIME.

Inisfail never saw a day's peace after the sails of the Normans were lowered in the harbor at Traig-an-Vaniv,* with Foreign Dermot, in the year 1169. The Normans came to England from France a hundred years before that time, under the command of William the Conqueror, and they routed the Saxons in one single battle. The Saxons were overcome at once, and a Norman was King and task-master over them thenceforward. It was not thus with Ireland. From that King, Henry II., to Henry VII., the Kings of England were "lords" of Ireland. Not one of them had the courage to call himself King of Ireland until Henry VIII. thought that he ought to be really King over the Irish.

He therefore issued a proclamation that all the great chiefs of Ireland must assemble in one place so that he might present them with titles and lands.

Until then, it was the custom of those chiefs to be heads of the clans and to take the family name of their own clan. O'Brien was head of the O'Brien family, O'Neill of the O'Neill family, and so with all of them. Henry VIII. will put an end to this custom for the future, and accordingly he sends a notice to the high chiefs of Ireland that he wants nothing but to make peace with them, and that he will make great lords of them, and that he will bestow upon them the lands of their clan, provided they submit themselves to him. The chieftains reflected. According to Irish customs at that time the land of the clan did not belong to the chief, but to themselves and to him jointly. He was their head, because they themselves appointed him on condition that he would give them their rights. For that reason they were free, and the chief would not dare to

* Somewhere on the coast of Wexford. The name is not now recognizable.

talman 'do bhaint 'd'íob mar bí an oipead ciar aca féin cum na talman roin 7 bí aigeSean.

Ácť féac an 'dlige seo 'do ceap an t-octmaró Hanrí 7 a minir-
céir glie Wolsey. 'Deaó an taoipeac feapda mar m'áigirctir ar
sac tpeib 1 n-ionao beic mar 'do bí fé go 'dci ro. 'na uac'darán
orca. Níor tairnig an gno 1 n-aon cor leir an 'dpeib, ácť 'do
néiróciť fé go 'dian m'ait leir na taoipeacdaib, 7 'do rmuainió sac
ceann aca ar a fon féin go raib fé 7 a 'd'áinig noimir tndite,
cuirpeac le cómrac 1 n-a'gair na Sapanac, 7 sup m'ic'io corť 'do
cup leir an impear.

'D'á cionn roin léigmió sup t'piall taoirig móra na n-éipeann
anonn go lún'duin cum Hanrí inr an mbliadain 1541, 7 'na mearg
Conn Ó Néill; 7 go raib an pí go rial, fáilteac, upraimeac leó,
7 go n'oeáirnaib fé iarlai 7 tigeáirnaib 'd'íob 'do néir a gcéim 'ra
t'pao'gal.

'Ba t'ubairteac an t'upur é mar 'do 'deagail fé sac tpeib 1 n-
éipinn ó'n nóir 'do bí aca leir na ciantaib—fé rin flait 'do
'deanaó 'd'íob féin ar an 'dpeib gan r'pleá'deap 'do iug Sapanac.
Cait'p'io r'iao feapda úmalú'gao 'do'n iarla nuaó ro 'do cum an
pí 'd'íob, 7 muna mbeir r'iao úmal 'dó cuirpear r'ais'oiúirí Sapanac
cum cab'p'uirgte leir an iarla nuaó 1 gcómarí r'macť 'do cup ar an
'dpeib noán. Ní puláir 'do'n iarla nuaó leir aipe t'abairt 'dó
féin nó á'p'od'caib Sapanac iarla eile 'na ionao a beir úmal 7
muin'ceapda 'do'n r'ua'galcar.

Caib. 3.

GRUAIM 1 'D'ÍR EÓ'GAIN:

Níor b'iongnao go raib riormarraig 1 'd'Ír Eó'gain ar t'eacť
ar n-air 'do'n iarla nuaó, 7 co'gairnac 7 c'p'ocao ceann 7 lám-
redil clairdeam go basairteac abur 7 tall. "Ir é an Conn ro an
ceao Ó Néill 'do érom a glún cum iug i'p'ac'ca," ar r'iao'ran, 7
t'uga'dar r'uil ar Seághan, aoránac Cuinn. "Tá ad'bar iug ann,"
ad'ub'ra'dar le céile; "ran go b'páiró fé. Féac an g'ruaig r'ao'as,
r'áinneac, fionn roin air, 7 an 'd'á r'uil larmara glara roin aige.
Tá fé ag bo'p'raó go t'iu'g. Tá b'p'oir 7 fé t'p'oi'gte ar áir'oe ann
ceana féin: Féac go c'p'uin air, ná'c leac'an-g'ua'ilneac r'uinnte
r'ear'p'ao'ac acá fé; cóm 'd'ipeac le r'leis, cóm lú'mar le r'iao;

take their land from them, for they had as much right to that land as he had.

But observe this law that Henry VIII. and his cunning minister, Wolsey, devised. The chieftain would in future be the master of each clan, instead of being, as he had been hitherto, the head man of them. The business did not please the clan at all, but it suited the chieftains thoroughly well, and each of them thought for his own part that he and all who came before him were worried and tired with fighting against the English, and that it was time to put a stop the struggle.

And so it is that we read that the great chiefs of Ireland traveled over to London to Henry in the year 1541, and among them Conn O'Neill; and that the King was most generous and hospitable and respectful towards them, and that he made earls and lords of them according to their rank in life.

It was an unlucky journey, for it parted every clan in Ireland from the custom they had had for ages—that is, making a prince for themselves from among the clan, independently of the King of England. Henceforward they will have to obey this new Earl that the King has made for them, and if they will not be obedient to him, the soldiers of England will be sent to help the new Earl in order to repress the unruly tribe. The new Earl, too, must needs mind himself, or England will put up another Earl in his place who will be obedient and friendly to the Government.

CHAPTER III.

GLOOM IN TIR-EOGHAIN.

It was no wonder that there was whispering in Tir-Eoghain when the new Earl came back, whispering and shaking of heads and a threatening handling of swords on this side and that. "This Conn is the first O'Neill who bent his knee to a foreign King," said they, and they cast their eyes on Shane, Conn's eldest son.

"There is the making of a King in him," they said to each other; "wait till he grows up. See that long, curly fair hair on him, and those two fiery gray eyes he has. He is growing fast. He is more than six feet in height already. Look at him closely; see how broad-shouldered, well-knit, and sinewy he is, as straight as a spear, as fleet as a stag, as bold as the bull of a herd. Shane shall be prince over us, and Henry the Eighth's new Earl will have to take himself off."

cóm d'an le tarb tána. Deir Seághan mar fílaic opainn 7 caite-
pió lapa nuad an oetmáó Hanrí gpeadóó leir."

Cualaíó Conn Ó Néill an coşapnaó 7 'o goill ri ari.
Cualaíó pé riri aş caint le céile 7 faobari 'na raóapc. "Ir
annra leir an mac toşapca, Matú an fearpoicéa, 'ná Seághan
a mac olipcinead péin 'o eug a bean-tişapna 'óó, an bean ir
uairle i n-Éirinn leir." 'O b'i mátairi Seágain ingean an Şear-
aitaig, lapa Cille 'Dapa, an fear ba cúmaócaigé i n-Éirinn.

'D'iari an t-oetmáó Hanrí ar Conn a oighe 'o'ainmniúgaó.
"Matú," ar Conn, 7 pinnead bapún 'Óungeanainn 'o Matú
laithead. "Caithead-ra mó ceart 'o' fágaíl," aoir Seághan.
Connait Conn Ó Néill an lapa i fúlaib a mic. Connait pé an
şruaim ar an 'oipeib. "Deir Seághan mar oighe oim," aoir
pé fá 'oipead, tar éir móran tapaint.

'D'iari Matú cabairi ar Şapana 7 ruair pé i Şan moill mar
ba máit leir na Şallaib an leatrgéal cum muinciri Néill 'o
cup ar céapab a céile. Cuinead pior laithead ar Conn Ó Néill
i şcómairi pápaim 'o baint 'o i 'ótaóó 'ílatú 'o 'óí-látaipugaó,
aóó ní raóad pé riari ar a Şeallamaint 'o Seághan 7 buailead
'ná Şlar i m'baile-aóá-cliaó é.

Caib. 4.

FAOBAR CLAIÓIM.

'O blaóm Seághan an 'Diomair ruar 7 Şlaódaíó pé ar a
muinciri eirge amad, le n' aóari 'o'fuarglaó. Níor b'feári leir
na Şapanaig şnó bí aca. Seólaó pluag ó tuaró go cúige Ulaó
i şcómairi pmaíóó 'o cup ar an bfear óş baóó ro, aóó 'o táimig
reipean amari oicéa go h-obainn, 'o şab pé épióca, 7 bióvar
aş baint na pála 'ó'á céile aş teicead uaró. 'O Şléapóó pluag
eile ar an mbliadóain 'o bí cúgainn (1552), aóó 'o tiomáin
Seághan noimiri iad 'nóir rşata şabari. Bí fear i n-aşair na
Şapanaó an cor ro. Şgaóilead Conn Ó Néill le tí pióóána
'o 'óéanaó aóó ba beag an mátear é. 'O blaíri Seághan an
'Diomair fúit.

"Caitheari an fear mópóálaó boip ro 'o éorş," arían fear-

Conn O'Neill heard the whispering, and it troubled him. He heard men talking together, with daggers (*lit.* an edge) in their looks. "He prefers the bastard son, Matthew, the dark man, to Shane, his own lawful son, whom his lady gave him—the noblest woman in Ireland, too!"

Shane's mother was a daughter of the Geraldine, the Earl of Kildare, the most powerful man in Ireland.

Henry VIII. asked Conn to name his heir. "Matthew," said Conn, and Matthew was made Baron Dungannon forthwith. "*I* must get my right," said Shane. Conn O'Neill saw the flash in his son's eyes; he saw the sullenness of the clan. "Shane shall be my heir," said he at last, after a great deal of persuasion.

Matthew asked assistance from England, and he got it immediately, for the foreigners liked the excuse to put the family of O'Neill to worrying each other. Word was sent at once to Conn O'Neill in order to get satisfaction out of him for displacing Matthew, but he would not go back on his promise to Shane, and he was thrown into prison in Dublin.

CHAPTER IV.

THE EDGE OF THE SWORD.

Shane the Proud started up and called to his people to rise out and release his father. Nothing pleased the English better. An army was sent northward to Ulster to bring this foolish young man to discipline, but he came upon them suddenly from the West and rushed right through them, and they were knocking the heels off each other in flying from him. Another army was prepared the next year (1552), but Shane drove it before him like a flock of goats. There was a *man* opposing the English this time. They released Conn O'Neill in order to make peace, but it was little good. Shane the Proud had tasted blood.

"Somebody must check this proud, arrogant man," said the Lord Deputy from England, and he put in order and prepared a strong body of men. Their visit to the North was in vain, for Shane used to meet them in a place where they did not expect him; he used to startle them and inflict damage on them, and he would go off bold and domineering.

Matthew gathered together a body of the clan, for some of them continued under his flag, and he started to help the foreigners, but Shane stole upon them in the middle of the night, and he routed Matthew speedily. "Let us build a

lehnad ó Sapaná, 7 'do cúirig 7 'do gléar pé ríóigeaó láríon. Bí a gcúairt ó tuairt i n-airdearí mar 'do buaireaó Seághan leo 'ra n-ait nác faib coinne leir, baimeaó pé geit arda, baimeaó pé gé arda, 7 'bhuirdearó pé leir go d'an, míocúibearaó.

Bailig Matú 'bream de'n tpeib, mar 'do lean 'cuid aca fá na bpat-ran, 7 'do gluar pé cum cabruaó leir na Gallair, aó 'o'éaluis Seághan 'na tpeó i lár na h-oiróce 7 'do éir pé ar Matú go capair. "Déanpam daingean i mbéalfeirpoe cum a rmaótuighe," aóeir an ríóiríe William bhabaron. 'Buir Seághan irteac oíra inr an dún neam-éiríócuighe úo 7 'do mill pé a bpuiríóir. 'Buir pé ar an gcuma gcéatna irteac ar 'bream eile 'do luét conganra bhabaron coir 'Doiríe 7 'do rígar pé iad. Níor 'b'ionghaó gur éamig eagla ar na Sapanacaib 7 gur ríein-neadar leo ar n-air go baile-ata-cliaó.

Leigead 'do ar pead éiríre mbliadán 'na díaró rúo (1554-8), aó ní faib aon fonn ruaimínir ar Seághan an 'Díomair. Cúimnig pé gur le n-a fínnreapí cúige Ulaó. Díor an lám láríon i n-uacóair, aóeir pé leir féin. 'Béaó pé ruactanaó ar na taoiríg eile géilleaó 'do. 'Dá mbéaó pé cóm glie le n-doró Ó Néill 'do déanpaó pé ceangla 7 capadar leir na taoiríacaib boirba úo i n-ionad 'do éir 'o'fíacaib oíra géilleaó 'do.

Dubairt O Ríagallair, iapla nuao 'bpeirí, leir nác géillpeaó pé féin i n-aon coir 'do, aó léim an fear teinnteaó tpeo, 7 'do b'éigean 'do mac Uí Ríagallair beir umal 'do fearda. Níor mar rin de Ó 'Dómnair i 'oTíirí Conair. Ní mó 'na géill an Clann 'Dómnair ó Albainn 'o'aitig na gleannta coir fairrige i n-dontpíim, aó tug Seághan aóair oíra go léiríoní gaeóil 7 gairl. Níor eirig leir go mar inr an iarpáct 'do ghiró pé cum clanna cruada Tíirí Conair 'do éabairt fá na ruagair, mar ppeab Calbaó Ó 'Dómnair i gan fíor air 'na cában ir oíóce ag baile-aóair-éaoin 7 ba beag náir mill pé Seághan. 'Do tuit a lán 'o'a cúro fear inr an ruagaó obann úo, 7 'do éairl pé airí 7 capairl, 7 'na mearg a eac óiríobú féin. 'Do b'é an t-eac cogair úo an capall ba breagda i n-éiríinn. Mac-an-fíolairí 'do tugtaoir uirte. Fuair Seághan ar n-air airí i. Níor cúirí an bac úo coirg abpaó leir an bpearí gcumapaó n'óan.

'Do tuit Matú i ngíargarí éigin le cúro de muiríirí Seághan inr an mbliadán 1558, 7 'do ghiró na Sapanairí iarpáct ar an gcóir 'do éir i leir Seághan féin aó dubairt pé nác faib aon baint aige le báir Matú 7 go gcairíóir beir fáirra leir an bpreagna ríon. Fuair Conn Ó Néill báir ar an mbliadán 'do bí éúgairn. "Ta an bótar péiró 'do Seághan anoir," aóeir an tpeib; "ní beir íapla mar éeann opairn a túilleaó."

stronghold in Belfast to keep him in order," said the Knight, Sir William Brabazon. Shane broke in upon them in the unfinished fort, and destroyed most of them. He broke in, in the same way, upon another body of Brabazon's party near Derry, and scattered them. It was no wonder that fear fell upon the English, and that they fled back to Dublin.

They let him alone for four years after that (1554-8), but Shane the Proud had no desire for peace. He remembered that Ulster had belonged to his ancestors. Let the strong hand be uppermost, said he to himself. It would be necessary for the other chiefs to submit to him. If he had been as clever as Hugh O'Neill, he would have made bonds and friendship with those haughty chiefs instead of forcing them to yield to him.

O'Reilly, the new Earl of Breffny, said to him that *he* would not submit to him in any case; but the fiery man leaped through him (*i.e.*, through his forces), and O'Reilly was obliged to be humble towards him for the future. It was not so with O'Donnell in Tir-Conaill, nor did the Clan Donal from Scotland yield, who inhabited the glens by the sea in Antrim; but Shane turned his face against them all, both Gaels and foreigners. He did not succeed very well in the attempt he made to bring the sturdy children of Tir-Conaill under his rule, for Calvach O'Donnell sprang upon him secretly in his tent at night at Balleegan (on Loch Swilly), and he nearly destroyed Shane. A great many of his men fell in that sudden rout, and he lost arms and horses, and among them his own coal-black steed. That charger was the finest horse in Ireland. They called him the Son of the Eagle. Shane got him back again. That check did not long hinder so powerful and intrepid a man.

Matthew fell in some brawl with a few of Shane's people in the year 1558, and the English tried to attribute the crime to Shane himself; but he said he had nothing to do with Matthew's death, and that they would have to be satisfied with that answer. Conn O'Neill died the following year (1559).

"The road is clear for Shane now," said the clan; "we will have no earl for a head over us any more."

CHAPTER V.

O'NEILL OF ULSTER.

Out with you to the top of Tullahogue, Shane the Proud! The royal flagstone is there, waiting for you to plant your right foot upon it, as your ancestors the Kings did before you! And

Cairb. 5.

Ó Néill ulao:

Amac leat ar bárr Tulaisgóis, a Seághan an Diomair! Tá an leac ríogaíodá ann ag feiceam leat leo' coir veir do bualaó uirte mar ghnídeao do fínnreap rígte rómat! Agus do fearaim Seághan Ó Néill ar Tulacóis, agus do ríneao ríat bán díneao cuige mar cómartha cóthaim ciit d'a tpeib; buaileao clóca ghréaróda ar a fínnneánaiú cumarada 7 caibbárr ar a ceann. Cairteao ríupéio a coire ríap tap a gualainn. Capao míle claid-eam ór cionn ceann 7 dúirígeao mac alla na gceanntap le fuaim-glór míle ríogíada—"Ó Néill abú! So maíuró ar b'flait a toga!" Do taitníú an ghian ar ceannaiúgte d'atamail, luir-neamail Uí Néill, 7 do cuip coin móra ar iallaiú amartíada aroa fé mar eualadap ualparíais an máctípe 'ra coill 7 géim na h-eilite ar an gcnoc.

"Do b'ónóiríge liom veit am' 'Ó Néill ulao' 'ná am' ní ar Spáinn," arpa doó t'ip eógain tamall maí 'na díao rúo. "Ír mó le h-Últaí an ainm 'Ó Néill' 'ná 'Caerap' le Rómánaí," ar an rígoróóir Mountjoy.

Cairb. 6:

"DEARBRÁTAIR TAIOIS DÓMNAIL."

Cailteao Máire, bainríogain Sárana pá'n am ro, 7 bí Eúir 'na h-ionao. Do b' i an bean mí-banamail reo an éiríde clóide 7 na ríapíada p'ráir an bean ba mó inntleact le n-a linn. Do énom rí féin 7 a ríagaltap láitíneao ar cuip irteao ar Seághan. Sydney do b'ainm d'a fear-ionao i n-Éirinn. Gluair fé ó tuair do Dúindealgain 7 cuip rósra cum Seághan teact 'na gaoir. Níor leig Seághan air gur eualao fé an rósra act cuip fé cuipeao cum Sydney teact cum a tíge 7 veit 'na atáir baíríde d'a mac ós. Níor díúltaí an fear-ionao do 7 do fearaim fé leir an mac. "Táim-re am' Ó Néill i n-Ulaó le toil na tpeibe reo," arpa Seághan. "Ní tearvuirgeann uaim cóthíac le Sárana má leigtear dom, act má cuipítear orm, bíod oíaiú féin." Bí Sydney pártá leir rin 7 bí ríotcáin ar feao tamail i n-Ulaó

Shane O'Neill stood on Tullahogue, and a straight, white wand was handed to him as a symbol of his true balance of justice to his clan; an embroidered cloak was put over his powerful shoulders, and a helmet on his head. His shoe was thrown behind him over his shoulder. A thousand swords were waved overhead, and the echoes of the whole district were awakened with the sound of voices from a thousand throats—"O'Neill for ever! May our Prince live to enjoy his election!" The sun shone on the handsome, bright features of O'Neill, and the great hounds in their leashes bayed as if they heard the howl of the wolf in the forest and the cry of the fawn on the hill.

"I would think it a greater honour to be 'O'Neill of Ulster' than to be King of Spain," said Hugh of Tir-Eoghain a good while after. "The name 'O'Neill' is greater in the eyes of Ulstermen than 'Cæsar' was to the Romans," said the exterminator Mountjoy.

CHAPTER VI.

"DONAL IS BROTHER TO TADHG."

Mary, Queen of England, died about this time, and Elizabeth was Queen in her stead. This unwomanly woman, with the heart of stone and the bowels of brass, was the cleverest woman of her time. She and her Government began at once to interfere with Shane. Sydney was the name of her Deputy in Ireland. He proceeded northwards to Dundalk, and sent notice to Shane to come to him. Shane did not pretend to have heard the notice, but he sent an invitation to Sydney to come to his house and be godfather to his infant son. The Deputy did not refuse him, and he stood for his son. "I am O'Neill of Ulster by the will of this clan," said Shane. "I do not want any fighting with England if I am let alone, but if they provoke me, let them take the consequences." Sydney was satisfied with that, and there was peace in Ulster for awhile, until Sussex came as Deputy to Ireland. "I shall have no peace," said he, "till O'Neill is overthrown," and he prepared and fitted out an army for the purpose. This Sussex was a false, cruel, cunning man, but he was not so clear-headed as Sydney. Calvach O'Donnell assisted him, and also the Scottish O'Donnells in Antrim. Shane the Proud complained that they were annoying him without cause. His province was prospering in wealth and well-doing. Let a messenger come from Elizabeth and he would see. Elizabeth took no

suir táinig Sussex 'na fear-ionad go n-Éirinn. "Ní béad am' fuaimneap," aoiir ré, "go mbeid Ó Néill pá coir," 7 'do gléap 7 'do cóirig pluas le n-ágar an gnóta: fear realitac, boib, glac, 'do b'ead Sussex ro áct ní raib ré cóim géar-inntineac le Sydney. 'Do cabruig Calbac Ó Dómnail leir, 7 mar an gcéadna clann Dómnail na hÁlbann, i ndontuim: 'Do gearán Seághan-an-Diomair go rabtar as cur air san cúir. 'Bí a cúige as dul cum cinn i maoin 7 i maiteap. Tagad teactaire Elíre 7 féacac ré. Níor cúir Elíre ruim 'na cúro cainte áct leis ní 'd'á fear-ionad gluaireact ó tuair go n-Áro-Maca inr an mbliadain 1561.

'Pneab Seághan go n-obann irteac go Tír Conaill pul a raib coinne leir 7 'do ríob ré leir pean Calbac Ó Dómnail 7 a bean ós, an bean úo 'd'fás an rmál ar a ainm. 'Do cúir an cleap cogair obann roim meapótal ar na Tír Conaillig 7 'do tocuir Sussex a ceann le canscar. Car Seághan ó deap pá mar 'do béad ré ar tí iarraict 'do tabairt pá 'Baile-ata-Cliait. 'Bí Mac-an-íolair pá 7 níor 'b'ionntaoid Seághan ar muin an eic rin ar ceann 'd'neama 'oirgineac 'o' Ultaicib. Níor tuig Sussex cao é an fuadar 'do bí pá Seághan. Pá deirtead 'do píiró ré go raib Seághan 'na glaiac aige 7 'do beaptuig ré innil 'dó. 'Do 'druio ré míle fear irteac go Tír Eógain as creaca 7 as corrairt, 7 'o' fan ré féin coir Áro-Maca as feiteam le Seághan. 'Bailig an míle fear na céadta ba dúbá, na caoirig bána, 7 na capail, 7 'do gluaireadar ar n-air go buacac. "Féac Mac-an-íolair," arpa 'duine éigin, "cá Seághan an Diomair cúgaib!" Ní raib le Seághan ar an látair úo áct céad 7 ríce marcac 7 'd'á céad coiróite, áct gairgídig blorgbéimeaca 'do b'ead iad. 'Bí cinn 7 cora 'na gcápnánaib ar an macaire úo pá ceann uaire an clois, 7 an fuigleac beag creacóda, ríollta, as rgeinnead go hÁro-maca, na biailib raobhaca 'd'á n-gearrad 7 'd'á n-éirleac, 7 an gáir-cata uamnac úo—"Lám deapig abú!" 'na gcluaraid: innreann Sussex féin le crad croidé an maon-matoma 'do cuiread air.—"Ní raib ré i mírneac don Éireannaig riam fóir fearam am' ágar-re, áct féac inoiu Ó Néill reo 7 san aige áct a leat n-oirtead fear liom, as brúctad irteac ar mo arim breág ar macaire péir leatán. 'Do gúirpinn cum 'Dé faili 'd'fágail air 'na leitéro 'd'ait san coill i ngiorraet trí míle 'dó le ríat 'do tabairt 'd'á cúro fear. Mo náire é, 'd'fóbaip ná páspad ré aicir dom' arim beó i n-uair an clois, 7 ir beag náir rípac ré mé féin 7 an cúro eile amac leir ar daingean Áro-maca."

Ní grompad Sussex ar Tír Eógain 'do creacac go fóil arir. Cúir an bupleac úo ríannpad orca i Lúnduin 7 'd'iarir Elíre ar

notice of what he said, but she allowed her Deputy to go north to Armagh in the year 1561.

Shane rushed suddenly into Tir-Conaill before they expected him, and he carried off old Calvach O'Donnell and his young wife—that woman who left the stain on his name. This sudden feat of arms dismayed the Tir-Conaill men, and Sussex scratched his head with vexation. Shane turned southward, as if he were about to make an attack on Dublin. The “Son of the Eagle” was under him, and Shane was not to be trusted on the back of that horse at the head of an active body of Ulstermen. Sussex did not know how great was the energetic force of Shane. At last he thought he had Shane in his grip, and he laid a trap for him. He sent a thousand men into Tir-Eoghain to plunder and ravage, and he himself remained near Armagh waiting for Shane. The thousand men collected hundreds of black cows, of white sheep, and horses, and they were returning, much elated. “See the ‘Son of the Eagle’!” said one of them; “Shane the Proud is upon us!” Shane had only a hundred and twenty horsemen and two hundred foot in the place, but they were warriors who dealt loud-resounding blows. Heads and feet were in heaps upon that field at the end of an hour, and the little remnant, wounded and torn, were flying to Armagh, the keen-edged axes cutting and slaughtering them, and that terrifying war-cry, “*Lám deaig abú!*” in their ears. Sussex himself tells with sorrow of heart the utter rout that was inflicted on him* :—“No Irishman ever before had the courage to stand against me; but see this O'Neill to-day, and he having only half as many men as I, bursting in upon my fine army on a smooth, wide plain. I would pray to God to get a chance at him in such a place, without a wood within three miles of him to give shelter to his men. My shame! He was like not to have left a creature of my army alive in one hour, and it wanted little but he would have dragged me and the rest out of the fortress of Armagh.”

Sussex would not attempt to plunder Tir-Eoghain again for awhile. That defeat terrified them in London, and Elizabeth asked the Earl of Kildare, a relative of Shane the Proud, to make peace. She sent a message of pardon to Shane, and an invitation to come to London to speak with her. “I will not stir a foot,” said Shane, “till the English army takes the road out of Ulster.” “Be it so,” said Elizabeth.

* In all cases where quotations from English writers have been translated into Irish by Conán Maol, such quotations have been re-translated into English, and therefore differ slightly in form, though not in sense, from the English originals.--ED.

lárta Cilleḡara, bráḡair Seáḡain an D'íomair, ríóḡáin do deánaḡ. Cuir rí teacḡairacḡ maiteamḡair cum Seáḡain 7 cuiracḡ cuise teacḡ ḡo lúḡuain le labairḡ léi. “Ní corḡrḡcḡ cor,” aḡeir Seáḡan, “ḡo ḡcḡḡairḡ arḡ ḡarana a mbóḡair orḡa ar ulaḡ.” “Bíḡḡ mar rín,” aḡubairḡ Elír.

Nuair do meac Sussex ceap ré a cleap feill do cur i bḡerḡm. Tá a rḡrībinn féin cum Elíre mar fíacḡnairḡ ar an bḡeall. I mí na lúḡnara 1561, rḡrībḡann ré cum na bainḡioḡna rín ḡur ḡairḡ ré luac céac marḡ 'ra mbliacḡain ḡe ḡalam do Miall Liac, maorḡḡḡe Uí Néill, ar coingḡeall ḡo muirḡeḡcḡ ré an ríac rín. “Do múineap ḡo cionnup ḡ'éalḡcḡ ré leir ḡar éir na beapḡa,” aḡeir ré. Ní ríor ḡúinn an ríac Miall Liac ḡáirīb, acḡ ḡibé rḡeal é ní cloirḡear ḡur ḡnḡḡ ré.íarḡacḡ ar Seáḡan do ḡúḡmarḡḡacḡ.

Caib: 7:

seáḡan-an-d'íomais i lúḡuain.

Rinne lárta Cilleḡara ríóḡáin ríar Ó Néill 7 ḡarana, mar ba móir le h-Ó Néill é, 7 do feolacḡar arḡon anonn ḡo lúḡuain i ḡeirḡeacḡ na bliacḡna, 7 ḡáirḡa ḡallḡḡlac i n-éinḡeacḡ leo.

ḡubairḡar le Seáḡan náḡ bḡillḡeacḡ ré ar air ḡo ḡeḡ, ḡoirḡ ḡo ríac an ḡuac 7 an ceap 'na cóḡairḡ acḡ Elír, acḡ bí muirḡḡin aḡḡeapḡ ar a ḡeangḡa liomḡa 7 bí ḡóic aḡḡe náir meac ré ríam i n-aon cúḡmangacḡ.

Dean uallacḡ do b'eaḡ Elír: Bí rí ḡacḡamail, ḡruacḡ ríacḡ uirḡe, 7 ríla ḡlarp aici, an ḡ'éacḡ ba bḡeacḡa 7 ba ḡacḡirḡ le rḡḡail uirḡe, 7 an iomacḡ ḡe aici le h-í féin do córḡḡacḡ ḡo minic 'ra ló. Réacḡḡ ḡo b'eaḡ i le réacḡaint uirḡe, acḡ bí cḡoirḡe an beacḡadacḡ alicḡa, ḡan ḡruacḡ, ḡan ḡruacḡmél aici, 7 innḡin 7 aḡḡe ḡar mḡadḡ an ḡomáin. “An labairḡair beapḡa cúici?” arḡa ḡuine éḡḡin le Seáḡan. “Ní labḡrḡacḡ ḡo ḡeimḡn,” ar rḡirḡean, “mar leḡḡrḡacḡ an ḡeangḡa ḡuairḡ ḡrḡanna ríoin mo córḡáin.” Bí rḡrḡincir 7 Spáincir 7 larḡeann acḡ Seáḡan i ḡeannḡa a ḡeangḡa binn bliarḡa féin. Dean ḡeangḡacḡ do b'eaḡ Elír leir, 7 ḡubairḡar ḡur rḡrḡiḡ Seáḡan 'ra bḡrḡrḡincir i 7 ḡur eirḡḡ rí cóḡrḡacḡ leir 'ra ḡeangḡa ríoin.

When Sussex had failed, he thought he would put his cunning in treachery to account. His own letter to Elizabeth exists as a witness to the treachery. In the month of August, 1561, he writes to that Queen that he had offered land to the value of a hundred marks a year to Grey Niall, O'Neill's house-steward, on condition that he should kill that prince. "I showed him how he should escape after the act," said he. We do not know whether Grey Niall was in earnest, but in any case we do not hear that he made any attempt to murder Shane.

CHAPTER VII.

SHANE THE PROUD IN LONDON.

The Earl of Kildare made peace between O'Neill and England, for O'Neill had a great regard for him, and they both traveled over to London at the end of the year, taking a guard of gallowglasses with them.

It was said to Shane that he would never come back, because Elizabeth had the axe and the block in readiness for him; but he had confidence in his own keen and ready tongue, and he thought that he had never failed in any difficulty.

Elizabeth was a vain woman. She was handsome; she had red hair and gray eyes, and she wore the most beautiful and the most expensive clothes, and she had more than enough of them to decorate herself many times in the day. She was like a peacock to look at; but she had the heart of a wild beast, without pity or compassion, and more intellect and mind than any other woman in the world. "Will you speak English to her," said somebody to Shane. "Indeed I will not," said he; "for that rugged, ugly language would sprain my jaw." Shane had French and Spanish and Latin as well as his own sweet musical tongue. Elizabeth was a linguist too, and it is said that Shane outdid her in French, and that she refused to converse with him in that language.

On Little Christmas Day, in the year 1562, he walked into the royal room of Elizabeth. There were valiant men of six feet and more around her, especially young Herbert; but it was seen at once that they were but insignificant men beside Shane the Proud. English history gives an account of his visit and of his appearance. "He had a yellowish-red mantle of fine material flowing down behind him to the ground, and light red hair, crisp and curly, falling over his shoulders to the middle of his back; he had wild gray eyes that looked out at you as

Lá nochtas beas inr an mbliadain 1562 do buail ré irteac
 go reómha ríogacda Elír. Bí sí calma ré tpoigte 7 níor mó
 na curdeacta, go móir móir Herbert ós, aet connacatar
 láitíreac náe raið ionnta aet rppreapáin i n-aice Seághan-an-
 Díomair. Tugann rctáir na Sapanac cúntur ar a cúairt 7 ar a
 crut. “Bí falluins buirde-dears do déanmúr daor ar ríleao
 riar ríor go talam leir, 7 sruais fionn-ruas do cupineac, cam
 arpac tar a flinneadnaib ríor go láir a dhroma, rúla glara ríadaine
 aise d’féac amac oit cóim lonnriac le gac sréine; corpp
 fuinnite lútmair aise 7 ceann-aigte dán.” Bí na céadta as
 iarraird padairc d’fásail air féin 7 ar a gallóglaca: Deir a
 tuairpís go padadair ro ceann-lomnocta, foile fionna oita,
 léinteada lúipís ó muineál go glún oita, cpoiceann mactíre
 tar suailnib gac ríir aca, 7 seárr-tuag cata i láim gac don aca.
 Níor b’ ionntaoid fearís do cup ar a leitéirid ríu. Ir deall-
 ractac go padadair i mbriugin dhromaca. “Úmaluigib!” arpa
 Seághan de gac glórac 7 ní raið an focal ar a déal nuair do
 bí na gallóglais ar a leat-glúin. Stao ré i gcómhgar do’n
 eataoir ríogacda mar a raið Elír, asur i éaduiigte ar nór
 péacóige, do éom ré a ceann, do éom ré a glún, 7 do fearaim
 ré annroin cóim díreac le gáinne. D’ féac ré féin 7 Elír roir
 an dá rúil ar a céile. Labair rí i lairdeann leir 7 d’ fíreagair
 reirean i go binn-dhriatrac. Do mol ré a mórdact 7 dubairt
 ré sup dail a rgeim 7 a crut é, mar ba mín i a teangsa le
 mnáib. Níor luig rúil Elír riam ar a leitéir d’ fear 7 ba dhinn
 léi é beir ’gá bfeasgao. Do tearbáin rí dó i n-ainneoin a
 cóimairleoirí sup taitn ré léi, sí do raið na cóimairleoirí rin
 ar tí a cúro pola do dhórtad. Dubradair leó féin go raið
 sréim aca anoir nó riam air, 7 sí do sup tugaodar na coingil dó
 ná bainríd leir ar a túrur, meapadair, mar ba gndac, an glar
 do bualað air. “Tátaoi ar tí an coingil do dhíreao,” ar
 Seághan go dán. “Leigfear ar n-air tú uair éigin,” ar Cecil
 leir, “aet ní fuil don am díuigte ceapuígte ’ra coingéall
 roin!” “Meallao mé,” arpa Seághan leir féin, 7 do buail ré
 irteac go láirair Elíre 7 d’iarr ré coimirc uirte: “Ní leómtar
 don dháitinn do déanað duit,” aoir rí leir, “aet caiteir
 panamaint agáinn go fóil.” Ní ríor cionnur do meall Seághan
 í: Ba maic léi le n-a n-air é, 7 meartar go raið ragar sráid
 ainmíde aici dó, 7 ir é iongnað gac leigteóra sup rgaol rí
 uairte é fá dírreao ar geall go mbéao ré úmal ví féin amáin 7
 san baint ’gá fear-ionao i n-éirinn leir. Deirtear go raið
 eagla uirte leir d’a gcuiríd i gcuidheac é go ndéanad
 Muintir Néill ríat de tóirdeatbac lúneac ó Néill ’na ionao

bright as sunbeams; a well-knit, active frame, and haughty features." There were hundreds of people trying to get a sight of himself and of his gallowglasses. This account says that these latter were bare-headed, with fair heads of hair, wearing shirts of mail from the neck to the knee, each man having a wolf-skin across his shoulders and a sharp battle-axe in his hand. One would not trust the consequences of provoking the like of those fellows. It is probable that they were in the fight at Armagh. "Make your obeisance!" said Shane in a sonorous voice, and the word was not out of his mouth when the gallowglasses were on one knee. He stood close to the throne where Elizabeth sat, dressed like a peacock; he bent his head, he bent his knee, and then he stood up as straight as a rod. He and Elizabeth looked at each other between the eyes. She spoke to him in Latin, and he answered her in sweet-sounding words. He praised her greatness, and he said that her beauty and her form dazzled him, for he had a smooth tongue with women. Elizabeth's eye had never rested on a man like him, and she liked to hear him flattering her. She showed him, in spite of her advisers, that he pleased her, though those same advisers were ready to shed his blood. They said to themselves that they had a grip of him now or never; and although they had agreed to the condition that no one should molest him on his journey, they thought, as was their custom, to close the lock upon him. "Ye intend to break the conditions," said Shane boldly. "You will be allowed to go back some time," said Cecil to him; "but there is no particular time decided upon in that agreement." "They have deceived me," said Shane to himself, and he walked into the presence of Elizabeth and demanded her protection. "They will not dare to do you any injury," said she to him; "but you will have to remain with us for a while." There is no knowing how Shane persuaded her. She liked him to be about her, and it is supposed that she had a kind of animal affection for him, and every reader is surprised that she let him go away from her at last on his promising that he would obey herself alone, and that her Deputy in Ireland should have nothing to do with him. It is said that she was afraid also that if he were put in fetters the O'Neills would make Turlough Luineach O'Neill prince in his stead, and she preferred Shane to *him*. Sussex was gnawing his tongue with rage because they had not taken Shane's head from his body in London, and he sent word to Elizabeth that it was spread abroad through Ireland that Shane had deceived her, great as was her intelligence, and that she had made him

7 'do b'annra léi Seághan 'na eiréan. Bí Sussex a5 cogaint a teangan le buile toirg ná'p baineaó an ceann de colainn Seághan i lúnuin, 7 cúip ré r3éala cum Elíre 50 raió ré leatáa ar fuo Éiréann 5up meall Seághan i 'd'á feabap i a h-inntleat 7 5up 3nib rí rí ar Ulaó de. 'D'iaip ré ceao uirte é meallaó 5o Baile-áta-Cliat i 3cóip 3neama 'd'fá3ail aip, aó bí Seághan ró-amapapac 7 níop 3ab ré i n3aop 'do Baile-áta-Cliat, 3iú 5up 3eall Sussex a 'deirb'riúr map mnaoi 'dó aó teat 'd'á feicpint:

Caib. 8.

nim 7 fuil.

Inp an mbliatáin 'na 'diaiú fuo (.i. 1563) 'do érom Sussex ar cúip irteac ar Seághan 7 ar uirge fá talam 'do 'd'éanaó ioiri é féin 7 Elip. 'Do cábrui3 rean-námaíoe Seághan, na Tír-Connailis 7 Albanais aontpuim, le Sussex, 7 'do 3luair reiréan ó tuaió 5o h-Ulaó inp an Abpán 1563, aó má 3luair 'do 3nib Seághan liaipóib coipe de féin 7 'd'á fluas, 7 bí Sussex an-buiréac 5o raió ré 'na cumap teiceao le n'anam. 33piob Elip cum Sussex rioteáin 'do 'd'éanaó le Seághan, map náa raió aon maít 'dó beít leip.

'Do 3nib Sussex fuo ar Elip, 7 ar an am 3céaona cúip ré féipín rioteána cum Seághan—ualac fíona meap3uig3e le nim: 'D'ól Seághan 7 a linn-tig3e curo de'n fíon 7 'd'fóbair 5o mbéao ré 'na pleipt. Bí ré a5 cómpac leip an mbár ar feao 'd'á lá, 7 nuair 'do cáinís ré cúige féin níop b'ion3naó 5o raió ré ar 'deap3-lapao le feip3 7 5up 3léap ré a buiréan cum cogaió. leip Elip uirte 5o raió rí ar buile i 'otaob an feill-beapit úo 7 'do 3eall rí 5o 'otabapapó rí ceapit 'dó aó a fuaimneap 'do 3lacao. 'Do 3laodaió rí abailé ar Sussex. leip rí uirte 5up map páram 'do Seághan é, aó 'do b'é an cúip 'do bí aici ar Sussex 5up meat ré. 'Do fnaidm rí rioteáin 7 capaoap map 'd'eaó le Seághan aip, 7 bí ré 'na pi3 'd'airipuib ar Ulaó anoir 7 leigéao 'dó. Aó map rin féin bí a fuat 'do'n 3all cóm 3éap 7 bí ré puam: 'D'á cómapta poin cum ré capleán ar bpuac loca n-éac. fear tagapta 'do b'eaó é 7 ceap ré 5up beas ar na 3apanais paóapic an éapleáin rin 7 'do bairt ré aip "Fuat na n3all." 'Deipteap 5up ceap ré an uair peo pió3aó na h-Éiréann 'do

King over Ulster. He asked her permission to decoy Shane to Dublin in order to get a grip of him; but Shane was too suspicious, and he did not go near Dublin, although Sussex promised him his sister for a wife if he only went to see her.

CHAPTER VIII.

POISON AND BLOOD.

In the year after that (1563) Sussex began to interfere with Shane, and to make mischief between him and Elizabeth. Shane's old enemies, the Tir-Conaill men and the Scots of Antrim, assisted Sussex, and the latter went north to Ulster in the April of 1563; but if he did go, Shane made a football of himself and his army, and Sussex was very thankful that he was able to fly with his life. Elizabeth wrote to Sussex to make peace with Shane, for it was no use for him to be attacking him.

Sussex did as Elizabeth bade him, and at the same time he sent a gift of peace to Shane—a cargo of wine mixed with poison. Shane and his household drank some of the wine, and he was like to have become a corpse. He was fighting with death for two days, and when he recovered it was not surprising that he was in a red flame of rage, and that he prepared his troop for war. Elizabeth pretended that she was furious about this act of treachery, and she promised that she would give him satisfaction if he would only keep quiet. She recalled Sussex. She pretended it was to satisfy Shane, but the cause of complaint that she had against Sussex was that he had failed. She tied the bonds of (pretended) peace and friendship with Shane again, and he was really King over Ulster now, and they let him alone. But for all that his hatred of the stranger was as keen as ever. As a sign of it he built a castle on the shore of Lough Neagh. He was a wittily-spoken man, and he thought that the English would not enjoy the sight of that castle, and he christened it "The Hate of the Strangers." It is said that he thought at that time of taking to himself the kingdom of Ireland, and of clearing the English out of it. But the Irish did not help him. He wrote to the King of France to ask help from him. "If you lend me six thousand men," he said, "I will drive the English out of this country into the sea." He could have got ten times as many as that in Ireland itself if they had been willing to rise with him, but they did not stir a foot.

gàbail cuise féin, 7 na Sapanaisg 'do glanadh amach airde. A'c nìor càbhuig na h-Èireannaisg leir. 'Do rsgriob ré cum rug na ffrain e as iarraidh congnaim ari. "Mà tughann tu dom ré m'ile fear ari iaract," ari reirean, "ciomáinfeadh na Sapanaisg ari an tóir reo irteadh 'ra b'airrge." 'Do geobadh ré a deic n-oirteadh roim i n-Èirinn féin 'o'a mb'ail leó eirge leir, a'c nìor còrruigeadar cor.

Carb. 9.

LÀM DEARG ABÚ!

Muna gscabhuigridh Èire linn, mar rin féin caiteam d'ul ar aghaidh. B'i an Clann Dòmhnail reo i n-dontpuim ó uair go h-uair as cabruig leir na Sapanaisg. Amharanna 'do b'eadh na ffrin calma úo. Tánghadar ó Albain ari cuireadh Cuinn Uí Néill 7 a atar, 7 'do cuireadh ar fúta i n-dontpuim 7 i n-Dalriada. Ní raib Seághan páirta 'na aigne fad 'do bíodar 'ra tír. 'Do géilleadh ród 7 'do cábhuigeadar leir don uair amáin, a'c ní raib don ionntaoidh aige arda. Dubhadar leir nác raib don rmaect aige oirta, 7 nác raib ré maectanac oirta cabruig leir, a'c le n-a oitail féin. 'Do ghríoraidh bainpuigain Elir iad i gan fíor. "Seadh má'r eadh," a'ceir Seághan leo, "gheadhaidh lib abailte. Ní fuil don ghnó agampá d'ib fearda." A'c 'do cuir na h-Albanaisg colg oirta féin 7 dubhadar leir go b'farraduir mar a raib aca gan rpleadhachar d'ó roim: "Do buadhmar ari d'atáir-re ceana 7 ari Sussex 'na ceannta," a'ceir na h-Albanaisg d'ána.

'Do leat Seághan-an-Dìomair a còpa ari Mac-an-Íolair, bailig ré a fhuaisgte timcheall ari 7 'do b'uir ré irteadh go h-dontpuim ari nór tuinne parrge. Buail na h-Albanaisg leir i n-geanntaire 'na nopeamaibh n'oirgheada 7 'do fearradh cat fuilteadh eatortha. Tá pean-bótar oia tuar de'n baile rin bun-abann Duinne, i gcondae dontpuim, 7 'do cuir Seághan-an-Dìomair a ead cioróub, Mac-an-Íolair, ari còr-in-airde tar còrraibh Albanac ann, 7 pá meadhon laé b'i Clann Dòmhnail 'na rraicibh rínte timcheall ari. 'Do marbhuigeadh annrúo dongur Mac Dòmhnail 7 react gceadh 'o'a cuio fear, 'do ghabadh 7 'do gonaadh Séamur Mac Dòmhnail, 7 'do tóg Seághan leir Somairle buirde, an taortheadh eile b'i oirta. 'Do b'fearr d'óibh 'o'a tógfadhuir a

CHAPTER IX.

Lám Dearg abú!

If Ireland will not help us, still we must go forward. These MacDonnells in Antrim were helping the English from time to time. These brave men were mercenary soldiers. They came from Scotland on the invitation of Conn O'Neill and of his father, and they settled in Antrim and in Dalriada (the present counties Antrim and Down). Shane was not easy in his mind as long as they were in the country. They submitted to him and assisted him once, but he had no confidence in them. They told him he had no control over them, and that there was no necessity for them to help him except by their own free will. Queen Elizabeth used covertly to encourage them. "Very well so," said Shane to them. "Get ye away home. I have no further business of ye." But the Scotsmen assumed a threatening attitude, and they said to him that they would stay where they were without dependence on *him*. "We got the better of your father before, and of Sussex besides," said the bold Scots.

Shane the Proud threw his leg over his horse Mac-an-Fhiolar, gathered his hosts around him, and broke in upon Antrim like a wave of the sea. The Scots met him in Glenshesk, in fierce bands, and a bloody battle was waged between them. There is an old road behind the village of Cushendun, in County Antrim, and Shane the Proud galloped his coal-black horse Mac-an-Fhiolar over the bodies of Scotsmen in it, and by the middle of the day the MacDonnells were stretched in rows around him. Angus MacDonnell and seven hundred of his men were killed, James MacDonnell was wounded and taken prisoner, and Shane also took Somerled the Sallow (or Sorley Boy), the other chief over them. It would have been better for them if they had taken his advice and gone off out of his way, and it would have been better for himself too, for it was the remnant of that company who treacherously killed him two years later.

At this time he was only thirty-eight years of age, and there was no man in Ireland of greater reputation and power than he. The English pretended to be great friends with him. They were very glad at first that he had routed the Clan Donnell of Scotland, and they rejoiced with him. Shane understood them right well. Not without reason was that proverb made: "An Englishman's laugh is a dog's grin"

cómaíple 7 gneadao leo ar a rliige, 7 do b'feáir do roin leir é, mar do b'iaó fuigleac na buiróne úo do máirb le feall é féin dá bliadain 'na diao rúo.

Ní raib ré an uair reo áct oét mbliadna déas ar fíció v'aoir, 7 ní raib don fear i n-Éirinn ba mó cáil 7 cúmaet 'ná é. Leis na Sapanais oiréa go raibadair go móir leir. Bí átar oiréa ar vóir sup mill ré Clann Dómnail ó Albain 7 do gáiréadair leir. Tuig Seághan go dian maít iao. Ní gan fáet do cúmad an rean-focal úo—"ópanntán maópa gáiré Sapanais." "Ir maít an rúo," ar raóran, "Clann Dómnail do veit claoiréte mar níoir v'fíoir vóinn cá h-am do ábórócaóuir leir na h-Éireannaig, áet mar rin féin veit O Néill ró-láirir ar fat anoir."

Ir truaig ná'r gnió ré capadair le taoiréacáib Éireann an uair reo. I n' ionao roin éiom ré ar a cúp v'riacáib oiréa géilleao vó gibe oic maít leó é. "Cairéó taoirig Conaet a gcáin bliadantamail do ábairé vómra mar ba gnáac leo do rúitib Ulaó," ar reirean. D'eitig na Conaetáig é 7 ppeab ré go h-obann i láirir tigeapna Clóinn Riocáro, an fear ba éreire i gConaet, 7 mill ré é gan puinn vuair. Do éreac ré Tír Conaill inr an mbliadain gcéadna (1566), 7 táinig rganhrad ar Sapan. Do gniópaíó Elir iapla fearn Muineac, Maguirir le h-eirge 'na ágar, áet do meileao an Maguirir fá mar do meiréao brio muilinn vopnán coirce.

Do v'é Sydney bí 'na Aróuiréir arir ar Éirinn an uair úo i n-ionao Sussex, 7 bí áirne maít áige ar Seághan. Cúir ré teacáiré rúgaltair v'ar v'ainm Stukeley cuige le h-áiréam air veit réio. "Ná h-eirig amac i naáir na Sapanac 7 geobair gibe níó do teapuirgeann uait," ar Stukeley. "Déan-rar iapla Tír Eogain vóir má'r maít leat é." Cúir Seághan rpann ar 7 labair ré go neamatac. "Vpéagán ir eao an iaplaet roin," ar reirean. "Do gnióeabair iapla ve Mac Cáiréig i gcúige Mumán, 7 tá buacaili aimrpe 7 rir capall ágamra atá cóm maít v'fear leir rin. Do meapabair mé éróacó nuair do bí gneim ágar óim. Ní fuil don muinigin ágam ar buir ngeallamna. Níoir iaprar ríotéáin ar an mbairpúogain áet v'iarr ríre oimra i 7 ir ríbre féin do buir i. Do tiomáinear na Sapanais ar an lúbar 7 ar Dúvópoma 7 ní leiréao vóib teacé ar n-air go veo. Ní leómpaíó Ó Dómnail veit 'na flait arir ar Tír Conaill mar ir liomra an áit rin fearoa. Ná bíó don meapóeall oir sup liomra cuige Ulaó. Bí mo rinnreap romam 'na rúitib uiré. Do buadair i lem' clairéam 7 lem' clairéam do cóirgbeóacó i."

[i.e., a preparation for biting]. "It is a good thing," said they, "that the Clan Donnell are defeated, for we never knew when they might help the Irish; but, for all that, O'Neill will be too strong altogether now."

It is a pity he did not make friends with the chieftains of Ireland at this time. Instead of that he began to force them to submit to him, whether they liked it or not. "The princes of Connacht must give me their yearly tribute, as they used to give it to the Kings of Ulster," said he. The Connachtmen refused, and he rushed suddenly upon the lord of Clan Rickard, the strongest man in Connacht, and despoiled him without much trouble. He plundered Tir-Conaill in the same year (1566), and fear fell upon England. Elizabeth incited Maguire, Earl of Fermanagh, to rise against him; but the Maguire was crushed as a millstone would crush a handful of oats.

Sydney was Lord Justice (or Deputy) of Ireland again at this time in place of Sussex, and he knew Shane well. He sent a Government envoy, named Stukely, to him to urge upon him that he should keep quiet. "Do not rise out against the English, and you shall get whatever you want," said Stukely. "They will make you Earl of Tir-Eoghain, if you would like that." Shane snorted, and he spoke defiantly. "That earldom is a toy," said he. "Ye made an earl of MacCarthy in Munster, and I have serving-boys and stable-men that are as good men as he. Ye thought to hang me when ye had a grip of me. I have no trust in your promises. I did not ask peace of the Queen, but *she* asked it of *me*, and it is ye yourselves that have broken it. I drove the English out of Newry and out of Dundrum, and I will never let them come back. O'Donnell will not dare to be prince again in Tir-Conaill, for that place is mine henceforward. Let there be no doubt upon you that Ulster is mine. My ancestors before me were kings over it. I won it with my sword, and with my sword I will keep it."

Though Sydney was a very brave, courageous man, his heart was in his mouth when Stukely told him this conversation. "If we do not make a great effort Ireland will be gone out of our hand. O'Neill owns the whole of Ulster, and he must be checked," said Sydney to Elizabeth. "Attack him at once," said she. She sent a troop of English over, and Sydney collected men from every quarter of Ireland, English and Irish, for there was many a chief who assisted him. Some of them were sufficiently disinclined for the business; but they had to

Thò go naib Sydney 'na fear an-mìrneamail, tréan, bì a ùporde 'na bèal aise nuair d'innir Stukeley d'ò an còmradh roin. "Muna n'òeantair àrò iarraect beirò Ëipe imtìgte ar àr làim. Ir le n-ò Néill Ulaò go leir 7 caitear e corò," ar Sydney le n-Èipe. "Buail é làitheac," ar rìre: "Do feòl rì òream Sapanac anall 7 do bairis Sydney rìr ar gac àrò i n-Èirinn, Sapanais 7 Èipeannaig, mar ir iomòda taoirac do càbairis leir. Do bì cuir aca leirgeamail go leor cum an gnòda aet do b'èigean d'òib beartùgac oitca cum cabarca le Sapanà fà mar do gnòda inòiu.

Tàcar cùgat, a Seághan-an-Dìomair, a marcaig an claidim gèir, gléar Mac-an-Fìolair, 7 còirig do buirdean beag laoc. Nì fuil aca aet neart buir gcuirleanna fèin, mar nàc bfuil cabair 'nà congnam d'ò ó èinneac Iarmuic.

An fàdail do goirde ar ceanntraib na Sapanac timceall Baile-ata-Cliat. Do léim Seághan irteac innte ar nór còirig do roob 7 d'argain ré i go ballairde Baile-ata-Cliat. Tug ré iarraect fà daingean na Sapanac i n'Dunòealgain 7 bì bhuigean àr aise le Sydney coir an baile rin. Bìtear mò-mait do Seághan annrò, 7 cuiread ar gcùl é le duad, aet d'imir ré èirleac ar fluaigair Sydney rui ar òruir ré leir. Lean Sydney ar acair. Do gluar ré tré Tìr Eògain, 7 ar roin go Tìr Conaill, i n-aindeoin Seághan, aet do lean reircean gac òrlac de'n trlige é 7 ba beag an ruaimnear do tug ré d'ò ar fear an èiruir. Nìor tearbàin ré ruam roime rin cleara còmraic nìor fearr 'nà an uair reo. Bì Sydney 7 a fluaig lionmar cùirde cuirreac ó foanna obanna Seághan. Do òruir ré i ngàr d'òib làim le Doire 7 tug cat d'òib. Bhuigean garò do b'ead i, mar do tuit a lán fear ar gac taob, 7 fàmluis Seághan go naib an buad leir, aet fairne go brat! féac an òream ro ag teact àmar air—na Tìr Conaillis cùuad fà Ó Domnaill do bì i gcómnuirde 'na coinnib—7 buirad ar Seághan fà deirad.

Do òruir ré leir ar gcùl go bealaige Tìr Eògain ag òranntan ar Sydney. Bì ré còm neameaglac roin, 7 còm muinigead roin ar fèin go naib faircior ar na Gallair teact 'na goire 7 do gluarreadar oitca go Baile-ata-Cliat àrìr gan puinn do bàrr a òcuruir aca. "Cuirreac ruam mo làim oitca fòr," aoir Seághan. "Nì raadò aitò aca ar n-air muna mbiaò na cuirpèig rin i d'Tìr Conaill; tà ráite beac annroin atá am' èrad 7 am' cealg le fada, aet bain an cluar d'iom, go múcpad iatoran ar ball."

make themselves ready for the assistance of England, as they do at this day.

They are coming against you, Shane the Proud, horseman of the sharp sword! Get ready Mac-an-Fhiolar, and arrange your little band of heroes. Ye have nothing but the strength of your own arms, for there is no help nor succor for ye from anyone outside.

The English districts about Dublin were called the Pale. Into the Pale Shane leaped like a thunderstorm. He ravaged and plundered it to the walls of Dublin. He made an attempt upon the English in Dundalk, and he had a fight with Sydney near that town. They were too much for Shane that time, and with some difficulty they repulsed him; but he made havoc among Sydney's troops before he moved off. Sydney continued to press on. He went through Tir-Eoghain, and from that to Tir-Conaill, in spite of Shane; but the latter followed him every inch of the way, and little rest he gave him during the journey. Never did he show better skill in tactics than at that time. Sydney and his numerous army were harassed and wearied by Shane's sudden attacks. He moved close up to them near Derry and gave them battle. A tough fight it was, for many men fell on both sides, and Shane thought the victory was with him; but beware! See thi company coming from the West upon him—the stern Tir-Conaill men under O'Donnell, who was always against him—and Shane was defeated at last.

He fell back to the passes of Tir-Eoghain, growling at Sydney. He was so fearless and so confident in himself, that the foreigners were afraid to come near him, and they betook themselves to Dublin again, having got very little by their journey. "I will put the mark of my hand on them yet," said Shane. "Not a creature of them would have gone back if it were not for those villains in Tir-Conaill. There is a swarm of bees there that are worrying and stinging me this long while; but cut the ear off me but I will smoke them out very soon."

CHAPTER X.

CLOUDS AND DEATH.

Shane was preparing himself secretly, and the English were not asleep. They were secretly aiding O'Donnell, and spurring him on against Shane. Hugh was the name of the O'Donnell who was now in Tir-Conaill, for Calvach had lately died. This

Cairb. 10.

SGAMAILL AGUS BÀS.

B'ì Seághan 'sò foluigteac 'sà ullamúgadh féin 7 ní raib na Sapanais 'na sgoibla. B'iodar as cabrúgadh le h-Ó Dómnail 1 san fìor, 7 'sà s'fìoradh 1 sgoinnib Seágain. Aod 'do b'ainm de'n Ó Dómnail 'do b'ì anoir ar Tìr Conaill, mar caillead Calbac le véirdeannaige. Nìor b'fulaig 'do'n t'riat nuad ro éact éigin 'do déanadh 1 'toirac a miasla, mar ba gñatad le gac flait an uair úo. B'ur Aod irteac 'sò Tìr Eógain ar órúgadh na Sapanac 7 'do éreac pé an taob tìar tuaid. 'do d'uib 7 'do deap's as Seághan-an-Dìomuir. Dar claidéam gairge Néill naoi n'giallaig, nìolp'ar Ó Dómnail ar an sgoirgairt reo!

'Do c'pá troigtesaca 7 marcaig as t'riall ar gac àirv pá déin tige móir Bèinnboirb poim eirge s'péine 1 'toirac na Dealtaine in' an mbliadain 1567. C'rom na coin móra ar uail le teapbac ar teact na fluag, 7 as lútal 7 as crocad a n-eapball, mar 'do f'ileadar 'sò mbia' reilg aca mar ba gñatad. Rit an f'ia' fluad 7 an mactipe 1 b'p'olac in' na coilltib móir-otimceall mar f'ileadar poim leir le tuigrint an ainmíde 'sò pabtar ar a 'toir.

Ní raib d'uil 1 pealg as Ó Néill an cor ro, mar b'ì deabhad air cum Ó Dómnail 'do t'raocadh, 7 'do buail pé féin 7 a f'loigeacdh t'ri míle fear riar ó tuaid. Déap'ad daoine p'irpéogaca 'sò raib na cága as r'spéacais ór cionn tige Seágain-an-Dìomair an mairdean ro, 7 nár éualaid pé ceól na cuaidé ná p'ibairpeact an loin d'uib in'vìu.

"Nac d'an iad na Tìr Conaillig reo, 7 nac móir an t'ruag d'óib beit 'sà s'cup a plige a marbta," ar reirean, nuair 'do conaie pé Ó Dómnail 7 a b'urdean beag r'uidte ar àirv an g'aire ar an 'toad tuaid d'inbair Sùilig 1 n'Dùn na n'gail.

B'ì an t'aoirde t'páigte ar an inbair 7 'do f'ilib Ó Néill s'ur gainm t'rim 'do b'ì ann 1 s'cómnuide. Nìor mar rin 'do Ó Dómnail. B'ì aicne maic aigerean ar an aic úo, 7 'do togarb pé 1 1 s'cómair é féin 7 a cuio fear 'do coraint ar Ó Néill, mar eirgeann an t'aoirde 'sò tuig 7 'sò h-obann annp'ad.

Asur péac 1 n-ac'p'ann le céile an p'ioct 'do t'ainig ó beirt mac Néill naoi n'giallaig—na Tìr Conaillig ó Conail Gulban 7 na Tìr Eógainig ó Eógan, é r'iu' 'do b'ur a éporde le b'p'ón 1 n'oiar Conail nuair 'do marbuidéad an cupad poim.

Deirtear nac raib don fonn b'p'aigne ar Ó Néill nuair 'do

new prince must needs do some act of valor at the beginning of his reign, as was the custom with every prince at that time. Hugh broke into Tir-Eoghain by order of the English, and plundered the north-western part of. Shane the Proud turned black and red with anger. By the champion-sword of Niall of the Nine Hostages, O'Donnell shall pay for this raid!

You would see foot and horsemen traveling from every quarter towards the great house of Benburb before sunrise, in the beginning of May, in the year 1567. The great hounds began to bay with excitement at the approach of the troops, and to jump about and wag their tails, for they thought they were to have a hunt, as usual. The red deer and the wolf ran to hide themselves in the woods all around, for *they* too thought, with the animal's instinct, that they were going to be pursued.

O'Neill had no desire for hunting this time, for he was in a hurry to subdue O'Donnell, and he and his host of three thousand men struck out to the north-west. Superstitious people would say that the jackdaws were screaming over the house of Shane the Proud this morning, and that he did not hear the music of the cuckoo nor the piping of the blackbird to-day.

"Are they not bold, these Tir-Conaill fellows, and is it not a great pity for them to be putting themselves in the way of their death?" said he, when he saw O'Donnell and his little band posted upon Ardingary, on the north side of Lough Swilly, in Donegal.

The tide had ebbed out of the estuary, and O'Neill thought that the sand in it was always dry. Not so with O'Donnell. *He* knew that place well, and he chose it in order to protect himself and his men from O'Neill, for the tide rises strongly and suddenly there.

And see, struggling together, the race that came from the two sons of Niall of the Nine Hostages—the Tir-Conaill men from Conall Gulban, and the Tir-Eoghain men from Eoghen, the man who broke his heart with sorrow after Conall when that warrior was killed!

It is said that O'Neill had no wish to fight when he saw the small army that O'Donnell had against him, and that he would rather that they would have surrendered; but for all that he arranged his men carefully, and he ordered them in companies and troops across the inlet of the sea. O'Donnell made a furious attack on the first party that got across and broke them up. If they had not many men, they were all like wild cats. He did

connaic ré an fluas beas do bí ag Ó Dómnaili 'na coinnib, 7
 gur b'feárr leir dá ngeillfóir, aet mar rin féin do beartuis
 ré a curo fear go cruinn 7 do rtiúrad ré 'na noreamaib 7 'na
 noiormaib tarrna an cuair fairrige iad. Tug Ó Dómnaili poa
 feargac fá'n gcéad curo do fpoic anonn 7 do bpiú ré iad.
 Muna faib mópán fear aige, caic fadais do b'ead iad go léir.
 Rinne ré mar an gcéadna leir an darna cipe calma. "Caic-
 fear iad do cup ar roin," arpa Ó Néill, 7 do buail ré é féin ar
 ceann cóp capall, aet do ppeab marcais Uí Dómnaili amac ar
 los air 'nór gála gaoite, 7 d'a feabab é Seághan-an-Diomair i
 ar éigin do bí ré 'na cumar coris do cup leó. D'féac ré
 timceall air. Bí curo d'a bpeamaib meargta tpe n-a céile 7
 a tuillead aca rgarpa ó n-a céile. Níor tuis Seághan fát an
 meapbaili go bpeacair ré an taoire as eirge 7 rgeoin as
 teact ar a curo fear, 7 Ó Dómnaili le n-a buidean laoc as cup
 opta go dian. Níor meac cporde Seághan inr an amgar úo, 7
 do éiom ré ar éirleac le n-a marcais go fiaðain, 7 ar d'ul ar
 coranáirde annro 7 annru as glaoðac ar a cinnpeadna a gcuro
 fear do cóirúgac. Do gnió ré féin iarraet ar an fluas do
 bailiúgac leir i n-eagar cóir, aet ní faib rlige cum capad aca,
 7 bí curo aca go glúnaib i n-uirge 7 an taoire as pómar tim-
 ceall opta. Fíor ó lár tuata do b'ead a bpiúimóir. Táimis
 rgeoin níor mó opta 7 bpiúe. dar.

Dácad 7 marbúigeat tpi céad déas fear aca. Do b'é cat
 veipeannac Seághan-an-Diomair é agus an tubairte ba mó do
 tárluis fiam do. An méro a cuair tpearna plán tar inbear
 milteac Súilis do teiceadair leo, agus do rgeinn a bflait ruar
 coir na hadann as cuarvad áca, agus doirn marcac leir. Do
 tearbáin Tip Conallac d'ár b'ainm Galicadair ac 'ran abainn do
 d'í mile ó páirc an buailad agus do tug Seághan Ó Néill a cúl
 ar Tip Conaili, allur air, a teanga agus a capbaili cóim te, tirm,
 le rmeapóro teine, agus cnar na rgorinais le buairit aigne.

Bí Ó Dómnaili 7 a fár-fir go merdpeac, 7 a dceinnté cnám
 aca d'éir an buair, aet ní faib fíor aca go rabadair as déanad
 oibre na Sapanac, obair do teir ar na Gaill rin ar fead cúis
 bliadna déas noime rin, sió gur cailleadair na milte fear 7
 dá millián púnt cuige.

Cad do déanfaid Ó Néill Ulad anoir? Deir leabair na
 Ceirpe Ollamain go faib ré éadrom 'na ceann dar éir bpiúgne
 áirid an Gáirpe, aet ní fuil 'ra méro rin aet cor cainte. Bí an
 cupad úo pó-aigeanamail 7 pó-láirir i gcporde 7 a gcopp cum
 cfiomad ar plubaiqeal agus ar cneadais i dcaob bpiú. ad don
 bpiúgne amáin. Ní faib ré dá ficead bliadán d'aoir fóir 7 bí
 mipeac an leomáin i gcóinnuirde aige. D'iarir curo d'a

the same to the second brave file. "We must put them out of that," said O'Neill, and he thrust himself at the head of a detachment of horse; but O'Donnell's horsemen rushed out on him from a hollow like a gale of wind, and great as was Shane the Proud it was with difficulty that he was able to check him. He looked around him. Some of his companies were mixed up together, and some of them were separated from each other. Shane did not understand the reason of the confusion till he saw the tide rising and terror coming upon his men, and O'Donnell with his band of heroes pressing upon them severely. Shane's heart did not fail in that moment of distress, and he, with his horsemen, began slaughtering savagely, and galloping to and fro, calling upon his captains to put their men in order. He tried to gather the army together himself in proper order, but they had not room to turn, and some of them were up to the knees in water and the tide flowing up all round them. Most of them were inland men. A fresh panic fell on them and they broke away.

Thirteen hundred of them were drowned or killed. It was Shane the Proud's last battle, and the greatest disaster that ever happened to him. As many as crossed the terrible estuary of the Swilly in safety fled away, and their prince rushed up the side of the river to look for a ford, with a few horsemen. A Tir-Conaill man of the name of Gallagher showed him a ford in the river two miles from the battle-field, and Shane O'Neill turned his back on Tir-Conaill, sweating, his tongue and his palate as hot and dry as a coal of fire, and a lump in his throat from trouble of mind.

O'Donnell and his good men were right merry, and they had bonfires after the battle; but they did not know that they were doing the work of the English—work which it had failed those foreigners to do for fifteen years before that, though they had lost thousands of men and two millions of money in the attempt.

What will O'Neill of Ulster do now? The Book of the Four Masters says that he was light in his head after the fight at Ardingary, but that is only a turn of expression. That hero was too high-minded and too strong of heart and of limb to fall to blubbering and to groaning over the loss of one battle. He was not forty years of age yet, and he always had the courage of a lion. Some of his military officers begged him to yield to the English, but that was not Shane's intention at all. He released Somerled the Sallow (Sorley Boy), whom he had had in captivity as a prisoner of war for two years, and sent him

oir-seada coisear air gèilleadh do Sàpàna a'c nìor b'è rin intinn Seághan i n-aon cor. Sgaol ré Somairle Duirde do b'ì mar òime aise le dà bliadhain, 7 cuir mar teactaire go Cloinn Dòmnaill i n-Albain é a's iarraidh conzanta orda. Do gèalladar do i, 7 ghnò pé féin 7 gárda marcad ionad coinne leo i mBunabann Duinne, i nAontuim. 'D' ùmluigeadar go talamh do 7 gléaradar pé rda i gcábhán faipring do. Táinig fear eile ar an láthair leir, d'ár b'ainm Pierce, brataoir ó Eilpe do eualaidh cad do b'ì ar riub i a's Seághan. Nì fuil aon r'suibinn le págail do dearbuis ann gur tug an captaen Pierce úo díol fola do na hAlbanais, a'c tá m'par géar a's gac úg'ar air.

A Seághan-an-Dìomair, tá do ghnó déanta.

Deir do námarde féin amain, go raib do lám láidh mar r'sát i gcómnuidé a's an b'ear lag, 7 nác raib sauidé ná fear mi-riagalta id' ceanntaraib le'd linn. Deir riad, leir, gur b'è do ghnát gan fuirde cum bío go mbiaid a ráit de'n feoil do b'féar, mar deirteá, a's boct id' C'riort, do cruinnigead ar do táirrig. A'c tá deirteá le'd féileact 7 le'd gairge láit'ead, mar tá na hAlbanais go ciocrac a's coisarnaig le Captain Pierce in' an gcábhán. Nì cloirp'ri uail de conairt a'sur ní lean-fair an riad ruad t're coilltib enó na Trúca go deó air. Nì cloirp'ri rluaisge t'ir Eógan do gáirceata nìor mó, mar tá fice Albanac ar do cúl a gan fìor uuit 7 Pietce d'á n'g'ozad gur marbuisir a n-aic'ead a mb'ruigin Gleanna taire. Preab id' fuirde ó'n mbóirto roin a Seághan-an-Dìomair 7 réac dia tiar díot mar tá an t'pleag i ngiorraet órlais de'd' òiom leatan.

A'sur liú'ann an coirpliún amuic ar Spu't na Maoile, 7 b'p'ean na tonna bána ar an t'p'raig le fuaim coir Bunabann Duinne, 7 tearbánnann na daoine ann'uo capn clac i los mar a b'fuil Seághan-an-Dìomair 'na córla le b'p'ir a'sur t'p'í céat bliadhán.

“Seact mbliadhna Seapceatt cùic céo
Mile bliadhain ir ní b'p'ec,
Co b'ar t'Seághin mic mic Cuinn
Ó t'oirdeet C'riort hi ccolainn.”

Tós Pierce leir an ceann do b'áilne i n'Éirinn 7 bainead an t-éadac daor de cor'p' díceannta Uí Néill. Fuair Pierce a míle punt mar díol ar an gceann ó'n mbain'p'ozain, 7 buailéad an ceann caic'ead úo ar b'ionn ar an r'inn do b'áirde ar cairleán. Baile-áta-Clia:

1. The first of these is the fact that the
 2. Government of the United States has
 3. declared its policy of non-interference
 4. in the internal affairs of other
 5. nations and its policy of non-
 6. intervention in the affairs of
 7. other nations.

[illegible]

And upon an offering called and a Justice made to her maidens said & returned Anno
agreed James mat. Conwell and his brethren to come when required. & gave to her
only this to repair to her maidens said & returned but also made a transference to him to be
for a power of men of more repair to James mat. Conwell comprising a continuing to him
against the late courtain & also James mat. and therein permitted to live as he most unadvisedly
thought. In the year then past the said James mat. and also James mat. against her maidens
the Maidens & the Courtain of the train then admitted him and the same that courtain
giving the train. he was forced to fight at the town of his maidens & returned a victor
but could not win his powder with his promise & other gentlemen to be at a un and the all
that he returned from the town he was then in respect of reason quiet that there was hope to
come his maidens & gratiation & mercifully returned a part of his maidens officers past a train
and finally returned to his own habitation where he then to him all the space he could under rules
to be the better able to serve when he should be commanded.

James after an other boffing called and a Jorney prepared against James mar Coudell and his brethren first repared as foreen comes. James did not onely contrary to his othe cruse to repare to her maisties and Lieutenant first being at the Owerie accompanied with Charles of Boleace, Edmund and Edmund and others the parties of this Realme upon any pretension or assurance that they could make with him but also when Charles of Boleace and Edmund, with a great part of the Army were sent through Exon to pacie that waies to the same he to: frace of losing of his goods repared upon cruse to them with all his towre and promised to goo with it to her and Lieutenant and after it came Davis abode with them he turned to Charles of Boleace to lacke viresuales and promising to the said Earl to fetch viresuales a reedon immediately he departed the Camp without farther knowing and to recover presently into his fostering and heping the goods and wittels of James mar Coudell a his brethren he as a thiefe a perjured traitor and one robbed with them a procured an assaile to be made in a pare ap^o her maisties presence in their request and therap^o did not onely feloniously a traitorly cause his men to pray and become the possessors of others her maisties true and lawfull subiects within the English pale but also did contrary to the lawes of this Realme excuse Thelof of Tyron his father a the 25th year of Doungannd his brother honorable faithful and true subiects a facinours to her maisties

H. D. Cancell.	E. Omöb. & Offery.	Gerrald, Desmond.	June. Du. Gornafion
Roxland, Baltiglas.	Richard. Montigaret.	James. Slane.	Christofer. Donlanp.
H. B. of Trinitetichö.	James. Kelline.	Christofer. Douthy	John. Curraughmoze
W. Fuz. Williams.	Henry. Kadelst.	George. Stanlep.	Jaques. Wenghyb.
John. Blonket.	Robert. Dillon	James. Wally.	John. Parker.
Thomas. Eufake.	John. Trauers.	Fraunces. Harbart.	Fraunces. Agard.
Humphrey. Warne.	John. Challener.		

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as an envoy to the Clan Donal in Scotland, to ask aid of them. They promised it to him, and he and a guard of horsemen appointed a place of meeting with them at Cushendun, in Antrim. They bowed to the ground before him, and prepared a feast for him in a large tent. Another man came to the place also, whose name was Pierce, a spy from Elizabeth, who had heard what Shane was doing. There is no written evidence to be found which proves that this Captain Pierce gave blood-money to the Scots, but every author has a strong suspicion of it.

Shane the Proud, your business is done.

Your very enemies say that your strong hand was ever as a shield to the weak, and that there was not a robber nor an unruly man in your territories during your time. They say, too, that it was your custom not to sit down to your food until, as you would say, Christ's poor, who gathered on your threshold, had had their fill of the best meat. But there is an end to your generosity and to your valiant deeds now, for the Scots are eagerly whispering with Captain Pierce in the tent. You will never again hear the baying of the pack, nor follow the red deer through the nut-woods of the cantred for evermore. The hosts of Tir-Eoghain will hear your battle-cry no more, for there are twenty Scots behind you unknown to you, and Pierce is nagging at them that you killed their fathers in the battle of Glenshesk. Spring to your feet from that table, Shane the Proud, and look behind you, for the spear is within an inch of your broad back.

And the curlew cries away out on the Moyle Water, and the white waves break soundingly on the strand near Cushendun, and the people there show a cairn of stones in a hollow, where Shane the Proud sleeps these three hundred years and more.

“Seven years, sixty, five hundred
(And) a thousand years, it is no lie,
To the death of Shane the grandson of Conn
From the coming of Christ in the Body.”

Pierce took away with him the most beautiful head in Ireland, and they took the rich clothing from the headless body of O'Neill. Pierce received his thousand pounds from the Queen in payment for the head, and that beloved and lovely head was stuck upon a spike on the highest battlement of Dublin Castle.

Sgairpeann an bhrúct ar gcamhar agus féar ann;
 Ar bán-énoic Éireann óg;
 Agus tagaíod rin ubla cumha ar gceugaidh ann;
 Ar bán-énoic Éireann óg.
 Biotar agus ratha i ngleannthaibh ceo
 'S na rrotha 'ran tramha a' labhairt ar neoin;
 A'r uirge na Siúire a' bhrúct 'na flóig,
 Ar bán-énoic Éireann óg.

Ir orgailte fáiltas an áit rin Éire,
 Bán-énoic Éireann óg!
 Agus coraíod na pláinte a mbárr na déire;
 A mbán-énoic Éireann óg.
 Ba binne 'ná meura ar téadaibh ceoil,
 Seinn 'sur gáimpead a laog 'r a mbó,
 Agus taitneam na gréine orda doirída 'r óg
 Ar bán-énoic Éireann óg.

The dew-drops sparkle, like diamonds on the corn,
Fair Hills of Eiré O!

Where green boughs darkle the bright apples burn
Fair Hills of Eiré O!

Behold, in the valley, cress and berries bland,
Where streams love to dally, in that Wondrous Land,
While the great River-voices roll their music grand
Round the Fair Hills of Eiré O!

Oh, 'tis welcoming, wide-hearted, that dear land of love!
Fair Hills of Eiré O!

New life unto the martyred is the pure breeze above
The Fair Hills of Eiré O!

More sweet than tune flowing o'er the chords of gold
Comes the kine's soft lowing, from the mountain fold,—
Oh, the Splendor of the Sunshine on them all,—Young and Old.
'Mid the Fair Hills of Eiré O!

an oileán anoir agus arís éap na daoine bocta ná faib na ta
 áct an Deanta o'rógluim agus go mbeoír faibbín go deó. Lean-
 ann an 5alaí céadna móran daoine a éapann níor mó céille
 beir aca 'ná bí ag muintir an oileáin.

"Áct cá faib an bÉapla le fágáil?" B'in i an ceirt anoir.

B'i 'fíor aca go faib bÉapla i n-Éirinn, áct eualadair go faib
 an bÉapla doob' fíarri 'ra dooman i mBaile Áta Cliat.

Tar éir móran cainte agus comráid focuigeadair ar duine
 aca a cur go Baile Áta Cliat ar lorig an bÉapla.

An lá bí an fear ag imteacht baó dóis leat sup go hAimeir-
 ice a bí ré ag dul. Bí an lá 'na lá raoipe ar an oileán. Táinig
 muintir an oileáin go léir, ós agus críonna, go 'otí pór na
 héireann agus cuiread an fear anonn ar an 'otí móir ar an
 mbáo ba mó ar an oileán.

O'fás teactaire an bÉapla rian aca agus o'imtí ar go Baile
 Áta Cliat. Tar éir a beir tamall 'ra catair bí bÉapla aige, óa
 focal, "Good-morrow," agus éap ré go faib ré i n'am
 aige fillead a baile. Bí ré cuirreac go leór ó beir ag coir-
 deact, agus nuair a táinig ré go 'otí féit an Clotaig i n-aice
 na fairsige, fuir ré níor.

Bí na focail go cruinn 5arta aige, 7 le neagla go mbead
 ríad cailte aige, bíod ré ag fáo map faibín "Good-morrow,"
 "good-morrow," "good-morrow."

Bí an aimirí pluic agus bí féit an Clotaig bog. Go deimín,
 bí rí 'na tóin ar bogad, agus, nuair a bí an fear boct ag dul
 trarna, euaíó ré ar lár agus o' fóbair do beir báirde. Tar-
 aing ré é féin amac i gcuma éicint agus bain ré amac an talam
 tirim. Áct, mo éreac ir mo éar! Bí an bÉapla cailte aige.

Nuair a táinig ré a baile agus nuair o'innir ré a r5éal do
 muintir an oileáin, bíodar buaidéarta go leor, agus 'ré dubairt
 5ad duine aca leir féin sup móir an truas nac é féin a cuiread
 go Baile-Áta-Cliat.

Áct cad a bí le déanam anoir? Bí an bÉapla cailte i b'féit
 an Clotaig agus b'féioir go mbéad ré le fágáil pór.

Do 5luair reirair de muintir an oileáin anonn ar báo go
 'otí an 'otí móir agus fear an bÉapla le n-a goir. Tearbáin
 ré doib cáir cailt ré an bÉapla i lár na féite.

Éromadair go léir ar an áit a tóbac agus a taor5ad agus
 níor b'fada doib ag 5abáil do'n obair reo nuair do buail 5ao
 mapa leó.

"Sin é an focal," "Sin é an focal," arateactaire an
 bÉapla, "5ao mapa," "5ao mapa."

English and that they would be rich for ever. The same ailment follows a good many who think they have much more sense than had the people of the island.

But where was the English to be had; that was now the question. They knew there was English in Ireland, but they had heard the best English in the world was in Dublin.

After much talk and discussion they fixed on one of themselves to be sent to Dublin in search of English.

The day the man was leaving you would think it was to America he was going. The day was a holiday on the island. The whole population of the island, young and old, came down to Port Erinn, and the man was put across on the mainland in the biggest boat on the island.

The English delegate bade them farewell, and proceeded on his way to Dublin. After being a short time in the city he had English, "Good morrow," two words, and he thought it was time for him to be returning home. He was tired enough from walking, and when he came as far as "the Left-handed Man's swamp," close to the sea, he sat down. He had the words correctly, and lest he should lose them, he used to be repeating them like a prayer—"Good morrow, good morrow."

The weather was wet and the swamp soft. Indeed it was a regular quagmire; and when the poor man was crossing he went bogging, and was near being drowned. He pulled himself out some way and got to dry land. But, sorrow and distraction, he had lost the English.

When he reached home, and when he told his tale to the people of the island, they were troubled enough, and it is what each said to himself, that it was a pity that it was not he himself that was sent to Dublin.

But what was to be done now. The English was lost in the swamp of the Left-handed Man, and maybe it would be found yet.

Six of the islanders went over in a boat to the mainland, and the "English" man with them. He showed them where he lost the English in the middle of the swamp. They all set to work to dig and shovel the place, and they were not long at the work when they came upon a gad mara, or sea rod.

"That's the word, that's the word," said the messenger, "Gad mara, gad mara."

Cáit. B'fearr liom-ra an mín; ní bainfeadh an t-uball an t-ocpar de dhúine.

Job. B'fearr liom-ra an cátaoir; 7 cuirfínn péig i n-a fuíde inni, aís inniint na ríseul.

Peg. Ír maíe éum plámaíir tá, a Jobnuic.

Job. Ír fearr éum na ríseul túra, a Pheg. Cionnur d'ímtig le Seadhna?

Peg. Lá dá raib ré aís d'éanam b'pós, éus re ré n'oeapa ná raib a tuille leatáir aise, ná a tuille r'naíte, ná a tuille céiréac. Bí an taoibín d'éiréanac fuar, 7 an speim d'éiréanac curta; 7 níorb fúláir do toul 7 aóbar do folácar pul a b'feutpaó ré a tuille b'pós do d'éanam.

Do gluaíir ré ar maroin, 7 bí trí ríillinge 'n-a póca, 7 ní raib ré aót míle ó'n ois 7 nuaíir buail dhúine boct uime, aís iarrpaíó d'éirce. "Tabaíir dom d'éirce ar ron an tSlánuigíteora, 7 le h-anmannaib do m'ar, 7 tar éeann do pláinte," ar an dhúine boct. Thug Seadhna ríilling do, 7 annran ní raib aise aót dá ríilling. Dubaíir ré leir féin go mb'éiríir go n'oeapáó an dá ríilling a g'nó.

Ní raib ré aót míle eile ó baile 'nuaíir buail bean boct uime, 7 i cor-noctuígte. "Tabaíir dom congnaó éigin," ar ríir, "ar ron an tSlánuigíteora, 7 le h-anmannaib do m'ar, 7 tar éeann do pláinte." Do glac truaíge dí é, 7 éus ré ríilling dí, 7 d'ímtig rí. Do bí don ríilling amáin annraíir aise, aót do tíomáin ré leir, a b'raí ar go mbuaíirfeadh rianr éigin uime do cuirfeadh ar a éumur a g'nó a d'éanam. Níorb fáda gur capáó ar leaib 7 é aís gul le fuaót 7 le h-ocpar. "Ar ron an tSlánuigíteora," ar an leaib, "tabaíir dom puó éigin le n-íte." Bí tís órta i n'gar d'óib, 7 do éuaíó Seadhna írteac ann, 7 éeannuíg ré b'píe aráin 7 éus ré éum an leaib é. 'Nuaíir fuaíir an leaib an t-arán d'áiruíg a d'eal; d'fár ré fuar i n-áiríoe, 7 do lar ríolar íongantac 'n-a fúilíib 7 'n-a éeanaííab, i oiríeo go d'atáiníe ríganraíó ar Sheadhna.

Síle. Dia linn! a Peg, ír d'óca gur éuit Seadhna boct i luige.

Peg. Níor éuit; aót má'r ead, ba d'íceall dó. Chom lual aís d'feud ré Labaíir, dubaíir ré: "Cao é an raóar dhúine túra?" aís ír é ríeasra fuaíir ré: "A Sheadhna, tá Dia buídeac díot. Aingeal íreadh míre. Ír mé an tríomáó h-aingeal gur éusáir d'éirce dó anraí ar ron an tSlánuigíteora, 7 anraí tá trí gúide aís le ríagáil ó Dia na glóiríe. Iarr ar Dia don trí gúide ír toil leat, 7 g'eobaíir íao; aót tá don comáirle amáin aísampa le tabaíir éuit,—ná d'earraíur an Trócaíre."

SHEILA.—Oh, my goodness! Peg, wasn't it nice?

PEG.—Which is it; the chair or the meal or the apple, that was nice.

SHEILA.—The apple, to be sure.

KATE.—I would prefer the meal. The apple would not take the hunger off a person.

GOB.—I would prefer the chair, for I would put Peg sitting in it telling the stories.

PEG.—You are good for flattery, Gobnet.

GOB.—You are better for the stories, Peg. How did it go with Seadhna?

PEG.—One day as he was making shoes he noticed that he had no more leather nor any more thread nor any more wax. He had the last piece on, and the last stitch put, and it was necessary for him to go and provide materials before he could make any more shoes. He set out in the morning and there were three shillings in his pocket, and he was only a mile from the house when he met a poor man asking for alms. "Give me alms for the sake of the Saviour and for the souls of your dead and for your health," said the poor man. Seadhna gave him one shilling, and then he had but two shillings. He said to himself that possibly two shillings would do his business. He was only another mile from home when he met a poor woman, and she barefooted. "Give me some help," said she, "for the sake of the Saviour and for the souls of your dead and for your health." He felt compassion for her and gave her a shilling, and she went away. He had one shilling then; still he went on expecting that he would meet some good fortune which would put it in his power to do his business. It was not long till he met a child and he crying with cold and hunger. "For the sake of the Saviour," said the child, "give me something to eat." There was a stage house near them and Seadhna went into it, and he bought a loaf of bread and he brought it to the child. When the child got the bread his figure changed. He grew up very tall, and light flamed in his two eyes and in his countenance, so that Seadhna became terrified.

SHEILA.—Oh! God help us! Peg, I suppose poor Seadhna fainted.

PEG.—He did not, but then, he was very near it. As soon as he could speak, he said, "What sort of person are you?" The answer he got was, "Seadhna. God is thankful to you. I am an angel. I am the third angel to whom you have given alms to-day for the sake of the Saviour. And now you have

Má fágann ré an bótar le riúbal ar an macaíne bheadh séir, iocfaid ré ar go gear. Tá luét geara ar an mbótar ro agus ar n-uile bótar in ran tír seo, faigsiúraib mórna duba. I r iad na faigsiúraib seo do rinne gac don bótar ann ran tír reo agus i r oic do rinneadar iad, aet má fágann duine tuirreac an bótar le riúbal ar an macaíne, leanar é leir an geara dub ro, agus beirio air, agus tiomáinir nómpa é, go gcuirir ar an mbótar arir é, gan buideacar do.”

“Aet,” ar ra mire leir an rrainreár, “ni réirir go bfuil an oiread rin de faigsiúraib duba ar gac don bótar in ran tír le luét riúbailta na mbótar do rmacuagad agus do fáruagad mar rin. Nac mbionn luét-riúbailta na mbótar níor iomaadaila ná an geara dub ro, agus nac bfeadar ríad an-lám uacair fágail orra, agus bfuiread arteac, in a n-aimdeoin, ar an macaíne mín áluinn rin, agus gan panamaint ar an mbótar gíanna púdarac poll-lionmar ro?”

“O’feadarair rin déanam go cinnte,” ar ran rrainreár, “óir bíonn fide fear láirir ar an mbótar i n-agar an don geara amáin, aet atá ríor oiraideacra geara ag an geara dub, ann ran réir or cionn na mbótar, agus i r oig leir an luét-riúbail nac bfuil don neart aca na bóirre o’fágail, agus tar éir gac oir agus doair agus doirir o’á otagann orra ann rna rligéir millteacá malluighe reo, ní an oirre ná an corairre aca iad o’fágail, agus i r oig gur ab é rin mar gearl ar an oiraideac do gear na daoine duba. Aet i r é an ruo i r ionganraige aca uile, nac bfuil in ran scu o i r mó de na faigsiúraib reo aet coruir eacra faigsiúraib; i r gáilre gan bhuig gan rubraint iad, aet i r oig le luét-riúbailta na mbótar gur fuil agus reoir iad, agus go loirir ríad an duine fágfar an bótar le n-a scuio arim.”

Do riublamar ar ár n-agar le céile ann rin, 7 níor bfaod go rabamar com fáruighe rin gur b’eigin dúinn rirre ríor ar an mbótar, agus do goill an tarac agus an tuirre orrainn go móir. Dubairt mé ann rin leir an oánac, “Ni béinn com dona ro dá mbeir deoc uirge agam.”

“Tá tobair bheadh ríor-uirge,” adubairt ré, “fá dun orainn bheadh úbail, ceatramá mile amac nómainn, aet tá ré ar an taob arcaig de’n claire, in ran macaíne, agus ní ulirdeannac é dul com fada leir.”

Aet do goill an tarac orim com móir rin go ndubairt mé, “Caier mé ol ar, dá marbóirre ar an móimio mé. Treoiruig mé go oir an tobair ro.” Táinir raicior ar an oánac, agus dubairt ré, “I r i mo comairle duir gan dul ann, aet má r éigean duir, ni bacair mé tu. Fágair mé do eirdeacra nuair

he will pay for it severely. There are guards on this road and on every road in this country—great black soldiers. It was these soldiers who made every single road in this country, and 'tis bady they made them; but if a weary person leaves the road to walk on the plain, they follow him with this black guard, and they catch him and drive him before them till they put him on the road again in spite of him."

"But," said I to the stranger, "there cannot be so many black soldiers on every road in the country as to repress and overcome the people who walk the roads like that. Are not the people who walk the roads more numerous than this black guard, and could not they get the upper hand of them, and break in, in spite of them, upon that smooth, beautiful plain, and not stay on this ugly, dusty road, full of holes?"

"They could do that certainly," said the stranger, "for there are twenty strong men on the road against the one guardsman, but the black guard have scattered a sort of enchantment in the air over the roads, and the travelers think they are not able to leave the roads, and after all the want and trouble and misery that comes on them in these awful, accursed roads, they have not the heart nor the courage to leave them, and probably that is on account of the enchantment that the black fellows have scattered. But the most extraordinary of all these things is that most of these soldiers are only imitation soldiers; they are shadows without force or substance, but the people who walk the roads think that they are flesh and blood, and that they would wound anybody who would leave the road with their weapons."

We walked forward together then, and it was not long till we were so tired that we had to sit down on the road, and thirst and fatigue oppressed us greatly. I said then to the young man, "I would not be so bad if I had a drink of water."

"There is a fine well of spring-water," said he, "at the foot of a beautiful apple-tree, a quarter of a mile out before us, but it is on the inner side of the ditch, in the plain, and it is not lawful to go as far as it."

But the thirst troubled me so much that I said, "I must drink out of it, if I were to be killed on the instant. Lead me to this well." Fear came upon the young man, and he said, "'Tis my advice to you not to go there, but if you must, I will not hinder you. I will leave your company when I come as far as the well. Kill yourself, if you wish; but you shall not kill me."

We rose then, and we walked together till we saw a great,

an oirlead leatáir ašur coimeáðófaró aš obair éú go ceann trí mbliadain n-deus, ar an scoingíoll ro—go dtiocfaí liom an uair rin ?”

“Ašur má péiróicim leat, cá mašmaoir an uair rin ?” “Cá beaš duit an éirt rin do éur, ’nuair beir an leatáir íoigéte 7 beiróimí aš gluaireadé ?” “Táir seupréúiread—bíó ašat, feiceam an t-airead.” “Táir-re seupréúiread, feuc !” “Do éur an fear dúb a lám ’n-a póca, 7 tarrainš ré amac rparán mór, 7 ar an rparán do leis ré amac ar a bair capn beaš d’ór breas d’uiré.

“Feuc !” ar reirean ; 7 rin ré a lám 7 éur. ré an capn de píoraib gleoróte gléineamla ré fúilib Sheathna boicé. “Do rin Seathna a d’a lám, 7 do leatáir a d’a lašar cum an óir. “Go péiró !” ar’ an fear dúb, aš tarrainš an óir éur ašat ; “níl an maršat déanta fór.” “Bíó ’n-a maršat !” ar’a Seathna.

“Šan teip ?” ar’ an fear dúb. “Šan teip,” ar’a Seathna.

“D’ar b’ríg na mionn ?” ar’ an fear dúb. “D’ar b’ríg na mionn,” ar’a Seathna.

[An oiré na d’aig rin.]

Nóra. Seath !—a péš—támaoir anho—ar’—tá raotár orm—bíor aš rú—bí eagla orm—go mbeiréad an rseul ar riubal riomam, 7 go mbeiréad cur de caillte ašam.

Péš. Am’ b’riatár go b’fapamaoir leat, a Nóra, a laoiš. Níl i b’p’ ó táinš Šobnuir.

Šob. Mar rin do bí cuigion ašam d’a d’eam, 7 b’éigin domra d’ul riap leir an im go d’eul an Šearra, 7 ’nuair bíor aš teadé a baile an cómšar, do éur an oiré orm, 7 seallaim duit šur baínead p’p’b ašam. Bíor aš cuimniúšar ar Seathna 7 ar an óir 7 ar an b’fear dúb, 7 ar na r’p’adab bí aš teadé ar a fúilib, 7 mé aš rú rú a mbeirinn d’éiréanac, ’nuair tóšar mo ceann 7 cap do éirinn dé an rú ’n-a fearam ar m’ ašar amac

give you money enough on one little condition." "And, torture through the middle of your lungs!" said Seadhna, as soon as he got his talk, "could you not say that much without paralysing a person with your staring, whoever you are?" "You need not care who I am; but I will give you as much money now as will buy as much leather as will keep you working for thirteen years, on this condition, that you will come with me then."

"And if I make the bargain with you, whither shall we go at that time?" "Will it not be time enough for you to ask that question when the leather is used up and we will be starting?" "You are sharp-witted. Have your way. Let us see the money." "*You* are sharp-witted. Look!" The black man put his hand into his pocket, and drew out a large purse, and from the purse he let out on his palm a little heap of beautiful yellow gold.

"Look!" said he, and he stretched his hand and he put the heap of exquisite glittering pieces up under the eyes of poor Seadhna. Seadhna stretched both his hands, and the fingers of the two hands opened for the gold.

"Gently!" said the black man; "the bargain is not yet made."

"Let it be a bargain," said Seadhna.

"Without fail?" said the black man.

"Without fail," said Seadhna.

"By the virtue of the Holy Things?" (shrines: hence oaths) said the black man.

"By the virtue of the Holy Things!" said Seadhna.

(NEXT NIGHT.)

NORA.—There!—Peg—we are here—again—. There's a *saothar* on me—. I was running. I was afraid—that the story would be going on before me, and that I would have some of it lost.

PEG.—Indeed, Nora, my dear, we would wait for you. It is not long since Gobnet came.

GOB.—Yes, for we were making a churn, and it was necessary for me to go west with the butter to Beul-an-Ghearrtha; and when I was coming home the short cut, the night fell on me, and I promise you that there was a start taken out of me. There was not the like of it of a jump ever taken out of me. I was thinking of Seadhna, and of the gold, and of the black man, and of the sparks that were coming out of his eyes, and I running before I would be late, when

le n-a bacadh.” Com luath agus tug ré rin fá deara, táinig ré féin arcead ear an gclaidhe, agus é fá eagla móir, agus rinn ré ar an tobair. D’ól ré a fáit ar, agus d’ic ré a fáit de na h-úblaib, agus fineamair riap le céile ar an bfeáir bheadh bog, agus coruigeamair as caint. Agus d’faiarraig mé de ainm na tíre rin, “óir” ar fá mire leir, “ir i an tír ir iongantairge d’a bfuil ar an domán i.”

Torais ré ann rin as innhinc pgeula na tír: rin dom, agus dubairt ré, “Tá an tír reo na h-oileán, agus do éruais Dia i amuis ann ran aigéin móir ar an taoib riap de’n domán, an áit a gabann an grian cum a leaptan ann ran oirde. Agus ir i an tír ir áille agus ir glaire agus ir úire i d’a bfuil fá’n ngréin. Agus deir tura gur tír iongantad í, áit ní tuigseann tu leat a h-iongantair go fóill. Agus tá trí ainmneada uirri, Banba agus fóola agus éire.”

Nuair dualaid mé rin, do tug mé léim, agus buail mé mo ceann le géagán de’n éirann, mar faoil mé,—agus dúirig mé.

Agus ar bforasait mo fáile dom, riú mé mo luidhe ar an gclaidhe ar taoib an bdeair, roir bail-ad-cliait agus bdeair-na-bpaigne, agus mo éara Diarmuid bán ’s am’ fáitad i m’earna-éaib le maide. “’S micró duit beic dul a-baile,” d’eir ré.

“Óra a Diarmuid,” ar fá mire, “ná bain liom. Ní facaid mac mátar ariam a leideir d’ ailing agus connaic mire.” Agus leir rin d’innir mé mo bpinglóir do, ó tús go deiread.

“Maidead! mo fáitad tu,” ar fá Diarmuid, nuair bí mé péir, “agus b’ fíor do bpinglóir. Fáir agus fáile tu,” d’eir ré.

“Cionnur rin?” ar fá mire, “míng dom é.”

“Ir ar éalam na h-éireann do bí tu gan don amhar,” ar fá Diarmuid, “áit do bí tu as riúbal, mar tá na h-éireannaig uile as riúbal, ar na bdeir do pinne na Sacpanaig le n-a gcuir olighe agus le n-a gcuir fáiríun féin, agus rin bdeir nac péirir le Gaedhal riúbal orra gan tuirliugad agus gan tuirim, gan doear agus gan dólár. Áit má éreigeann riad bdeair an tSacpanaig agus an bdeair, agus iad do dul arcead ar a macaire bheadh feurmar féin ní beic’ riad as riúbal go cuaid ar fear an lae iomláin, mar an t-éireannaic boct rin do connaic tura, le leabuir agus le ruipear d’fágail ran oirde; áit do pacaroir fá d’ níor fairde, i leat an ama. Agus an tobair fíor-uirge rin do connaic tu, an tobair nac leigead na gáirad duba rin do na dooinib d’ól ar, nac tuigseann tu gur tobair na glan-Gaedailge é rin, agus cia bé éireannaic ólpar deoc ar, bíonn ré mar fíor in a béal, d’a neapugad agus d’a fionnfuarad. Agus an faigíur dub rin d’eirig roir tura agus éirann na n-úball, b’ é rin an fáiríun Sacpanad, agus nuair buail tu

his fill of the apples, and we stretched back on the fine, soft grass together, and began to talk. And I asked him the name of that country; "for," said I to him, "it is the most extraordinary country of all there are in the world."

He began then to tell me the history of that country, and he said, "This country is an island, and God created it out in the great ocean on the western side of the world, the place where the sun goes to his bed in the night. And it is the most beautiful and the greenest and the freshest country of all under the sun. And you say it is an extraordinary country, but you do not know half its wonderfulness yet. And there are three names on it—Banba and Fodhla and Ireland."

When I heard that I gave a jump, and I struck my head against a branch of the tree, as I thought—and I awoke.

And when I opened my eyes, there I was lying on the ditch at the side of the road, between Dublin and Boharnabreena, and my friend Dermot "Bán" was poking me in the ribs with a stick.

"'Tis time for you to be going home," says he.

"Oro, Dermot," said I, "let me alone. No mother's son ever saw the like of such a vision as I have seen." And with that I told him my dream from beginning to end.

"Musha, man dear!" said Dermot, when I was done, "and your dream was true. A prophet and a poet you are," says he.

"How so?" said I. "Explain it to me."

"'Tis on the soil of Ireland you were without any doubt," said Dermot, "but you were walking, as all Irishmen are walking, on the roads which the English made with their own laws and with their own fashions, and those are roads that a Gael cannot walk on without stumbling and falling, without trouble and distress. But if they leave the road of Anglicisation and of English-speaking, and go in on their own fine, grassy plain, they will not be walking hard all day long like that poor Irishman you saw, to get a bed and a supper at night, but they would go twice as far in half the time. And that well of spring water that you saw, the well that those black sentries would not let the people drink from, don't you understand that that is the well of pure Irish, and whatever Irishman drinks a drink out of it, it is as wine in his mouth, strengthening him and cooling him. And that black sentry that got up between you and the apple-tree, that was the English Fashion, and when you struck him he went out of sight, like a mist, for fashions come like mist, and if a person defends himself from them they

“Ma ba bean uapal í, cao do beir cor-nochtuiḡte í, 7 cao do beir oí mo ḡsilling do bheir uaim-pe, 7 san aḡam aet ḡsilling eile i n-a oiaio?”

“Má ba bean uapal í! Dá mberdeao a fíor aḡat! Sin í an bean uapal do mill mife!”

Le linn na bḡocal rain do ráo do, do táinig eir cor 7 lám air, do rtao an oḡannatán, do luig a ceann riap ar a muineál, o’feuc pé ruar inr a’ rpeir, táinig oḡuuc báir air 7 clóo cuirp ar a ceannacaib.

’Nuair connaic Seathna an iompáil lí rin, táinig ionḡnao a éroide air.

“Ní fuláir,” ar reirean, so neamḡuireao; “nó ní hé reo an éao uair aḡat aḡ aipeactain teact táirri riúo.”

Do léim an fear dub. Do buail pé buille dá éirib ar an oḡalam, i oḡreo sup eir an fío do bí pé coir Seathna.

“Cioḡrbaio oir!” ar’ eirean. “Eir do beul no barḡfar tú!”

“ḡabaim pároun aḡat, a duine uapal!” ar’ Seathna, so modamail, “ceapap so mb’ éirip sup bḡaon beas do bí óita aḡat, o’ráo ’r sup eḡair ceao punt map malairt ar ḡsilling dam.”

“Eubḡainn—7 react ḡceao dá oḡiocpao liom baint ó’n oḡairbe do rin’ an ḡsilling éaoḡna, aet ’nuair eḡair uait í ar ron an tSlánuigteópa, ní péirip a tairbe do lot coirde.”

“Aḡur,” ar’ Seathna, “cao ip ḡao an maic do lot? Ná fuil pé com maic aḡao tairbe na ḡsillinge úo o’páḡbail map tá pé?”

“Tá an iomaio cainte aḡat—an iomaio ar fao. Dubairt leat do beul o’ éirteact. Seo í rin é an rḡapán ar fao aḡat,” ar’ an fear dub.

“Ní héirip, a duine uapal,” ar’ Seathna, “ná berdeao oaoicín na haimḡipe ann. Ip iomaio lá i oḡpí bliadḡaib oéas. Ip iomaio bḡos berdeao oeuḡta aḡ duine i ḡcaiteam an méio rin aimḡipe, 7 ip iomaio cuma i n-a n-oirpeao ḡsilling do.”

“Ná bioo ceir oir,” ar’ an fear dub, aḡ cur rḡuta ḡáipe ar. “Tarḡaing ar com ḡeir i néirunn 7 ip maic leat é: berio pé com teann an lá oéirdeanac 7 tá pé moiu. Ní berio puinn ḡnóta aḡat oe ar pain amao.”

"That is the shilling I gave to the woman who was barefooted."

"That is the shilling you gave to the same gentlewoman."

"If she was a gentlewoman, what made her barefooted? and what made her take from me my shilling, and I having but another shilling left?"

"If she was a gentlewoman! If you only knew! she is the gentlewoman that ruined me!"

While he was saying those words a trembling of hands and feet came on him. The growling ceased. His head leaned backwards on his neck. He gazed up into the sky. An attitude of death came on him, and the stamp of a corpse came on his face.

When Seadhna saw this deadly change, the wonder of his heart came on him.

"It must be," said he, in a careless sort of way, "that this is not the first time with you hearing something about *her*."

The black man jumped. He struck a blow of his hoof on the ground, so that the sod which was under Seadhna's foot trembled.

"Mangling to you!" said he; "shut your mouth or you will be maimed!"

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Seadhna, meekly; "I thought that perhaps it was a little drop you had taken, and to say that you gave me hundred pounds in exchange for a shilling."

"I would, and seven hundred, if I could succeed in taking from the good which that same shilling did; but when you gave it away for the sake of the Saviour it is not possible to spoil its good for ever."

"And," said Seadhna, "what need is there to spoil the good? May you not as well have the good of that shilling as it is?"

"You have too much talk; too much altogether. I told you to shut your mouth. Here! there is the purse entirely for you," said the black man.

"I suppose there is no danger, sir," said Seadhna, "that there would not be enough for the time in it. There is many a day in thirteen years. 'Tis many a shoe a man would have made in the lapse of that portion of time, and many a way he would want a shilling."

"Don't be uneasy," said the black man, putting a bit of a laugh out of him. "Draw out of it as hard as ever you can. It will be as plump the last day as it is to-day. You will not have much business of it from that forward."

Bí feirmeoir beag 'na comhairle i mBéal na Seandaise darbh ainm 'Dó Míceál Crón, aet níor tugadh fuaim ari aet Míceál na gCear. Dá mbéad don ghnó ag Míceál na gCear ar an gcearrocain ní fárdóad don lá 'Dó 'Dó ann aet lá an donais nó an lá go raib 'fíor aige go raib Tadhg ag 'Dó go Cill Áirne nó go Cill Orslan.

San am ro bíod marthaó Cill Áirne ar an Satharn agus bíod donad ann an céad luan 'Dó'n mí, mar atá anoir.

Mairdin lae donais bí Míceál ag an gcearrocain cun ríoníní 'fágáil dá muca, agus donnaic pé ná raib puinn le déanam ag Tadhg.

"Ír dóca, Tadhg," ar Míceál, "go mbéid t' ar an donad."

"B'féidir dom," ar Tadhg. "Bí Séamur Táillúra ag ráb liom inb' go mbéad pé ag sa áil roir timdeall an t-aon uair déas, 7 dá mbad maic liom 'Dó leir go bfaiginn marcaidheact uair."

"Má'r mar rin atá n rgeal," ar Míceál, "ní'l don maic dom mo céadca a bheic anuair cun é 'cun i 'Dó péo."

"Ní'l, go deimín; táim san gual, agus caicir m 'Dó a 'Díarrad beagán gual agus ábhar iarrainn."

Nuair a bí Míceál na gClea ag 'Dó 'Dó baile 'Dó éar pé i t'eac cun tige filib Óis, fei meoir beag eile bí 'na comhairle i n-aice le Míceál féin.

"Cá raib, a Míceál?" ar filib.

"Bíod ag an gcearrocain ag péa aint an mbéad an gaba uillam i mbárac cun pionnaí 'cun im' b'paca. Bí Tadhg ag taitant oim é 'cun cuige inoiu mar ná raib móran le déanam aige."

"Nac b'pail pé ag 'Dó go Cill Áirne?"

"Cuata é ag ráb go mbéad iacall ar an t-aral a cun go Cill Orslan a 'Díarrad beagán gual."

"Ír maic liom sup gabair i t'eac cugam. Bíod ag caint le Tadhg aetugad inb', agus 'ré dubairt pé liom ná béad am aige don ní a déanam lem' céadca go 'Dó 'Dí Céadcaoin péo cugainn. Tá an aimpir ag rleamnuagad uaim agus san puinn déanta agam. Sé ír féidir dom a déan m mo cé ad a bheic cuige anoir ó tá caoi ag an ngaba. Ní bíod don'ne ag teact cuige inoiu."

"Dó beag Míceál a píopa, agus v'imtíg pé ar a baile."

Nuair v'pás Míceál an cearrocá, agus ó ná raib don ní eile le déanam ag Tadhg cuairt pé i t'eac cun é féin a bearrad 7 a glanad i gcomair an donais. Ní raib pé aet leat-bearrta nuair 'Dó cun filib a ceann i t'eac an doar ag ráb, "Baile ó 'Dí anro."

"Dí 'r Muiré 'Dóit," ar Tadhg, aet ní ó n-a éporde, mar bí

There was a little farmer living close to the Giddagh whose name was Michael Crone, but he was never called any other than Mick of the Tricks. If Tricky Mick had any job at the forge no day would satisfy him to go there but a fair day, or a day on which he knew Tim would be going to Killarney or Killorglin.

At this time the Killarney market was on a Saturday, and there used to be a fair the first Monday of the month, as now.

One fair morning Mick was at the forge to get nose rings for his pigs, and he saw that Tim had not much to do. "I suppose, Tim," says Mick, "you'll be at the fair?"

"Maybe I would," says Tim. "James Tailor was telling me he would be passing (east) about 11 o'clock, and if I liked to go with him I might have a lift from him."

"If that is the case," says Mick, "it is no use for me to bring down my plow to put it in order."

"No, indeed; I am without coal, and I must go for a little coal and some iron."

When Tricky Mick was going home he turned into the house of Phil Oge, a little farmer who lived close to Mick himself.

"Where were you, Mick?" says Phil.

"I was at the forge to see if the smith would be ready to-morrow to put pins in my harrow. Tim was pressing me to send to him to-day, as he had but little to do."

"Is he not going to Killarney?"

"I heard him say that he should send the donkey to Killorglin for a little coal."

"I am glad you came in to me. I was speaking to Tim yesterday, and he told me he could not do anything to my plow until next Wednesday. The time is slipping from me, and with little done. I had better take my plow to him now, as the smith has leisure. No one will be coming to him to-day."

Mick lit his pipe and went on home. When Mick left the forge, and since he had nothing else to do, Tim went in to shave and clean himself for the fair. He was but half-shaved when Phil struck his head in the door, saying, "God bless all here."

"God and Mary bless you," says Tim, but not from his heart, as he had a notion that Phil did not come without business. "I suppose you're going to town."

"Indeed I am not; I have something else to do besides street-walking," says Phil.

tuairim aise náir táinig pílíob san ghnó; “ir dóda go bfuilir as toul ar an ttráir.”

“Ní’lim, go déimhin; tá a málairt de ghnó agam ná rriáirígeadé,” arpa pílíob.

“Ir iomda lá beir tú ar taoib an teampail, a pílíob.”

“Má’ reabó féin, ré ir ceart dom mo díceall a’ déanamh an fáir acáim ar an raogal ro, 7 anoir ba’ máit liom dá gcuirpeá mo céacda i dtreo dam. Cím naé bfuil tú ró-ghnótaé.”

“Ir truaig liom, a pílíob, naé féidir liom don ní a’ déanamh le’ céacda inoiu—ní’l don gual agam, agus tá iacall oim toul go Cill Áirne dá iarrair.”

“Ní gábad’ duit don trioblóir a beir oir mar gheall air rin; tá máilín gual ra trucaill agam.”

“Droic-éiric oir féin ir do céacda,” arpa Taois rá n-a fiac-laib. “Cao tá le déanamh ar do céacda, a pílíob?”

“Tá clár a cur air, cruair a cur ar an roc, 7 é’ cur beagán ra bpo. Teartuigeann beagán cruairé ó barr an cóitair 7 caiteir bolca nua a’ déanamh do’n fiaca.”

“Ní’l don cruair agam aet don rmuicín amáin a gelliar a cur ar iann-aicín do sheagán séamuir,” arpa an gaba.

“Tá lán mo dóctair cruairé agam-ra ra baile,” arpa pílíob. “Bí-re ag baint an trean-cláir do’n céacda; beab-ra ar n-air leir an gcuair san móill.”

“Duó máit liom, dá mb’féidir liom é, do ghnó a’ déanamh inoiu, aet do rsoil cor m’úir doé nuair a bíor ag cur iarrainn ar pot le sheagán bre c, agus beir iacall oim cor nua cur ann. Bíor cun cor a bpeit abailte liom inoiu ó’n donac.”

Fear beag canncarac do b’eab pílíob Óg. Connaic ré go maít gur a’ d’iarrair leir-rgeil do déanamh do bí Taois Gabá, agus bí a’ cocal ag éirge:

“Sé mo tuairim, a Taois,” ar peiréan ra deiréab, “naé bfuil don fonn oir m’obair do déanamh. Ba’ cóir go mbéab mo cúir aigro-re cóim maít le hairgeab míicil na gcleap, aet cím naé mar rin acá an rgeal, agus ó tá mo cor ar an mbótar tá gairne eile ra párróirde cóim maít leat-ra.”

“Déan do roga ruo; ní’lim-re a’ bpaít ar do cúir aigro, a rganróir! Beir leat do fean-céacda pé áit ir maít leat, ar’ an gaba:

“Ir maít é mo buiréacar, a Taois; aet ir dóig liom go mb’féarr duit panamaint ra baile ná beir ro’ maróin laéige ar rriáir Cill Áirne, ag caiteam do cóir aigro 7 do pláinte.”

“Ir cuma duit-re, i n-aínn an diaabail! Ní hé do cúir aigro-re a bím ag caiteam, a rppuínlóigin. B’féidir naé é gac don gabá beab cóim bog leat ir bíor-ra ag déanamh cruiré do’

"You'll be many a day beside the church, Phil."

"Even so, I ought to do my best while in this world; and now I would like you to put my plow in order for me. I see you are not very busy."

"I am sorry, Phil; I cannot do anything to your plow to-day. I have no coal, and I am obliged to go to Killarney for it."

"You need not trouble about that, I have a bag of coal in the cart."

"Bad luck to you and your plow," says Tim, under his teeth. "What has to be done to your plow, Phil?"

"It wants a board, to steel the sock, and to put it a little in the sod. The point of the coulter wants a little steel, and you must make a new bolt for the rack."

"I have no steel but one little scrap I promised to to put on a furze spade for Jack James," says the smith.

"I have plenty of steel at home," says Phil. "You be taking the old board off the plow and I'll be back with the steel without delay."

"I would like if I could to do your job to-day, but the handle of my sledge split yesterday when I was putting tires on a wheel for Jack Brack, and I must put a new handle on it. I was going to bring home a handle from the fair."

Phil Oge was a cantankerous little man. He saw clearly that it was trying to make excuses Tim the Smith was, and his choler was rising.

"It is my opinion, Tim," says he at last, "that you have no intention of doing my work. One would think my money would be as good as Tricky Mick's; but I see that is not how the case stands, and as my foot is on the road, there are other smiths in the parish besides you."

"Do as you like; I'm not depending on your money, you fright. Take your old plow to where you please," said the smith.

"How well I am thanked, Tim, but I do think it would be better for you to stay at home than to be puddle-trotting on the streets of Killarney, spending your money and your health."

"You need not care a damn. It is not your money I am spending, you mean little creature. Maybe 'tis not every smith would be as easy with you as I have been. making shoes for your 'crock' out of your gathering of old iron. Be off now, and maybe you would pick up an old horseshoe on the road," and with that Tim shut the door.

fean-ghoza ar do bailúgadh fean-iarthainn: Iméig leat anoir, agus b'féidir go fágfaí fean-éirí capall ar a' mbótar," agus leir rin do dún Caois an doir.

Bí Pilib ag cur de sup bain ré amac ceapóca Áro-a'-Cluigin. B'é an gaba bí i n-Áro-a'-Cluigin fear ós a bí tamall maí ó foin 'n-a príntíreac ag Caois Gaba. Ó d'fás ré Caois bí ré tamall dá aimsir i gCorcaig 7 bliadhain nó dó i nAibain. Buacail ciallmair do bí ann 7 ceapóirde maí. Eogan Ua Laozaire do b'ainm dó: Ní raib móran fáilte aige roim Pilib nuair do connaic ré é ag teacht, agus ní mó 'ná rin bí aige roimhir nuair d'innir Pilib dó ar an gcáirmhíre do bí roir é féin 7 an fean-gaba.

Dubairt an gaba ós le Pilib go raib eagra air ná béad caoi aige ar don ní do déanam le n-a céadó go dtí deireadh na feachtmaine. Níor maí leir Pilib d'eiteac, áit bí fáil aige ná béad Pilib fáil le feiteam dom fada rin agus go mbéad ré ag breic a céadó leir ar n-air go dtí Caois nó go dtí gaba éir eile, áit ní raib don maí dó ann.

"Fágfaid-rá annro mo céadó," arfa Pilib, "dá mb'éigean dom fuireac leir go ceann coigtróir ó 'nóiu, 7 tar éir an doir beil a fuairéar ó Caois Gaba an lá ro ní baogal dó go bráit arís pinginn uaim-re."

"Anoir, a Pilib," arfa Eogan, "tá a fíor agat go maí naé bfuil Caois nó-buireac díom-ra i dtóir teacht annro, agus nílim a fáil áit an fíinne nuair a deirim go mb'féarr liom go móir ná fágfaid-rá ceapóca Caois cun teacht cun mo ceapócan-ra."

"Ar an fíinne ir córa raic a beic," arfa Pilib, "áit deirim leat muna mbéad don gaba eile ar ro go catair Corcaige ná faigead Caois Ua Dhoir don ní le déanam uaim-re."

Bí a péarún féin ag Eogan Ua Laozaire. Ní raib do élainn ag Caois Gaba áit don ingean amáin. Ní raib í áit 'n-a gearr-cáile ag dul ar rgoir nuair do bí Eogan 'n-a príntíreac ag a hatair. Bí í ana-éanamail ar Eogan, agus níor b'áon iongnadh é. Buacail ghrádmair fubáilceac do bí ann; níor b'féarr leir beic 'meas buacaili eile mar é féin 'ná beic i láir ríata páirí agus glé aca do cuirfead allairí opt. Mar gheall air reo ní raib leant 'ra baile gan beic ceanamail ar an ngaba ós, agus bíodair go léir go han-uaigneac nuair d'fás ré Caois Ua Dhoir. Bá mó an t-uaigneac do bí ar Neillí bis a' gaba 'ná ar don'ne eile nuair d'iméig Eogan, agus áoin í go fuigead 'na diad.

D'fár Neillí ruar 'n-a cailín deir ghrátmair. Do caillead a mádar nuair bí í feacht mbliadhna déas d'áoir, agus ó báir a mádar 'í Neillí bí mar bean-tíge ag Caois, agus ní míre a fáil go raib í 'n-a mhaol-tíge maí. Ní raib ar pobal na Tuaithe

Phil continued on his way till he came to the forge of Ard-a-Clugeen. The smith at Ard-a-Clugeen was a young man who had been a good while ago an apprentice with Tim the Smith. Since he left Tim he spent part of his time in Cork, and a year or two in Scotland. A sensible young man was he, and a good tradesman. Owen O'Leary was his name. He had not much welcome for Phil when he saw him coming, and he had less for him when Phil told him of the row between himself and the old smith. The young smith told Phil that he was afraid he would have no time to do anything to his plow until the end of the week. He did not like to refuse Phil, but he was hoping that Phil would not be satisfied to wait so long, and that he would be taking his plow back to Tim, or to some other smith, but it was all in vain.

"I'll leave my plow here," says Phil, "if I had to wait for it till this day fortnight; and after the abusive language I got to-day from Tim the Smith, from this day forward there is no chance of his ever again receiving a penny from me."

"Now, Phil," says Owen, "you know very well Tim is not too thankful to me for coming here, and I am but telling the truth when I say that I would much rather you did not leave Tim's forge to come to mine."

"It is the truth which should thrive ('Tis in the truth the luck ought to be)," says Phil; "but I tell you, that if there was not another smith from this to the city of Cork, Tim O'Byrne would get nothing to do from me."

Owen O'Leary had his own reasons. The only family Tim the Smith had was a daughter. She was but a little girl going to school when Owen was an apprentice with her father. She was very fond of Owen, and little wonder. He was an affectionate, soft-natured boy. He would as soon be in the midst of a pack of children, who would deafen you with their noise, as with other lads like himself. On this account there was not a child in the village who was not fond of the young smith, and they were all very lonesome when he left Tim O'Byrne. The smith's little Nelly was more lonely than anyone else when Owen went away, and she cried bitterly after him.

Nelly grew up to be a pretty, graceful girl. Her mother died when she was seventeen years of age, and from the death of her mother Nelly was housekeeper to Tim, and it is not amiss to say that she was a good housewife. There was not a man in the Tuogh flock who had a prettier stocking than Nelly's

feap ba deire rtoaca 'nád atair Neilli, agus ar fon go raib Taois 'n-a Gabá, agus gan cpoiceann ró-geal air, ní raib léine an tras-airt féin níor gile 'nád a léine ar maidin Dia Domnaigh.

Ir beas an t-iongnad nuair táinig Eoghan Ua Laoisair abaille go noubairt ré leir féin go mbéad Neilli ós mar mnaoi aise, agus ir dóig liom go raib ríre ar an aignead céadna, áct níor mar rin do'n t-rean-Gabá. Ní raib don deabhad air cun cleamhnair do déanamh dá ingin, mar bí a fíor aise go maí go mbéad ré an-leatláimac gan Neilli, áct i n-a aignead féin baí maí leir, dá mbéad fonn pórtá uirí, go mbéad Séamur Táilliúra mar élamain aise.

Bí feirm beas talman as Séamur, áct ba minice é Séamur as an gcearúcain, a píop 'n-a béal aise agus é as féirdead na mbuils do'n Gabá, nó a' bualad do nuair do bí Taois as cur cruaid ar rann nó as déanamh cruí do capall, 7, ar nóir Taois féin, bí an-dúil aise i rraírdéact. Bí trí pabailíní bó aise agus cúpla colpac, 7 iad go léir ar tógáil ar teact na Máirta. Ní raib Pilib i bfead tar éir imteacta nuair do bí Séamur Táilliúra agus a érucall as doir an Gabá.

"Bfuil tú ullam, a Taois?" arfa Séamur.

"Táim i ngorradáct do," arfa Taois; "níl agam le déanamh áct mo bróga do cur oim. Dhorcuig ort, a Neilli; tá an brós rin maí go leór anoir. Cá bfuil mo capadac? Ná bac leir a' ríatán. Anoir, a Séamur, táim ullam."

"Nac bfuil tupa a' teact linn, a Neilli?"

"Nílim, a Séamur, go fóill; b'féirí ar ball go raíann féin le coir máire Cróin, agus bírd a' t-aral agáinn."

"Ir feárr dúit teact linn-ne. Dá olcar mo capall, ir feárr é 'nád arailín máire."

"Go raib maí agat, a Séamur. Do geallar do máire fuprad léi. Déam i n-am go leór i gCill Áirne; níl puinn le déanamh agam-ra ar an donad."

"Beata duine a toil," arfa Séamur, agus ar ríubal leó.

Nuair a bíodar tamall beas ar a' mbótar dubairt Taois le Séamur, "Ar buail Pilib ós umac?"

"Níor buail; cad 'n-a taob?"

"Bí ré annro tamall beas ó foin le n-a céadna: 'Do geallar bó, tá reactmáin ó foin, go mbéinn ullam 'Dia Céadain'; áct ní béad ré pártá gan teact eugam ar maidin, agus mé tar éir micil na gCear do leigint abaille mar geall ar ná raib don gual agam. Bí gac re read agáinn le 'n-a céile go rabamar araon feargac. 'D'áruig Pilib a céadna leir, agus ir dóca ná bírd rtaí leir go mbuailfead ré ceartá Eogáinín Uí Laoisair."

"Raib Miceál na gCear as an gcearúcain ar maidin inoiu?"

father, and though Tim was a smith, and without a very white skin, still the priest's alb on Sunday morning was no whiter than his Sunday shirt.

It is little wonder that when Owen O'Leary came home he said to himself that he would have young Nelly for a wife; and I think she was of the same mind; but such was not the case with the old smith. He was in no hurry to make a match for his daughter, for he knew very well he would be badly off without Nelly; but in his own mind he wished, if she had a notion of marrying, that he would have James Tailor for a son-in-law.

James had a little farm of land; but James was oftener at the forge, his pipe in his mouth, and he blowing the bellows for the smith, or sledging for him when Tim would be steeling a spade, or making shoes for horses, and like Tim himself he was very fond of street-walking. He had three little tatters of cows, and a couple of heifers that were lifting (ready to fall with hunger) on the coming of March.

Phil had not long gone when James Tailor and his cart were at the smith's door.

"Are you ready, Tim?" said James.

"I'm near it," says Tim. "I have but to put on my shoes. Hurry on, Nelly. That shoe is all right now. Where is my cravat? Never mind the looking-glass. Now, James, I am ready."

"Are you not coming, Nelly?"

"I am not, James, yet awhile. Maybe by and by I would go with Mary Crone, and we shall have the ass."

"You had better come with us. Bad as my horse is, he is better than Mary's little donkey."

"Thank you, James. I promised Mary to wait for her. We shall have time enough in Killarney. I have not much to do at the fair."

"Have your own way," says James, and away with them.

When they were a short time on the road Tim said to James, "Did you meet Phil Oge?"

"No. Why?"

"He was here awhile ago with his plow. I promised him a week ago that I should be ready on Wednesday, but he would not be content without coming to me this morning, and I after letting Tricky Mick home because I had no coal. We had every second word with each other until we were both angry,

"Nac bfuilim, tap éir a ráð leat go raib cun ruo éigin do d'éanam le 'n-a céacra."

"Bíod seall," arfa Séamur "supab é Miceál do cuir i gceann filib teact cugat."

"Ar m'anam i gan dhoic-ní ar m'anam, go mb'féidir go bfuil an ceart agat, agus má'r mar rin atá an rgeal nára ra'da go bpaíar Miceál tora'd a deag-oibneaca. Dubart le Miceál féin na raib don gual agam, agus tús filib máilin guail 'n-a tpucaill leir. Gan amhar 'ré Miceál bun a' tubairte."

"Ní cuppinn tairur é."

"I' d'ois liom féin ná bea'd ré pártá gan beic ag d'éanam miorair imear's comarran," arfa Taois.

"I' ríor duit rin. Ar cuatair cao do dein ré ar Dómnall Ruad? Bí Dómnall ag dul le roc go dtí ceapra na Ceapaise nuair táimis Miceál na gCleap ruar leir, agus é ag dul a d'iarraid raíl móna ó'n bpoirtac."

"Cá bfuil tú ag dul?" arfa Miceál.

"Táim ag dul leir reo go dtí an ceapra cun é cup blúipe beag 'ra bpó. Támaoib ag tpeaba'd páircin na gCloic, i' an-a-deacair i tpeaba'd le roc atá beagán ar a bpó."

"Cait do roc 'ra tpucaill agus tap irteac tú féin. I' mór an ní anró na marcaideaca."

"Go raib maic agat, a mícil; agus b'féidir ó táim leat-támac go bpaíar an roc ag an gceapra; abair le Tomár é cup ríor-beagán 'ra bpó."

"D'éanrao é rin agus fáilte," arfa Miceál, agus d'iompais Dómnall Ruad abairle. Aet cao do dein an cleapraide aet a ráð leir a' n'gaba roc Dómnall do cup beagán eile ar an bpó, i' rligró go raib a céacra go mór níor meara ná bí ré."

"Lá eile bí Miceál a d'iarraid rleagán tait ar an n'hort m'burde. Car ré irteac i' n'orar Séamur m'aoil. Bí Séamur 'n-a fuide ar ríol ar agair an d'orair irteac ag cup taoibín ar a bpois. Ó bí an lá go han-bpoatallac, agus Séamur ag cup allair de; do bain ré de féin a peirbic agus épac ré ar éruca é i' otaoib tair do'n d'orair. Do deap's Miceál a ríor agus bí ré ag gabail dá cuio bpeartairdeaca, mar ba gnatáac leir. Tap éir leat-uair nó mar rin do d'huio ré ríor i' n-aice an d'orair. D'fan ré ag an d'orair tamall beag agus a lám ar an leat-d'orair. D'féac ré ar an gcrúca, ag leigint air go raib náipe air. 'S amlaib,' ar peiréan, 'do cuir Máipe anonn mé péacaint a bpaíann iapaet na ruo rin (an peirbic) cun ceap do cup ag g'or ann."

"Bí Séamur Maoil ar deap's-buile, agus léim ré 'n-a fuide, aet má léim bí Miceál imigte. Do cait Séamur a capúr leir,

and I suppose he will not stop now until he reaches Owney O'Leary's forge."

"Was Tricky Mick at the forge this morning?"

"Am I not after telling you that he was, to get something done to his plow?"

"I'll bet," says James, "that it is Mick put it into Phil's head to come to you?"

"On my soul, and not putting anything bad on my soul, I believe you are right, and if such is the case, I hope it won't be long until Mick gets the reward of his good works. I told Mick himself I had no coal, and Phil had a little bag of coal in the cart with him. Without doubt Mick is the root of the mischief."

"I would not put it past him."

"I think myself he would not be happy if he were not making mischief between neighbors," says Tim.

"'Tis true for you. Did you hear what he did to Daniel Roe? Daniel was going with a sock to the Cappagh forge, when Tricky Mick overtook him as he was going for a rail of turf to the bog."

"'Where are you going,' says Mick.

"'I am going with this to the forge, to put it a little bit "in the sod." We are plowing the little stony field, and it is very hard to plow it with a sock a little out of the sod.'

"'Pitch the sock into the cart and come in yourself. It is a good thing to get the lift.'

"'Thank you, Mick; and maybe, as I am very short of hands, you would leave the sock at the forge. Tell Tom to put it just a little in the sod.'

"'I will do that and welcome,' says Mick, and Daniel turned home. But what did the trickster do, but tell the smith to put Daniel's sock a little more out of the sod, so that his plow was far worse than before.

"Another day Mick was looking for a slaan over at Fortbee. He turned into the house of James the Bald. James was sitting on a stool opposite the door putting a patch on his shoe. As the day was sultry and James sweating, he took off his wig and hung it on a hook behind the door. Mick lit his pipe, and he was, as usual, going on with his pranks. After half an hour or so he moved down near the door. He stayed at the door a little while, with his hand on the half-door. He looked at the hook, pretending that he was ashamed. 'It is how,' says he, 'Mary sent me over to see if I could get the

ad̃t, i n-ionad̃ Mic̃il do bualað leir an gcap̃ur, v'aimpiḡ ré corc̃an m̃or̃ b̃i ar̃ iap̃ad̃ ag a m̃naoi c̃un ollan do baṡuḡað. ð̃fuil eóḡan ua laog̃aibe 'na ceap̃oaiḡe mãit ? ”

“Cá b̃fior̃ oam̃-ra roin,” ar̃ra Tad̃s, 7 ní go ró-m̃ilir; “ad̃t ní doḡis liom̃ gup̃ab̃ é feab̃ar a ceap̃oaiḡe ad̃t ad̃ ag tap̃pac na ñdoaine cuḡe; 'ré a c̃uro blaṡaib̃ meallanñ iad̃. B̃i an teang̃a go pleam̃ain m̃iam̃ aḡe. Bað c̃uma liom̃ oá gcuip̃ead̃ ré ruar̃ do réin ag ð̃roicead̃ na leam̃na nó tíor̃ ar̃ a Mianur̃, ad̃t ir̃ doḡis liom̃-ra gup̃ m̃or̃ an náibe do tead̃t 7 ceap̃oá do c̃ur̃ ruar̃ eóim̃ ad̃c̃umair̃ uam̃ agur̃ tá ré 'noir̃.”

Cait̃briol̃ 11.

Cap̃tar̃ na doaine ar̃ a céile,
ad̃t ní cap̃tar̃ na c̃nuic ná na pl̃éib̃te.

Nuair̃ do buail̃ an beirt̃ Cill̃ Áine b̃'éigeañ doḡib̃ doed̃ beir̃ aca i doḡis Séamuir̃ Uí ð̃ruig̃in 'ra Sp̃áio Nuair̃, agur̃ níor̃ b̃'fada doḡib̃ go m̃aib̃ b̃raoñ eile aca i Sp̃áio na gceap̃e nuair̃ cap̃ad̃ oir̃ra beirt̃ nó tr̃iúr̃ eile agur̃ tap̃t oir̃ra. Ní m̃aib̃ leat̃ an lae cait̃te nuair̃ b̃i an gaba r̃úḡad̃ go leor̃.

Ní m̃aib̃ Neillí i b̃fad̃ ar̃ a' r̃ráio gup̃ c̃onnaic̃ r̃i a haṡair̃ agur̃ é ar̃ leat̃-meir̃ḡe. Ir̃ gair̃io do b̃i r̃i réin agur̃ an cail̃in eile ag oéanam̃ a ñgnóta. Nuair̃ do bíod̃ar̃ ullam̃ c̃un tead̃t ab̃aile do ð̃ein Neillí a doiceall̃ a haṡair̃ do meallað̃ léi, ad̃t ní m̃aib̃ maitear̃ oi beir̃ a tat̃ant̃ air̃; o'fañ ré réin agur̃ Séamuir̃ ar̃ an r̃ráio go doṡi tuicim̃ na hoir̃de agur̃ go raḡad̃ar̃ araoñ ar̃ meir̃ḡe nó i ñḡior̃maṡt̃ do.

B̃i cap̃aill̃in beag̃ c̃neap̃ta ag Séamur̃ Táill̃iúra. B̃i an bóṡar̃ réir̃ agur̃ an oir̃de g̃eal, 7 oá mb̃eáð̃ an beirt̃ r̃ár̃ta leir̃ an méir̃ do b̃i ol̃ta aca nuair̃ r̃áḡad̃ar̃ r̃ráio Cill̃ Áine beáð̃ an r̃ḡeal̃ go mãit̃ aca, ad̃t ní raḡad̃ar̃. Nuair̃ t̃ang̃ad̃ar̃ g̃c ð̃roicead̃ na leam̃na b̃i doed̃ le beir̃ aca, 7 nuair̃ b̃i an gaba ag tead̃t am̃ad̃ ar̃ an doṡrucail̃l̃ c̃uit̃ ré ar̃ fleap̃ḡ a ð̃roma ar̃ an mb̃óṡar̃, agur̃ 'rañ am̃ céar̃na do c̃ur̃ muo éig̃in an cap̃all̃ ar̃ riúbal̃. Cuair̃ an roṡ t̃reap̃na láimẽ Táir̃ḡ. Do r̃ḡreao an fear̃ voṡt̃ eóim̃ g̃eap̃ riñ gup̃ r̃it̃ na doaine am̃ad̃ cuḡe, agur̃ nuair̃ c̃onnac̃ad̃ar̃ é r̃inte ar̃ an mb̃óṡar̃ raoilead̃ar̃ go m̃aib̃ a lám̃ b̃ur̃ce, ad̃t ní m̃aib̃.

Ba m̃or̃ an ní go m̃aib̃ an doṡt̃úr̃ 'n-a c̃om̃naide ar̃ taor̃ib̃ an bóṡar̃ ag ð̃roic̃roiñ na Sp̃ioṡoḡe; b̃i ré ag baile. Tap̃ éir̃ réad̃aint̃ ar̃ lám̃ an gaba 'ré oub̃air̃t̃ an doṡt̃úr̃, “Ní'l̃ doñ eṡam̃ b̃ur̃ce, ad̃t beir̃ ré tam̃all̃ go mb̃eir̃ g̃neir̃om̃ agat̃ ar̃ cap̃ur̃, a Táir̃ḡ.” Do b̃'fior̃ doṡañ; b̃i an gaba ráitẽ ḡañ doñ níð̃ do oéanam̃ mãr̃ g̃eall̃ ar̃ a lám̃.

loan of that thing (the wig) to set a hen hatching in it.' James the Bald was mad ; he jumped up, but if he did Mick was gone. James threw the hammer after him, but instead of hitting Mick with the hammer, he struck a big pot which his wife had borrowed to dye wool in. Is Owen O'Leary a good tradesman ? ”

“How do I know ?” says Tim, and not sweetly ; “but I don't think it is the excellence of his workmanship that is drawing the people to him ; his blarney, that coaxes. He has always the slipping tongue. I would not mind had he set up at Laune Bridge, or below at Meanus, but I do think it is a shame for him to come and set up his forge so near to me as it is now.”

CHAPTER II.

“People meet, but hills and mountains don't.”

When the two reached Killarney they must have a drink in James Breen's house in the new street, and it was not long until they had another drop in Hen-street, where they meet three others with a thirst on them. Half the day was not spent when the smith was tipsy enough.

Nelly was not long in town when she saw her father, and he half-drunk. Herself and the other girl were but a short time doing their business. When they were ready to come home Nelly did her best to coax her father with her, but it was useless trying to persuade him. Himself and James stayed in town till nightfall, and until they were both drunk, or near it.

James Tailor had a gentle little horse. The road was good and the night bright, and had the pair been satisfied with what they had drunk when they left the town of Killarney things would have been well with them, but they were not satisfied. When they came to Laune Bridge they were to have a drink, and when the smith was coming out of the cart he fell on the flat of his back on the road, while at the same time something caused the horse to move. The wheel passed over Tim's hand. The poor man screamed so bitterly that the people ran out to him, and when they saw him stretched on the road they thought his hand was broken, but it was not. It was a great matter (it was fortunate) that the doctor was living close to

Lá'ri na báraí táir éir lae an donais, agus daoine as teacht go dtí ceáiríocháir Tadhg bí ré buairteartha go leór. Cuir ré rgeála cun saba na Ceapaisge bí an-muintertha leir i gcóinnairde, as féadaint an gcuirfeadh ré a mac cuige ar feadh reachtmaine cun go mbéadh am aise ar fear éigin eile do foláir.

'Sé an fheadaí fuair an teachtair go maithar rí-leat-lámaí ar an gCeapaisge, áit b'féidir i ndeireadh na reachtmaine go mbéadh an fear ós ábalta ar toul ar feadh lae nó dó cun cabruadh le Tadhg.

"An rpreallairín rugaig," arsa Tadhg, nuair a cuala ré cun duibairt a duine muintertha, "tá fíor agam-ra go maith cun tá 'n-a ceann; áit beid an rgeal go cruaidh oim-ra nó raprócaí-ra é." Nuair cuala Eoghan úa laogair cun do tuic amac ar áirí Neill níor b'fada go raib ré as doirar tige an saba. Ní raib móran fáilte as Tadhg noimír, áit rap ar fás ré an teinteán bí taob eile ar a' rgeal.

"Ír truaí liom," arsa Eoghan, "tura beir mar 'taoi, 7 san don'ne' asat áit tú féin. An féidir liom-ra don níl do déanamh duic?"

"Ní fheadar," arsa Tadhg; "ír dóca go bfuil do dhócaí le déanamh asat féin, agus beid níor mó asat anoir ó táim-re mar a bfuilim.

"An té bíonn fíor buairtear cor air,
Agus an té bíonn fuar óltaí deoc air."

"Ní béir i b'fada fíor, le congnam Dé; agus mó lám ír m'focal duic nac bfuil don traint oim-ra obair a bheir uair-re. Mar a bfuil don saba eile asat fíor cuirfeadh-ra mo phuntíreac cugat san moill."

"Go raib maith asat," arsa Tadhg, as cur láime rlan amac agus as bheir sneim daingean ar lám Eoghan.

Nuair bí an saba ós as imteacht rug Neill ar lám air agus duibairt "Mile beannaíocht ort. Bior a' cuimneamh ort; bí fáil agam leat, áit bí eagla oim dá dtiocfa féin go mbéadh m'áirí rí-goirgead leat, mar bí fíor agam go maith ná raib ré ríobuirdéac díot."

"Ní móir ír féidir liom a déanamh, áit déanfadh mo dhíceall; agus tá 'r asat-ra, a Neill, go ndéanfaim móran ar do fion-ra."

"Táim go han-buirdéac díot, a Eoghan," arsa Neill, 7 tuirne 'n-a cionnaíad.

Cuaid an saba ós abailt 'r níor b'fada tar éir imteacht' do go dtáinig Séamus Táillíra ircead. Bí Neill as an doirar.

"Cannor tá t'áirí, a Neill?"

little Spiddogue Bridge. He was at home. After looking at the smith's hand the doctor said "there was no bone broken, but it will be a while before you can handle a hammer, Tim." 'Twas true for him. The smith was three months without doing anything, owing to his hand.

Next morning after the fair, and people coming to Tim's forge, he was troubled enough. He sent a messenger to the Cappagh smith, who was always very friendly with him, to see if he would send his son to him for a week, until he had time to provide some other man.

The answer the messenger got was that they were very busy at Cappagh, but perhaps at the end of the week the young man might be able to go for a day or two to help Tim. "The little sooty sweep," says Tim, when he heard what his friend said, "I know what is in his head, but it will go hard with me or I'll be even with him."

When Owen O'Leary heard what had happened to Nelly's father it was not long until he was at the smith's door. Tim had not much welcome for him, but before he left the hearth there was another side to the story. "I am sorry," says Owen, "to see you as you are, with no one but yourself. Can I do anything for you?"

"I don't know," says Tim. "I suppose you have plenty to do yourself, and you will have more now since I am as I am."

"He that is down is trampled;
He that is up is toasted."

"You won't be long down, please God, and my hand and word to you, I do not covet the taking of your work from you. If you have no other smith yet, I will send my apprentice to you without delay."

"Thank you," says Tim, putting out his sound hand and firmly grasping the hand of Owen.

When the young smith was leaving Nelly caught him by the hand, saying, "A thousand blessings on you. I was thinking of you, but I feared that even if you did come my father would be too surly with you, for I know very well he was not too thankful to you."

"It is not much I can do, but I'll do my best, and you know, Nelly, I would do much for your sake."

"I am very grateful to you, Owen," says Nelly, and a blush on her countenance.

"Tá 'r aghat go maith cannaoí tá ré, a Séamur. Tá ré 'na luige ar a leabair agur tá eagla orm go mbéid ré ann go fóill. Duail ruar cuige; táim-re ag dul a d'iarraio cana uirge ó'n abainn."

"D'fán Séamur tamall maith agur nuair bí ré imighthe do glao-aigh Tadhg ar Neillí cun deo uirge fuair do tabairt dó. "Suró ar a' gcataoir go fóill, a Neillí, a cuio; tá puo éigin agham le ráo leat."

"Do fuir Neillí ar an gcataoir ag taobh na leabha, aet gan cuinne aici cao do bí 'n-a ceann."

"Tá eagla orm go mbéad im' mairtinead," a Neillí, i n-eapball mo faogail; aet baó cuma liom dá bpeicinn tura agur do teinteán féin aghat. Ir doóca dá mbéad go faiginn-re cuinne uait ann."

"Táim páirta mar a bfuilim," arfa Neillí; "agur 'otaobh tura beir id' mairtinead, ní mar rin a beir an rgeal aghat, le congnam de."

"D'féidir rin, a ghráó; aet mar rin féin baó maith liom dá bpeicinn tú pórtá."

"Níl don fonn pórtá orm-ra, a aetair, agur dá mbéad féin ní anoir an t-am cun beir ag cuimneam air."

"Táim-re dul i n-aoir, aet baó mór an páram aignidh orm é dá mbéiteá-ra i d'ait big féin. Tá feirim deas deas ag Séamur Táillúra, níl cior troom air, 7 tá fíor agham náe bfuil cailín eile 'ra párróirde do b'feair le Séamur a beir mar mnaoi aige 'ná tú féin."

"Táim an-buirdeac do Séamur. Ní le hearbair mna tige a beir ré ag pórtá; tugann a mátair aipe dor na buaib agur leatann a deirbhíur an t-aoileac ar na prátáí. An bean-treabha atá uair anoir?"

"D'orgail Tadhg a fáile. Ní raib don cuinne aige ná bead a ingean páirta le Séamur do pórtá. Bain a noubairt rí an t-anál de agur ní raib' fíor aige cao do b'fearra do do ráo aet i gceann tamail noubairt ré—

"Saoilear, a Neillí, go raibair féin agur Séamur Táillúra muinteapda go leor le céile."

"Táimid, ar fon náe bfuilim ró-buirdeac de 'otaobh oibhe an lae indé."

"Goó é an leigear a bí aige air?"

"Dá mbéad ré 'ra baile ag tabairt aipe dá gno féin, 'n-ait ba córa do beir, tiocfa-ra abail liom-ra, agur ní beirteá mar ataoi indiu."

"Taoi ró-éruair ar Séamur boet, a Neillí. Cídeann tú gur minic a tagann ré cun congnam a tabairt dom-ra nuair a bim

The young smith went home. It was not long after his departure when James Tailor came in. Nelly was at the door.

"How is your father, Nelly?"

"You know very well how he is, James. He is lying in bed. I fear he will be there awhile yet. Go up to him; I am going for a can of water to the river."

James stayed a good while, and when he was gone Tim called Nelly to bring him a drink of cold water. "Sit on the chair awhile, Nelly dear, I have something to say to you."

Nelly sat in the chair beside the bed, but without any notion what was in his head.

"I am afraid I shall be a cripple, Nelly, in the end of my life; but I would not mind if I saw you in possession of your own hearth. I suppose if you had it, I would get a corner from you in it."

"I am content as I am," says Nelly, "and as to your being a cripple, that is not how the case will be with you, with God's help."

"Maybe so, Nelly, my dear; but all the same, I wish I saw you married."

"I have no notion of marrying, father, and, even if I had, this is not the time to be thinking of it."

"I am getting into age, and it would be a great satisfaction to my mind if you were in your own place. James Tailor has a nice little farm, there is not a heavy rent on it, and I know that there is not another girl in the parish he would rather have for a wife than yourself."

"I am very thankful to James. It is not for want of a housekeeper he will marry; his mother minds the cows, and his sister spreads the manure on the potatoes. Is it a plow-woman he wants now?"

Tim opened his eyes. He had no notion that his daughter would not be ready to marry James. What she said took his breath away, and he did not know what he had better say, but after awhile he said—

"I thought, Nelly, that you and James were very friendly with each other."

"We are, though I am not too thankful to him as to the work of yesterday."

"How could he help it?"

as cup iarrainn ar rostaib nó nuair a bíonn obair trom mar rin roir lám' agam."

"B'fearra dó go móir aise a tabairt dá páirde beag talman. Nác minic ió' béal 'An té bíonn 'n-a d'rocfearbiread dó féin, bíonn ré 'na fearbiread mait' do na daoimib eile."

"I' beag a faoilead, a Neilli, ná déanfa fuo oim."

"Bád mait liom fuo a déanam oit, a áair; áct mar a mbéid ar talam a' domain áct é féin amáin ní béinn mar céile aige Séamur Táillíra."

Le n-a linn rin d'fás Neilli an reómra, agus do gól rí go fuigead ar fearó tamall.

Nuair d'fás Séamur tead an gaba bí ré páirta go leór. Saoil ré ná faib anoir le déanam aige áct dul agus an "páiréar" do bheit abail leir cun Neilli an gaba do pórad. Bí ré gan tobac agus éar ré irtead i riopa Seagáin an leara cun blúire tobac do ceannad.

"An fíor," arfa Seagáin an leara, "sur bhir an gaba a lám as tead ó Cill Áinne aréir?"

"Ní'l ré fíor agus ní'l ré bréagad," arfa Séamur. "Ní'l a lám bhirte, áct tá rí goirtegte com móir rin go bfuil eagla oim ná béid don mait ann go deó. Tá an fear boct buadarta go leór, áct 'ré an fuo i' mó tá cup air anoir, gan Neilli beit pórtá."

"B'fearra duit féin i pórad, a Séamur. Ní fuláir nó tá múirle beag aigro as Tarós, agus tá Neilli 'n-a cailín ciailmair."

"B'féidir go b-pórpainn," arfa Séamur, agus d'imtíz ré air abailé.

Lá ar na bárad bí ré leatá ar fuo na parróirde go faib cleamnar déanta roir Séamur 7 ingin an gaba.

Ar fearó reactmaine tar éir goirtegte láime Tarós do dein Eogan Ua Laozáire agus a príncíreac obair an dá ceapócan cun go bfuair Tarós gaba ós ó Baile an Mhuilinn. I' beag laete put na reactmaine ná faib Eogan tamall as ceapócan Tarós agus tamall beag as caint le Tarós féin agus l'féidir le Neilli.

Nuair táinig an gaba eile ó Baile an Mhuilinn d'iarr Tarós ar Eogan tead anoir agus aríir nuair a bád am aige, agus táinig go minic. Nuair bíod an beirt 7 duine aca ar gac taob do'n teime i' mó fuo do bíod aca as cup tré 'na céile, 7 Neilli i mbun a ngnóta féin timceall na ciróinead. Nuair fuair Eogan rgeala go faib cleamnar focair roir Neilli agus Séamur Táillíra bí ionghad air, áct dúbairt ré leir féin má'r mar rin do bí an rgeal ná faib ré ceart dó-ran a beit com minic irtead 'r amad i

"If he were at home attending to his own business, where he ought to be, you would have come home with me, and you would not be as you are to-day."

"You are too hard on poor James, Nelly. You see it is often he comes to give me help when I am putting tires on wheels, or when I have other similar heavy work on hands."

"It would be much better for him to mind his little bit of land. Have I not often heard from your own mouth, 'He who is a bad servant for himself is a good one for others'?"

"I little thought, Nelly, that you would not obey me."

"I would like to obey you, father; but if there was but him alone on the face of the earth, I would not be the partner of James Tailor." With that Nelly left the room, and she cried bitterly for awhile.

When James left the smith's house, he was satisfied enough. He thought that he had nothing to do but to go and bring home the lines in order to marry the smith's Nelly. He was without tobacco, and he turned into John of the Lis to buy a bit of tobacco.

"Is it true," said John of the Lis, "that the smith broke his hand coming from Killarney last night?"

"'Tisn't true and 'tisn't lying," said James. "His hand isn't broken, but it is hurt so much that I am afraid it will never be any use. The poor man is troubled enough, and the thing that is troubling him most is Nelly to be unmarried."

"You'd better marry her yourself, James. It isn't possible but Tim has a bit of money, and Nelly is a sensible girl."

"Maybe I would," said James, and went on home.

Next morning it was spread all over the parish that there was a match made between James and the smith's daughter. For a week after the injury to Tim's hand Owen and his apprentice did the work of the two forges until Tim got a young smith from Milltown. There were few days during the week that Owen wasn't at Tim's forge, and a little time talking to Tim himself, and maybe to Nelly.

When the other smith from Milltown came, Tim asked Owen to come now and again when he had time; and he often came, when the pair of them used to be one at each side of the fire. They used to discuss many things while Nelly was about her own business in the house. When Owen heard the news, that a match was settled between Nelly and James Tailor, he was surprised; but he said to himself, if that was the case, it wasn't right for himself to be in and out so often at the forge

oig na ceárvócan. D'iméig lá nó dó mar seo 7 san tular as Eošan ar an gceárvócan. Arís Taois le Neillí:

"A bpeaca tú Eošan moiu nó moé?"

"Ní feaca," arís Neillí.

"Tá rúil agam nac bfuil don ní air. Ní faib re annro 'nir ó atriugad 'noé; ní feadair cad tá á coimead."

"Ní'l fíor agam-ra," aodairt ríre, aet bí amhar aici, mar euala rí rgeat an cleamhair.

Ir dóca ná faib Eošan ró-farfa i n'aisnead. Bí fonn ir faic-dear air. Baó maic leir tular do tabairt anonn go ceárvócan Taois, aet mar rin féin bí beagán náire air géillead go faib buadairt air. Bí ré as obair go dian, aet ba cuma dó beic oimaoim nó gnótae, níor b'féidir leir pórad Neillí do cup ar a ceann.

Trádnóna an tarra lá, nuair do bí veiread le hobair an lae asur an ceárvóca dunta, buail Eošan trearna na páirceanna, asur bí ré as cup oe go dtáinig ré amac ar an mbótar i n-aice tige na ceárvócan. Bí Neillí as an doras.

"Cannor tá t'adair, a Neillí?" arís Eošan.

"Tá ré dul i bpeadar. Tar irteac. Ní'l ré leat-uair ó bí ré as caint oir. Bí iongnad air go rabair cóim faoa san bualaó irteac cuige."

"Ní béad as dul irteac anoir, a Neillí. Tá deabhad oim."

"'N é rin Eošan, a Neillí?" ar' an gabha.

"Sé, a adair."

"Cad 'n-a taob nac bfuil ré teact irteac?"

"Deir ré go bfuil deabhad air, a adair."

"Abair leir teact irteac. Tá gnó agam oe."

Do buail Eošan irteac.

Arís an gabha, "Cá rabair le reactmain? Bíor cun rgeala cup anonn eugat féadaint cad a bí oir."

"Ó! ní faib ploc oim, aet go rabar an-gnótae, asur sur faoilear go mbéad ruo éigin eile búr scur tré 'n-a céile 'ná rib a beic a cuimneam oim-ra."

"Aet go mbéad mo lám bacac rlán agam arís, asur buirdear le Dia tá rí dul cun cinn go maic, ní béad don ní as cup buad-airta opainn."

"Go veimin, ní cúir buadairta an rgeat asuib, aet a malairt, asur go n-éirugró búr bpórad lib," arís Eošan, asur toet 'n-a cpoirde.

"Ará go' é an pórad?" arís Taois Gabha.

"Nac bfuil Neillí asur Séamur Táillúra le beic pórtca i ndiar an Chaisig?"

"Riappais do Neillí féin an fíor é nó bréas."

house. A day or two passed in this way without Owen taking a turn to the forge.

Says Tim to Nelly, "Did you see Owen to-day or yesterday?"

"I did not," says Nelly.

"I hope there's nothing wrong with him. He wasn't here since 'ere yesterday. I don't know what's keeping him."

"I don't know," says she; but she had a suspicion, for she heard the tale of the match.

It is likely Owen wasn't very easy in his mind. He was between hope and fear. He would like to take a turn over to Tim's forge; but for all that, he was a little ashamed to admit his trouble of mind. He was working hard, but it was all the same to him whether idle or busy, he could'nt put Nelly's marriage out of his head.

On the evening of the second day, when the day's work was finished and the forge shut up, Owen went over across the fields, and was going ahead until he came out on the road close to the forge house. Nelly was at the door.

"How's your father, Nelly," says Owen.

"He's improving. Come in. It isn't half an hour since he was speaking of you. He was wondering you were so long without dropping in to him."

"I won't be going in now, Nelly, I'm in a hurry."

"Is that Owen, Nelly?" says the smith.

"'Tis, father."

"Why isn't he coming in?"

"He says he is in a hurry, father."

"Tell him to come in. I want him."

Owen walked in.

Says the smith, "Where have you been this week past? I was going to send over a message to see what was wrong with you."

"Oh, there wasn't a bit wrong with me, but that I was very busy, and that I thought you would have other things to bother you than for you to be thinking of me."

"Were my lame hand but better again, and, thank God, it is going on well, there would be nothing troubling me."

"Indeed, your case is not a case of trouble, but the opposite, and I hope the marriage will be prosperous," said Owen, with a load at his heart.

"Why, then, what marriage?" said Tim the Smith.

"Are not Nelly and James Tailor to be married after Lent?"

"Ask Nelly if it is truth or falsehood."

"Αν νίον ἐ, ἄ Νελλι;"

"Νί'ι, ἄγυρ νί βεῖρὸ σο θεῶ," ἀπρὰ Νελλι, ἄγυρ ἀμαδὸ ἀν ὠρητ
λέι.

Ἀρ ρεαδὸ ταναίλι νίον λαβαῖρ δον'νε το'ν βεῖρτ ροαλ.

"Ὀ'φείνι, ἄ Ταῖδ," ἀπρὰ Εὐζαν, "σο ὠταβερρά Νελλι
ὠαμ-ρα?"

"'Σέ ἱρ ρεαῖρρα ὠῦτ ἀν δεῖρτ ριν ἄ εῦρ εῦιει ρεῖν."

Ἄγυρ το εῦρ, ἄγυρ νί γάβαδὸ ἱννῖντ καὶ ἐ ἀν ρρεαγῖα ρυαῖρ
ρε ὁ Νελλι. Ὀῖ ἀν παρρῶιρρε δγ μαγαδὸ ρά Σέαμυρ Τάιλιῦρα;
ἀετ ρυαῖρ ρε ρτορῶιζῖν βεαγ ὁ Στεανν νὰ γκολεαδὸ νὰ ραῖρ ρό-ὀγ
ἀετ σο ραῖρ ρίε ρῦντ ρρῖεῖρ ἀιει.

Τ Α Σ Ρ Α :

Ἀλλὰ ὠιρ—deafness.

ἡβαλίει βῶ—miserable cows.

Ἀρ τῶγῶιτ—"lifting," not able to lift themselves owing to winter want.

Σαδ ἀρ ἄ ρεαδὸ—οῖ σαδ ρε ρεαδὸ—every second word, "one word borrowed
another."

ἱρ γεαῖρρο = ἱρ γεαῖρρ = ἱρ γοῖρρο—soon, very soon.

Ἀρ μ'ἄναμ—by my soul. The m is aspirated.

ραιρῖεαῖρ—dispensation from banns.

μῦρρλε βεαγ ἀμῖγρο— a little lump of money.

Τοετ 'να εῖρρῶιε—a load at his heart.

Σεαν-γῖρρο—an old, worthless horse.

"Is it true, Nelly?"

"No, and it never will be," says Nelly, and out the door with her.

For awhile neither of the pair spoke a word.

"Maybe, Tim," says Owen, "you'd give Nelly to me?"

"You'd better put that question to herself."

And he did, and it is needless to tell the answer he got from Nelly.

The parish was laughing at James Tailor; but he got a little stump from Glennagolagh, who wasn't too young, but who had a fortune of twenty pounds.

ΔΙΤΡΙΣΕ ΑΝ ΡΕΔΩΡΑΙΣ:

Α ΡΙΣ ΤΑ ΑΡ ΝΕΙΜ 'Ρ Α ΕΡΥΤΑΙΣ ΔΩΑΜ,
'S Α ΕΥΡΕΑΡ ΕΑΡ Ι ΒΡΕΑΕΘ ΑΝ ΞΒΑΙΛ,
ΟΕ! ΡΣΡΕΑΘΑΙΜ ΟΡΤ ΑΝΟΙΡ, ΟΡ ΔΡΟ,
Ο ΙΡ ΤΕ ΟΟ ΣΡΑΡΑ ΤΑ ΜΕ ΔΣ ΡΪΛ.

ΤΑ ΜΕ Ι Ν-ΔΟΙΡ, Δ'Ρ ΟΟ ΕΡΪΟΝ ΜΟ ΒΛΑΤ,
ΙΡ ΙΟΜΘΑ ΛΑ ΜΕ ΔΣ ΟΥΛ ΑΜΪΣ',
ΟΟ ΤΥΙΤ ΜΕ Ι ΒΡΕΑΕΘ ΑΝΟΙΡ ΝΑΟΙ ΟΤΡΑΤ,
ΔΕΤ ΤΑ ΝΑ ΣΡΑΡΑ ΑΡ ΛΑΙΜ ΑΝ ΨΑΙΝ.

ΝΥΑΙΡ ΒΙ ΜΕ ΟΣ Β'ΟΛΕ ΙΑΘ ΜΟ ΤΡΕΙΤΕ,
ΟΥΘ ΜΘΡ ΜΟ ΡΡΕΙΡ Ι ΡΕΛΕΙΡ 'Ρ Ι Ν-ΕΑΕΡΑΝΝ,
Β'ΡΕΑΡΡ ΛΙΟΜ ΞΟ ΜΘΡ ΔΣ ΙΜΙΡΤ 'Ρ ΔΣ ΟΙ
ΑΡ ΜΑΙΩΙΝ ΟΘΩΝΑΙΣ ΝΑ ΤΡΑΛΛ ΕΥΜ ΔΙΡΡΥΝΝ:

ΝΙΟΡ Β'ΡΕΑΡΡ ΛΙΟΜ ΡΥΙΘΕ 'Ν ΔΙΕ ΕΑΙΛΙΝ ΟΙΣ
ΝΑ ΤΕ ΜΗΑΟΙ ΡΘΡΤΑ ΔΣ ΕΕΛΙΘΕΑΕΤ ΤΑΜΑΛ,
ΟΟ ΜΙΟΝΝΑΙΘ ΜΘΡΑ ΟΟ ΒΙ ΜΕ ΤΑΒΑΡΤΑ
ΔΣΥΡ ΟΡΪΥΡ ΝΟ ΡΘΙΤΕ ΝΙΟΡ ΛΕΙΣ ΜΕ ΤΑΡΜ:

ΡΕΑΕΘ ΑΝ ΞΒΑΙΛ, ΜΟ ΕΡΑΘ 'Ρ ΜΟ ΛΕΥΝ!
ΙΡ Ε ΜΙΛΛ ΑΝ ΡΑΟΞΑΙ ΜΑΡ ΞΕΑΛΛ ΑΡ ΒΕΙΡΤ Ι
Δ'Ρ Ο'Ρ ΕΟΙΡ ΑΝ ΕΡΑΟΡ ΑΤΑ ΜΙΡΕ ΡΙΟΡ,
ΜΥΝΑ ΒΡΘΙΡΡΥΘ ΙΟΡΑ ΑΡ Μ'ΑΝΑΜ'ΒΟΕΤ.

ΙΡ ΟΡΜ, ΡΑΡΑΟΡ! ΤΑ ΝΑ ΕΟΙΡΕΑΕΑ ΜΘΡΑ,
ΔΕΤ ΟΥΛΤΟΕΑΘ ΟΘΙΘ ΜΑ ΜΑΙΡΥΜ ΤΑΜΑΛ,
ΞΑΕ ΝΥΘ ΒΥΑΙΛ ΑΝΥΑΡ ΑΡ ΜΟ ΕΟΛΑΙΝΝ ΡΘΡ,
Α ΡΙΣ ΝΑ ΞΛΟΙΡΕ 'ΣΥΡ ΤΑΡΡΕΤΑΙΣ Μ'ΑΝΑΜ.

* *Literally*: O King, who art in Heaven and who createdst Adam, and who payest regard to the sin of the apple, I scream to Thee again and aloud, for it is Thy grace that I hope for. I am in age, and my bloom has withered, many a day am I going astray, I have fallen into sin more than nine fathoms (deep), but the graces are in the hands of the Lamb.

When I was young, evil were my accomplishments, great was my

RAFTERY'S REPENTANCE.

[From Douglas Hyde's edition of "Songs ascribed to Raftery," page 356.]

O King of Heaven, who didst create
 The man who ate of that sad tree,
 To Thee I cry, oh turn Thy face,
 Show heavenly grace this day to me.*

Though shed be now our bloom of youth,
 And though in truth our sense be dull,
 Though fallen in sin and shame I am,
 Yet God the Lamb is merciful.

When I was young my ways were evil,
 Caught by the devil I went astray;
 On sacred mornings I sought not Mass,
 But I sought, alas! to drink and play.

Married or single, grave or gay,
 Each in her way was loved by me,
 I shunned not the senses' sinful sway,
 I shunned not the body's mastery.

From the sin of the apple, the crime of two,
 Our virtues are few, our lusts run free,
 For my riotous appetite Christ alone
 From His mercy's throne can pardon me.

Ah, many a crime has indeed been mine,
 But grant to me time to repent the whole,
 Still torture my body and bruise it sorely,
 Thou King of Glory, but save the soul.

delight in quarrels and rows. I greatly preferred playing or drinking on a Sunday morning to going to Mass. I did not like better to sit beside a young girl than by a married woman on a rambling-visit awhile. To great oaths (I was) given, and lustfulness and drunkenness, I did not let (pass) me by. The sin of the apple, my destruction and my grief! it is that which destroyed the world on account of two. Since gluttony is a crime I am down (fallen) unless Jesus shall have mercy on my poor soul.

Ὁ'έσταις αν λά δ'ρ νίον τός μέ αν πάτ,
 Ἡο συρ ιθεσὸτ αν βάρη ανη αν εἰρι τῷ οὐν,
 Ἀέτ α ἄιρ-ο-μῆς αν εἰρε, ανοιρ ηέιρ μο εάρ;
 Δ'ρ le ρηυέ na ηεράρα ρηυέ μο ρῆλ:

Ἰρ le ὡο ηράρα ὡο ηλαν τῷ μάηε,
 Δ'ρ ῥαορ τῷ Ὀάιδιρ ὡο ηιννε αν διέτριψε,
 Ὁο εἰς τῷ μάοιρε ρλάν ὅ'η μβάεαθ,
 'S τὰ εροεἰζαθ λάιριρ συρ ῥαορ τῷ αν ηαουιθε:

Μαρ Ἰρ πεαεάε μέ naε η'δεαρηα ῥτόρ,
 Ἡά ρόλῥ μὸρ ὡο Ὀια ἡά Μυηε,
 Ἀέτ πάτ μο ὅρῳη τὰ μο εοιρεαέα ῥόηαμ,
 Μαρ ηεόλ μέ αν ῥεόρ αρ αν μέαρ Ἰρ ηυιθε.

Α Ρης na ἡῖοιρε τὰ λῆν ὡε ηράρα,
 'S τῷ ηιννε βεόρ δ'ρ ῥιον ὡε'η υηρε,
 Ἰε βεαζῆν αρῆιν ὡο ηιαρ τῷ αν ρηυαξ,
 Οέ! ηεαρῶαι ρόρ δσυρ ρλῆαις ηιρε:

Ο α ἴορα εῥιόρτ α ὡ'ῑυλαινς αν ῥάιρ,
 Δ'ρ ὡο ἀόλαεαθ, μαρ ὡο ὅι τῷ ὡηαλ,
 εἰρην εἰρηνῶ* μ'ἄηαμα αρ ὡο ῥεάε,
 Δ'ρ αρ υαιρ μο βάιρ ἡά ταῶαιρ ὡαμ εἰλ:

Α ὅαιρηόηαιν ῥάιρηταιρ, μάεαιρ δ'ρ μαηεῶεαν,
 ηεαέῆν na ηεράρα, αηγεαλ δ'ρ ηαοῆ,
 εἰρην εοραιντ μ'ἄηαμα αρ ὡο λῆη,
 Ο.τός μο ῥάιρε, 'ρ βείρ μέ ῥαορ.

* "εἰρηνῶ" ἰ ηονηαέταιθ, ἰ η-άιτ "εομῆιρε," .7. ὡῖοιονη.

It is on me, alas! that the great crimes are, but I shall reject them if I live for a while (longer), beat down everything upon my body yet, O King of Glory, but save my soul. The day has stolen away, and I have not raised the hedge, until the crop in which Thou delightedst was eaten. But, O High King of the Right, settle my case, and with the flood of graces wet mine eye. It was by Thy graces Thou didst cleanse Mary, and didst save David who made repentance, and Thou broughtest Moses safe from drowning, and, O Merciful Christ, rescue me. For I

The day is now passed, yet the fence not made,
 The crop is betrayed, with its guardian by;
 O King of the Right, forgive my case,
 With the tears of grace bedew mine eye.

In the flood of Thy grace was Mary laved,
 And David was saved upon due repentance,
 And Moses was brought through the drowning sea,
 —O Christ, upon me pass gracious sentence.

For I am a sinner who set no store
 By holy lore, by Christ or Mary;
 I rushed my bark through the wildest sea,
 With the sails set free, unwise, unwary.

O King of Glory, O Lord divine,
 Who madest wine of the common water,
 Who thousands hast fed with a little bread,
 Must I be led to the pen of slaughter!

O Jesus Christ—to the Father's will
 Submissive still—who wast dead and buried,
 I place myself in Thy gracious hands
 Ere to unknown lands my soul be ferry'd.

O Queen of Paradise, mother, maiden,
 Mirror of graces, angel and saint,
 I lay my soul at thy feet, grief-laden,
 And I make to Mary my humble plaint.

am a sinner who never made a store, or (gave) great satisfaction to God or to Mary, but, cause of my grief! my crimes are before me, since I sailed my scud (*aliter* score) upon the longest finger (*i.e.*, put things off).

O King of Glory, who art full of grace, it was Thou who madest beoir and wine of the water; with a little bread Thou didst provide for the multitude, oh, attend to, help, and save me. O Jesus Christ, who didst suffer the passion and wast buried, because Thou wast humble, I place the shelter of my soul under Thy protection, and at the hour of my death turn not Thy back upon me.

'Noir tá mé i n-aoir 'r ar bhuac an bair,
'S ir gearr an rpar go dtéigim i n-uir,
Acé ir gearr go dteannad ná go brát,
Asur fuasraim páirt ar Rís na nOúil.

Ir cuaille san mair mé i scoirnéall fáil.*
No ir corúil le báo mé a cáill a rtiúr,
Do bhrúide ardeac a n-aghaid carraig 'ra 'bhrúig†
'S do beirdeac dá báac 'rna conntaib fuar.‡

A Íora Críort a fuair bap Dia n-Doine,
A d'éirig arir ann do rúg san loct,
Nac tú tús an tirlige le aithrise do d'éanam,
'S nac beag an rmuaineac do rinneap ort!

Do fáil, ar dtúr, míle 'r o'c sceud,
An ríde go beac, i sceann an do-déas,
O'n am tuirling Críort do reub an gearaid,
Go dti an bliadain a nteannaid Reachtóirais an aithrise.

* Aliter, "ir cuaille cor mé i n-éadan fáil," G.

† = rairise. Aliter, "ar bhuac na tair."

‡ Aliter, "beirdeac 'rá báac 'r a cáillteac a rnaí"; aliter, "reol," aliter, "rúbal"; acé d'áirais mé an líne le comfaim do d'éanam."

O Queen of Paradise, mother and maiden, mirror of graces, angel and saint, I place the protection of my soul in thy hand, O Mary, refuse me not, and I shall be saved.

Now I am in age, and on the brink of the death, and short is the time till I go into the ground, but better is late than never, and I appeal for kindness to (or perhaps, "I proclaim that I am on the side of") the King of the elements.

I am a worthless wattle in a corner of a hedge, or I am like a boat

Now since I am come to the brink of death
And my latest breath must soon be drawn,
May heaven, though late, be my aim and mark
From day till dark, and from dark till dawn.

I am left like a stick in a broken gap,
Or a helmless ship on a sunless shore,
Where the ruining billows pursue its track,
While the cliffs of death frown black before.

O Jesus Christ, who hast died for men,
And hast risen again without stain or spot,
Unto those who have sought it Thou showest the way,
Ah, why in my day have I sought it not !

One thousand eight hundred years of the years,
And twenty and twelve, amid joys and fears,
Have passed since Christ burst hell's gates and defences,
To the year when Raftery made this Repentance.

that has lost its rudder, that would be beaten in against a rock in the ocean, and that would be a-drowning in the cold waves. O Jesus Christ, who didst die on a Friday, and didst rise again as a faultless King, was it not Thou who gavest me the way to make repentance, and was it not little that I thought about Thee? There first happened one thousand and eight hundred (years), and twenty exactly, in addition to twelve, from the time that Christ descended, who burst the gates, until the year when Raftery made the "Repentance."

AN CÚIS D'Á PLÉIR:

(Leir an Reachtúrad.)

Éirighíde ruar tá 'n cúrra as teannaó lib,
 Bíod cloídeam a' r pleas asuib i bpaobair geur,
 I r gearr uaid an Cúis, tá 'n dáta caite,
 Mar rghíob na hAbroail na naoim 'r an cléir;
 Tá an coinneall le múcaó tug lúiteir iarta leir,
 Aet téiríó ar buir nglúnaib a' r iarraíó aetúinge,
 Suidíó an tUan 'r beiró an lá as na Catolcais,
 Tá an Mhumhan tre iaraó 'r an Chúir d'á pléir.

Tá 'n dá Chúige Múman ar riubal, 'r ni rtaofairó
 So leasgar uóib deaemáó a' r cior dá réir,
 'S dá dtugraíde uóib congnam a' r éire [do] fearam
 Uheró' gáiríó lās a' r gac beanna réiró.
 Uheró' gaili ar a g-cúl, a' r gan teac ar air aca,
 Asur 'Orangemen' brúigte i gciúmar* gac baile 'gaimn
 Uheríeam a' r Júry† i deac cúirte as na Catolcais'
 Sacrana marb, 'r an éiríon ar ghaeéal:

* Sghíobta "ingóein" 'ran MS. mar labairtear i gConnactaib é.

† 'S é "coirte" an t-ainm ceart coitíonnn aet veir an Reachtúrad "Júry" le
 "comárad," no com-fuaim, do déanam le "cúl" asur "brúigte."

* *Literally*: Rise ye up, the course is drawing near to you, let ye have sword and spear with sharp edge, not-far-off from you in the [mystic number] "Five," the date is expired, as have written the apostles, the saints, and the clergy. The candle is to be quenched which Luther brought lit with him, but go ye on your knees and ask a petition. Pray ye the Lamb and the day shall be won by the Catholics, Munster is on fire, and Cúis dá plé—i.e., the cause is a-pleading.

† This would make it appear that Raftery composed his song in 1833 or 1834, since the tithe war did actually come to a successful issue in 1835, and in the same year Thomas Drummond inaugurated a new régime at Dublin Castle.

‡ Pronounced "*Koosh daw play*," which means "the cause a-pleading."

§ The two provinces of Munster are afoot, and will not stop till tithes be overthrown by them, and rents according, and if help were given

THE "CUÍS DÁ PLÉ."

(BY RAFTERY.)

(From "The Religious Songs of Connacht.")

Rise up and come, for the dawn is approaching,*
 With sword, and with spear, and with weapon to slay,
 For the hour foretold by the saints and apostles,
 The time of the "FIVE"† is not far away.
 We'll quench by *degrees* the light of the Lutherns,
 Down on your *knees*, let us pray for the Southernns.
 God we shall *please* with the prayers of the Catholics.
 Munster's afire and Cúis dá plé.‡

There's a fire afoot in the Munster provinces ; §
 It's "down with the tithes and the rents we pay."||
 When we are behind her, and Munster challenges,
 The guards of England must fall away.
 Though Orangemen grudge our lives, the fanatics,
 We'll make them budge, we accept their challenges ;
 We'll have jury and judge in the courts for Catholics,
 And England come down in the Cúis dá plé.

them and [we were] to stand by Ireland the [English] guards would be feeble, and every gap [made] easy. The Galls (*i.e.*, English) will be on their back, without ever returning again, and the Orangemen bruised in the borders of every town, a judge and a jury in the court-house for the Catholics, England dead, and the crown on the Gael.

|| From this verse it appears that some at least of the peasantry, even at that early period, distinctly associated the struggle against tithes with the idea of a possible struggle against rents. Very few appear to have seen this at the time, though Dr. Hamilton, the collection of whose tithes led to the sanguinary affair of Carrickshock, in Kilkenny, where no less than 28 of the police were killed and wounded, said to the spokesman of a deputation of the peasantry who waited on him, "I tell you what it is, you are refusing to pay tithes now; you will refuse to pay rents by and by." To which the spokesman of the peasantry retorted, "There is a great difference, sir, between tithes and rents; we get *some value* for the rents, we get the land anyway for them; but we get *no value* at all for the tithes." The incredibly bitter feelings engendered by the struggle at Carrickshock, in 1831, found vent in an English ballad, founded on an Irish model, one verse of which I heard from my friend Michael Cavanagh, of Washington, D.C., who was once private secretary to John O'Mahony, and author of the "Life of Meagher," who was himself "raised" in that neighbourhood. This verse struck me as being so revoltingly savage and at the same time so good a specimen of

Béiró aḡainn faoi Chárḡ pléaráca 'r cuirveácta;
 Ói a'r imirḡ a'r rḡórt oá réir,
 Béiró maiḡe 'ḡur bláḡ aḡur fáḡ ar éḡannaib,
 Snuaó 'ḡur rḡar aḡur oḡúct ar feur:
 Feiciró rió fáḡ a'r neam-áḡo ar Shacranaig';
 Áḡ námaio le fáḡ aḡur leaḡaó a'r leaḡ (?) oḡḡa;
 Teinnteaóca enám ann ḡaó áḡo aḡ na Catolcaig',
 'S naó rin i ḡan bḡabaó (?) an Chúir 'o'á pléiró:

Iḡ iomóa feaḡ bḡeáḡ faoi an trát ro teilḡḡe*
 O Chorca ḡo h-linnir 'r ḡo Baile Roirḡe,
 Aḡur buaóaillióe bána le fáḡ aḡ imḡeaóḡ
 O íráio Chille-Chainniḡ ḡo "Bantḡi Baé."
 Áóḡ iompócaíó an cáḡoá 'r béiró lám maíḡ aḡainn-ne
 Seapḡaíó an máó ar éláḡ na h-imirḡe,
 'Oá bḡeicḡinn-re an rára o ḡhoḡcláḡḡe ḡo Bhoḡḡa 'ḡḡa
 Sheinnḡinn ḡo oeiḡin an Chúir 'o'á pléiró:

*Labairḡeari an focaí ro maḡi "teilḡḡe." Iḡ focaí coitḡionn i ḡConnacḡaib é.
 Iḡ ionnann "bí ré teilḡḡe" aḡur "Chuaíó bḡeicḡeáḡḡar na cúirḡe 'na aḡaíó."

Irish vowel-rhyming, that it were a pity not to preserve it. It runs thus, as well as I can remember it—

"Oh, who could desire to see better *sporting*,
 Than the peelers *groping* among the *rocks*,
 With skulls all fractured, and eyeballs *broken*,
 Their fine long *noses* and ears cut *off*!
 Their roguish *sergeant* with heart so *hardened*,
 May thank his heels that so nimbly *ran*,
 But all that's past is but a *token*,
 To what we'll *show them* at *Slieve-na-man!*"

It is worth mentioning that the Kilkenny peasants who made this desperate attack gave their words of command in Irish, and, no doubt, felt that they were the "Gael" once more attacking the "Gall."

When Easter arrives we'll have mirth and revelry,*
 Eating and drinking, and sport, and play,
 Beautiful flowers, and trees, and foliage,
 Dew on the grass through the live-long day.†
 We'll set in amaze the Gall and the Sassenach,
 Thronging the ways they will all fly back again,
 Our fires shall blaze to the halls of the firmament,
 Kindling the chorus of Cúis dá plé.

There are many fine men at this moment a-pining
 From Ennis to Cork, and the town of Roscrea,
 And many a Whiteboy in terror a-flying
 From the streets of Kilkenny to Bantry Bay.
 But there's change on the cards and we'll now take a hand again,
 Our trumps show large, let us play them manfully,
 Boys, when ye charge them from Birr into Waterford,
 It is I who shall lilt for you the Cúis dá plé.‡

Joseph Sheridan Lefanu, almost the best of our Anglo-Irish novelists, prophesied of the landlords who looked on quiescent during the tithe war: "Never mind, their time will come; rents will be attacked as tithes are now, with the same machinery and with like success." "His prophecy," says his brother, W. R. Lefanu, "was laughed at." Long after, one who had heard him said to him, "Well, Lefanu, your rent war hasn't come." All he said was, "'Twill come, and soon, too," as it did.

* By Easter we shall have revelry and company, drinking and playing, and sport according; there shall be beauty and blossom and growth on trees, fairness and fineness and dew upon the grass. Ye shall see falling-off and contempt on the Sassenachs, our enemy precipitated, and overthrow and defeat (?) upon them, bonfires in every art, (*i.e.*, point of the compass) for the Catholics, and is not that, and nothing over, the Cúis dá plé.

† The Celtic imagination of this verse, and its "revolt against the despotism of fact," is characteristic in the highest degree of the Irish peasant.

‡ There is many a fine man at this time sentenced, from Cork to Ennis and the town of Roscrea and White Boys wandering, and departing from the street of Kilkenny to Bantry Bay. But the cards shall turn, and we shall have a good hand; the trump shall stand on the board we play at. If I were to see the race on them [*i.e.*, them driven to fly] from Waterford to Birr, I would sing you indeed the Cúis dá plé.

Éirighíde ruar, a'r gluairíde uile,
 Céiríde ar an gcnoc agus glacais buir ngleur,
 As Dia tá na grápa a'r béir ré 'n buir gcuirdeácta,
 Bior' agus meirneac, ir bneás an rgeul é.
 Gnótdóirí rib an lá ann sac áirí de Shacranaig',
 Buairí an clár 'r béir na cáirdaí teact eugair,
 Ólaid ar lámh, anoir, pláinte Rairteirí,
 'S é cuirpead' daoib baili ar an gcúir v'á pléir.

* Rise up and proceed all of you, come upon the hill and take your equipment, God has the graces, and He shall be in your company. Let ye have courage; it is a fine story [I have to tell you], ye shall gain the

Up then and come in the might of your thousands,
Stand on the hills with your weapons to slay;
God is around us and in our company,
Be not afraid of their might this day.
Our band is victorious, their cards are valueless,
Our victory glorious, we'll smash the Sassenachs,
Now drink ye in chorus, "Long life to Raftery,"
For it's he who could sing you the Cúis dá plé.*

day in every quarter from the Sassenachs. Strike ye the board and the cards will be coming to you. Drink out of hand now a health to Raftery; it is he who would put success for you on the Cúis dá plé.

IS FADA O CUIREAD SÍOS:

(Leir an Reachtúraí.)

Is fada ó cuiread síos go dtiocfaid ré 'ran traoḡal
 Go ndóirteá fúil 'r go ndéunfaíde pléuḡta,
 'Do réir mar rḡríob na naoim l mbliadain an naoi* tá 'n
 baḡal

Má géillimid do'n rḡríortúir naomḡta.
 An balla deuntar fúar ni fanann ré a bḡad fúar,
 Sḡíorḡann ré ó'n vḡoc—"foundation,"
 Aḡt an áit a ndeacáid an t-aol ni corócaid cloḡ ar coróḡ,
 Tá an áppaig faoi 'na fúide naḡ bpleurḡfaid.

Is ríorḡfaíde rean an Chúirt do faoilead tábairt anuar
 Aḡt 'ré meapaim-re sḡr nio naḡ féirir,
 Tá naoim deaḡar le n-a bḡuac aḡur Cḡíort [do] ceur an rluag
 A'r conḡbócaid ríad na n-uain le céile.
 Aḡalḡanur 'r vḡúir do ḡoráig an rḡeul ar vḡúir,
 Aḡur hannḡaoi an t-Oḡt do ḡréis a céile,
 Aḡt víoḡalḡar ríḡ a'r fuaig ar "Orangemen" go luat
 Naḡ bḡuair aḡiam an "conḡraḡation."

* Is corḡúil go raib an tḡean-áppaigḡeacḡt reo i ḡ-cuimne aḡ an Reachtúraí.

nuaíir áailḡear an leóman a neapḡ
 'S an pótanán bḡeac a bḡíḡ,
 Seinnḡrío an élaḡḡeac go binn binn
 Ioir a h-oḡt aḡur a naoi.

Is corḡúil go meapḡann re an rḡríobḡúir aḡur rean-áppaigḡeacḡta le
 céile! Labairḡear "baḡal" mar "baoiḡeal" ann ro, aḡt "naomḡta" mar
 "naémḡta." Tá bḡoḡḡeacḡt ré vḡá pann deunḡad ré "baḡal" ve "baḡal"
 aḡur "naomḡta" ve "naomḡta"!

* No doubt Raftery is alluding to the old prophecy scarcely yet forgotten, which may be thus translated :—

"When the tawny Lion shall lose its strength,
 And the bracket Thistle begin to pine,
 Sweet, sweet shall the wild Harp sound at length,
 Between the Eight and the Nine."

HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN SAID ?

(BY ANTHONY RAFTERY, OF THE CO. MAYO.)

How long has it been said that the world should be bled,
 And blood flow red like a river?
 In the year of the "NINE," when the crimson moon shall shine,
 (It stands written in the Scripture for ever).
 The wall that has been built where no blood-cement is spilt
 Slips forth from its uncertain foundation,
 But where blood has gone and lime, it shall stand through tide
 and time,
 As a bulwark and a rock to the nation.†

Everlasting is the court that they thought to make their sport;
 But that court can stand wind, rain, and weather?
 St. Peter is on guard, with Christ to watch and ward,
 And to gather all his lambs in, together.
 Adultery and lust began the game at first,
 When Henry the Eighth ruled the nation;
 But shout and rout pursue that bloody Orange crew,
 Never favored by our Lord's consecration.‡

Literally: "When the Lion shall lose his strength and the speckled thistle his vigor, the harp shall play sweetly, sweetly, between the Eight and the Nine." In another poem of his called the "History of the Bush," he alludes to a prophecy that the "Gaels would score a point in the 29th year."

† *Literally:* It is long since it was set down that it would come into the world that blood should be spilt and slaughter made, according as the saints wrote, in the year of the Nine is the danger, if we submit to the Holy Scripture. The wall which is built cold [*i.e.*, without mortar] it does not stay long up, it slips from the bad foundation, but where the lime went, a stone shall not move out of it forever; the rock is under it settled, which shall not burst.

‡ Everlasting and ancient is the Court that it was thought to bring down, but 'tis what I think, that it is a thing impossible, St. Peter is at its brink (*i.e.*, by its side), and Christ, whom the multitude crucified, and they will keep the lambs together. Adultery and lust began the story first, and Henry VIII. who forsook his consort, but vengeance, running and rout [fall] speedily on the Orangemen, who never got the consecration.

Aḡ éiríge dhaoib' r' aḡ luide, rṁuaíníóirí ar an rúḡ,
 'Do cṁuṁaig ar fad an cine daonna,
 Iṛ iomda cor' ran nḡaoit, aḡt nī līa 'nā 'ran tṁaogal;
 'Sṁr iṛ beaḡ an daoi le' bṁuigimīr rṁíóṁeac:
 Iṛebél do fadail an eaḡlair ḡabairt faoi dṁlize
 Aḡ cur anaḡairí an beaḡa naomṡa,
 Tá rí i nḡéibionn ríor a'r lúiteir le n-a tdaoib',
 'S ioc ḡo cṁuairí faoi an "reformation." *

A Dṁia, naḡ mór an rṁórt an dṁeam do fadail ar nṁóḡad
 ḡo mbuó éigin dṁib' a bṁta do rṁínaó,
 A'r William do ḡionṁḡain ḡleó a'r do cuir na ḡaeóil d'a
 'oṁreóir
 Nī feicṁíṁ ríad nīor mó é ḡleurtā:
 Dainṁear clog 'ran Róim, beíṁ teinnṁe cṁám a'r ceól,
 Ann 'r ḡaḡ beaḡ aḡur [ḡaḡ] mór tṁé éirinn,
 O ḡáimḡ Seóirre i ḡ-cṁóin tá Oṁḡemen faoi bṁón;
 A'r ḡan neart aca a rṁíón do rṁíveadh.

A Íosa cṁurta i ḡcṁann ná rṁeú ar lár an dṁeam
 Nár dṁíol an beaḡ d'oil tu ar don cor,
 Aḡt lúiteir 'r a dṁlize cam 'r an bunadh cṁeidear ann
 Naḡ oic an ceart ḡo bṁuigíóir ḡéilleadh.
 Má'r ríor do Oṁḡemen nī'l maíṁ do'n éléir i ḡcainṁ
 'Sa cṁoṁḡadh ar rúṁ le léigead aḡ éirinn
 Sṁr eugḡóir ríonḡail 'r feall aḡur clipeadh clainne ḡall
 D'iompaig an Dṁibla anonn 'ran mbéarṁa.

* Tá dṁíl mór aḡ an Reaḡṁnaḡ, mar éimíṁ, ann rṁa foclaib' aṁo-ḡlóṁaḡa
 ḡallṁa rṁo éṁíóṁuigear i n-"aṁion" (= "éirinn"). Na ceoṁ fíliṁe de na
 ḡaṁḡalaib' do rḡríob i mbeurṁa rṁḡaṁar na focla rṁo aṁṁeac ann 'r ḡaḡ rann,
 beaḡ-naḡ!

* On rising up of you and on your lying down, think ye upon the King
 who created, throughout, the human race; there is many a change in
 the wind, but not more plentiful than are in the world, and it is a little
 way through which we might find rescue. Isabel (i.e., Elizabeth), who
 thought to bring the Church under law, opposing the holy life, she is
 down in chains, and Luther at her side paying dearly for the Reformation.

Whene'er ye rise or lie, think upon God on high,
And practise all his virtues—we need them—
This strange world changes fast, as change both wind and blast;
From a small thing may arise our freedom.
Elizabeth, who thought Faith might be sold and bought,
And who harassed all the just of the nation,
In chains she now is tied with Luther at her side,
They are paying for their "Reformation."*

Dear God! but this is play! they thought to burn and slay,
But their courage ebbs away down to zero;
Their William clad in mail, who left in chains the Gael,
They shall never again see that hero.
A bell is rung in Rome, it says our triumph's come,
With bonfires, and music, and cheering,
Since George is on the throne the Orangemen make moan,
They run cold in every bone—they are fearing! †

O Christ for us who died, *we* never sold Thy bride,
Do not see us set aside we beseech Thee;
But they who sing the praise of Luther's crooked ways,
Shall their impious petitions reach Thee!
The Orangemen assert that our clergy are but dirt,
Insulting us since Luther's arrival;
May treachery and shame be their lot who bear the blame
Of turning into English the Bible.‡

† Oh, God! is it not great the sport, the lot that thought to burn us, how they had to deny their vote? And William, who began the fight, and who put the Gael out of their way, they shall see him no more prepared [for fight]. A bell shall be struck in Rome, there shall be bonfires and music in every little and in every great [place] throughout Erin. Since George came to the throne the Orangemen are under grief, and without power to blow their nose.

‡ O Jesus crucified on tree, do not see the people put down who never sold the woman who reared thee, on any consideration; but Luther and his crooked way, and the family that believe in him, is it not a bad right that they should get submission. If it is true for the Orangemen, there is no use for the clergy in their talk, and the proof of that, Ireland has to read, that it is injustice, murder and treachery, and the deception (?) of the children of the Galls that turned the Bible over into English.

Chualaid mé, munab breus, go dtiocfaid ré ran tréigal
 Go s-cuirfidé máigirtir léigin ann gac cúinne,
 Ní bfuil 'ran gcár aet rseim* as meallad uainn an tréio
 Agus diúltaigib do gnothaigib lúiteir:
 Creidid do'n éleir 'r ná téirid ar malairt féir,
 No caillfid ríob Mac Dé 'r a cúmácta,
 'S an long ro cuaid a léig (?) má téirdeann ríob ann de léim
 Iompócaid rí a' béró ríob fúite.

Aitraigib le Dia, tá an t-atair bairtliú fíar,
 'S congobócaid ré ar na caoréad gáirda,
 An ríocht i s-cae ná i ngliae náir díol an páir aríam
 Agus reappaid ré anaíad búrcais a' r Dálais.
 Tá Clanna Gall 'n ar ndiais mar beirdead maíra alla ar ríad
 Bheir' as íarraid an t-uan do goir o'n mátair.
 Aet ['r] O Ceallais deunfad a bfríadac gan cú gan eac gan
 rrian
 Le toil a' r cúmáet ríis na n-Grápa.

Ní'l rígeadóir láun na bheirde ná gréapaid anóiais a lae
 Nac mbionn as piocad breus ar úgdaí,
 A mbíobla ar báir a méar, as deapbúgad 'ran éiteac,
 Aet íocpaí ríad i ndeire cúire.
 Fear gan maírae gan léigean a mínígear daorib an rgeul,
 Raíteirid o'éirt le ar' oubpaó,
 '[S] aoir go plaítear Dé nac paíad neac go n-eus
 Bheirdear as plé le leabpaib luiteir:

*= an focal béarla "scheme."

* I heard, unless it be a lie, that it shall come in the world that a master of learning shall be placed in every corner. There is nothing in the case but a scheme deceiving the flock from us, and refuse ye the works of Luther. Believe in the clergy and go not exchanging grass, [i.e., remain on your own pasture] or ye shall lose the Son of God and His power, and this ship that went to ruin (?), if ye go into it of a leap, it will turn and ye shall be underneath it.

I heard, if it be true, a rumor strange and new,
That they mean to plant schools in each corner;
The plan is for our scaith, to steal away our faith,
And to train up the spy and suborner.
Our clergy's word is good, oh seek no other food,
Our church has God's own arm round her;
But if ye will embark on this vessel in the dark,
It shall turn in the sea and founder.*

But thanks be to the Lord, Father Bartley is our sword,
Set fast in our midst as a nail is;
'Tis he shall guard the sheep, his clan was not for sleep,
He will stand against the Burkes and the Dalys.†
The Gall is on our tracks, like wolves that rage in packs,
They seek to tear the lamb from the mother;
But O'Kelly is our hound, and to hunt them he is bound,
Till we see them fall to tear one another.‡

The man who weaves our frieze, the cobbler who tells lies,
They read learned authors now!—cause for laughter—
Their Bible on their lips and at their finger tips!
But they'll pay for it all hereafter.
A blind unlettered man expounds to you his plan,
Rafferty, whose heart in him is burning,
Who bids ye all to know that none to heaven can go
On the strength of their Luther's learning.§

† The Dalys of Dunsandle, no doubt.

‡ Render thanks to God, Father Bartley (*i.e.*, Bartholomew) is in the West, and he will keep guard over the sheep, he is of the race that in battle or conflict never sold the passion [perhaps a mistake for "sold the pass"], and he will stand against Burkes and Dalys. The children of the Gall are after us, as it were wolves upon the mountains, that would be seeking to steal the lamb from the mother; but O'Kelly will hunt them without hound, horse, or bridle, by the will and the power of the King of the Graces.

§ There is not a weaver of lawn or frieze, or a cobbler after his day, that does not be picking lies out of authors, their Bible on the top of their fingers, assuring and perjuring; but they shall pay at the end of the case. A man without sight, without learning [it is] who expounds to you the story, Rafferty, who listened to all that was said, and who says that to the heaven of God no one shall ever go who will be pleading with the books of Luther.

THE CURSE OF THE BOERS ON ENGLAND.

(TRANSLATED BY LADY GREGORY.)

O God, may it come shortly,
 The hour and this day,
 When we shall see England
 Utterly overthrown.

O God, may it shortly come,
 This day and this hour,
 When we shall see her
 And her heart turned cold.

It is she was a Queen,
 A Queen without sorrow ;
 But we will take from her,
 One day her Crown.

That Queen that was beautiful
 Will be tormented and darkened,
 For she will get her reward
 In that day, and her wage.

Her wage for the blood
 She poured out on the streams ;
 Blood of the white man,
 Blood of the black man.

Her wage for those hearts
 That she broke in the end ;
 Hearts of the white man,
 Hearts of the black man.

Her wage for the bones
 That are whitening to-day ;
 Bones of the white man,
 Bones of the black man.

Her wage for the hunger
 That she put on foot ;
 Her wage for the fever,
 That is an old tale with her.

Luaḡ na mbaintreabhaḡ
 O'fás rí san rír,
 Luaḡ na nḡairḡiḡeaḡ
 Cuir rí ar bior.

Luaḡ na nḡilleaḡta
 O'fás rí fá cḡaḡ,
 Luaḡ na nḡibḡiteaḡ
 Caḡ rí ar fán.

Luaḡ na n-ḡnḡiaḡaḡ
 (ḡḡuaḡ a ḡcár),
 Luaḡ na n-ḡirḡiceaḡ
 Cuir rí cḡm báir.

Luaḡ na n-ḡieannaḡ
 Céar rí ar cḡoir,
 Luaḡ ḡaḡ cḡirḡ
 O'á nḡeaḡnaḡ rí ḡḡḡoir.

Luaḡ na milliún
 Oo lúb rí 'r oo ḡuir,
 Luaḡ na milliún
 Fá ocḡur aḡoir.

A ḡieaḡna ḡo ḡḡiḡirḡ
 Ar mullaḡ a cḡn
 Mallaḡ na nḡaḡine
 Oo cḡit le n-a lḡnḡ.

Mallaḡ na ruḡaḡ
 A'r mallaḡ na mbeaḡ,
 Mallaḡ na n-aḡḡḡann,
 A'r mallaḡ na laḡ.

ḡi éirḡeann an ḡieaḡna
 Le mallaḡ na mḡr,
 Aḡt éirḡirḡ Sé cḡirḡe
 Le oḡna faoi ḡeḡir.

Éirḡirḡ Sé cḡirḡe
 Le caḡneaḡ na mboḡt,
 'S tá caḡinte na mḡlḡirḡ
 O'á ḡḡaḡileaḡ aḡoḡt.

Her wage for the white villages
She has left without men ;
Her wage for the brave men
She has put to the sword.

Her wage for the orphans
She has left under pain ;
Her wage for the exiles
She has spent with wandering.

For the people of India
(Pitiful is their case) ;
For the people of Africa
She has put to death.

For the people of Ireland,
Nailed to the cross ;
Wage for each people
Her hand has destroyed.

Her wage for the thousands
She deceived and she broke ;
Her wage for the thousands
Finding death at this hour.

O Lord, let there fall
Straight down on her head
The curse of the peoples
That have fallen with us.

The curse of the mean,
And the curse of the small,
The curse of the weak
And the curse of the low.

The Lord does not listen
To the curse of the strong,
But He will listen
To sighs and to tears.

He will always listen
To the crying of the poor,
And the crying of thousands
Is abroad to-night.

Éireócaí na caointe
 Go Dia, tá fuar,
 Ní fada go rroipte
 Sae mallacé a éuar.

Béir cámaé, an lá m
 As sae uile deór
 Long-cosair do báta
 'S an bfairge móir.

Asur tuitir, mar mallacé,
 Go trom ar an lué
 O'pás aiphe na párae
 A' r bóraig go boé.

CÚMA ÉIRÍDE ÉILÍN:

Donnéad na Dairgáin o'air, 7 Taobh na Donnada do éirí ríor.

A Dómnail Oig, má téirir ear fairge
 Beir mé péin leat, ir na déin do dearmad,
 Ir béir asat féirín lá donais ir margar,
 Ir ingean Ríog Spéige máir céile leaptá asat.

Má téirir-re anonn tá comarita asam ort;
 Tá cúl pionn asur dá fáil glara asat
 Dá cocán déas ió' cúl buirde bacallaé;
 Mar béal-na-bó nó ríor i ngarraite.

Ir déirdeanac aiphe do labair an sa'dar ort;
 Do labair an naorac 'ra' curraicín doimín ort;
 Ir tu ió' "caosairde donair" ar fuo na scoillte;
 'S go rabair gan céile go bpad go bfaigir me.

Do geallair dam-ra, asur o'innir bpeas dam,
 Go mbeiteá romam-ra as cío na scaorac;
 Do leigear fead asur trí céad glaoúac éugat,
 'S ní bfuair ann acé uan a' méir.

Do geallair dam-ra, ní ba deacair duit,
 Longear óir fá éirí-peoil aiphe;
 Dá baile déas do bailtí margar;
 Ir cúir bpeas aolá coir taob na fairge.

That crying will rise up
To God that is above ;
It is not long till every curse
Comes to His ears.

Every single tear
Shall have power in that day,
To whelm a warship
In the great deep.

And they shall fall for a curse
Heavily upon the people
Who have left Africa a waste
And the Boers in poverty.

1901.

THE GRIEF OF A GIRL'S HEART.

O Donall og, if you go across the sea, bring myself with you and do not forget it ; and you will have a sweetheart for fair days and market days, and the daughter of the King of Greece beside you at night.

It is late last night the dog was speaking of you ; the snipe was speaking of you in her deep marsh. It is you are the lonely bird through the woods ; and that you may be without a mate until you find me.

You promised me, and you said a lie to me, that you would be before me where the sheep are flocked ; I gave a whistle and three hundred cries to you, and I found nothing there but a bleating lamb.

You promised me a thing that was hard for you, a ship of gold under a silver mast ; twelve towns with a market in all of them, and a fine white court by the side of the sea.

'Do gheallair dam-ra, ní nár b'féoirí,
 'So dtiubhrá laimhinne do éirícean éirí dam;
 'So dtiubhrá bhróga do éirícean éan dam;
 I r culaí do'n tríoda ba daoire i nÉirinn.

Δ 'Domhnaili Óis, b'féarr duit mire aḡat
 'Ná bean uapal uaidíeac iomarcac;
 'Do éirídeann bó aḡur do-ḡéanainn cuigean duit;
 I r, dá mbaḡ éiríde é, do buailínn buille leat.

Oc, ocón, aḡur ní le hocpar,
 Uiríeabha bíḡ, díḡe, ná coḡlata,
 Fá nḡeairí dam-ra beir tanairde trídcalḡa;
 Acḡ gráḡ ríí óis i r é b'reoirḡ so pollur me!

I r moḡ ar maidín do éonnac-ra an t-óisféar
 Ar muin éapaili aḡ gabáil an bóḡair;
 Níor ḡruir ré liom i r níor éuir ré rḡrḡḡ orí;
 'S ar mo éapḡ ḡbaile dam 'r ead do ḡoilear mo bóḡain.

'Nuair éirídeim-ré féin so Tobair an Uairí,
 Suidim ríor aḡ uéanaim buaḡarḡa,
 Nuair éim an rḡḡal i r ná ríicim mo buacaili;
 So ríab rḡáil an ómair i mbairí a ḡruaḡna.

Siúḡ é an 'Domnac do éuḡar gráḡ duit,
 An 'Domnac díreac roim 'Domnac Cárga;
 I r mire ar mo ḡlúimib a' léigead ná páire,
 'S ead bí mo dá ríuil a ríor-ḡabairḡ an gráḡ' duit:

Ó! adé, a máirín, tabair mé féin do,
 I r tabair a b'ruil aḡat do'n trḡḡal so léir do;
 Éiríḡ féin aḡ iarrairḡ uéirce,
 Aḡur ná gab ríar ná aniar im' éileam.

Tuḡairḡ mo máirín liom ḡan tabairḡ leat
 Inḡiu ná i mbáiríeac ná Dia 'Domnaisḡ,
 I r oic an tráḡ do éuḡ rí rḡḡa dam,
 'S é "uúnaḡ an uorair é tar éir ná rḡḡla."

Tá mo éiríde-ré com' dúb le háiríne,
 Nó le ḡual dúb a beaḡ i ḡeáirḡcain,
 Nó le bóinn bhríḡe beaḡ ar hallaib bána;
 'S ḡur uéimí líonn dúb díom or cionn mó ríáinte:

Dó bainí ríor díom, i r do bainí ríar díom,
 'Do bainí ríomam, i r do bainí im' díarḡ díom,
 'Do bainí ḡealac, i r do bainí ḡruan díom,
 'S i r ríó-mór m'easla ḡur bainí Dia díom!

You promised me a thing that is not possible, that you would give me gloves of the skin of a fish ; that you would give me shoes of the skin of a bird ; and a suit of the dearest silk in Ireland.

O Donall óg, it is I would be better to you than a high, proud, spendthrift lady : I would milk the cow ; I would bring help to you ; and if you were hard pressed, I would strike a blow for you.

O, ochone, and it's not with hunger or with wanting food, or drink, or sleep, that I am growing thin, and my life is shortened ; but it is the love of a young man has withered me away.

It is early in the morning that I saw him coming, going along the road on the back of a horse ; he did not come to me ; he made nothing of me ; and it is on my way home that I cried my fill.

When I go by myself to the Well of Loneliness, I sit down and I go through my trouble ; when I see the world and do not see my boy, he that has an amber shade in his hair.

It was on that Sunday I gave my love to you ; the Sunday that is last before Easter Sunday. And myself on my knees reading the Passion ; and my two eyes giving love to you for ever.

O, aya ! my mother, give myself to him ; and give him all that you have in the world ; get out yourself to ask for alms, and do not come back and forward looking for me.

My mother said to me not to be talking with you to-day, or to-morrow, or on the Sunday ; it was a bad time she took for telling me that ; it was shutting the door after the house was robbed.

My heart is as black as the blackness of the sloe, or as the black coal that is on the smith's forge ; or as the sole of a shoe left in white halls ; it was you put that darkness over my life.

You have taken the east from me ; you have taken the west from me ; you have taken what is before me and what is behind me ; you have taken the moon, you have taken the sun from me, and my fear is great that you have taken God from me !

BÁN-ÉNOIC ÉIREANN ÓG:

(Le Donnchað Mac Conmair.)

Beir beannaðt òm' èpoidè go tìr na h-Éireann,
 Bán-énoic Éireann óg!
 Cum a mairéann de rìolrað ìr a' r' Èivir,
 Ar bán-énoic Éireann óg.
 An àit ùo 'nar b'aoibinn binn-ghut éan,
 Mar fám-èruit éoin agh caoineað Saòdal;
 'Sé mo càr a beit mìle mìle i gcein,
 Ó bán-énoic Éireann óg.

Urdeann barrra bog rìim ar éoin-énoic Éireann,
 Bán-énoic Éireann óg!
 'S ir fearra ná 'n tìr ro vit gac rleibe ann;
 Bán-énoic Éireann óg!
 Dob àrò a coillte 'r ba òipeac pèrò,
 'S a mbàit mar aol ar maoilinn geug
 Tà ghràò agh mo èpoidè i m'incinn féin
 Do bán-énoic Éireann óg.

Tà garra lionmair i tìr na h-Éireann,
 Bán-énoic Éireann óg!
 A' r' fearacoin ghoidè ná claoirdèað ceurta
 Ar bán-énoic Éireann óg!
 m' fadtuire èpoidè 'r mo cuimne rgeul;
 Iao agh Gallachòic rìor fà gheim, mo leun!
 'S a mbàilte o'á roinn fà-éior go d'òr,
 Bán-énoic Éireann óg!

Ìr fairring 'r ir mòr iao cruada na h-Éireann,
 Bán-énoic Éireann óg!
 A ghuro meala 'sur uactair a'ghluirèact 'na rlauda,
 Ar bán-énoic Éireann óg;
 Racadò mé ar cuairt no ir luac mo faghal,
 'Do'n talam beag fuairc rin ir dual do Saòdal!
 'S go mb'fearra liom 'ná duair oá uairleact é
 Beit ar bán-énoic Éireann óg.

* Composed whilst the poet was in exile, on the Continent (at Hamburg), during the penal régime. The name Eiré (Ireland) is dissyllabic and may be pronounced as "eyrie." The bard was born at Oratloe, Clare County, about 1710, and outlived the century. In spite of the penal laws against education, he succeeded in acquiring, at home and

THE FAIR HILLS OF EIRE.

(BY DONCATH MAC CONMARA. CIRCA 1736.*)

(Translated by Dr. Sigerson in "Bards of the Gael and Gall.")

Air: "Uileacan Dub O."

Take my heart's blessing over to dear Eiré's strand—

Fair Hills of Eiré O!

To the Remnant that love her—Our Forefathers' Land!

Fair Hills of Eiré O!

How sweet sing the birds, o'er mount there and vale,

Like soft-sounding chords, that lament for the Gael,—

And I, o'er the surge, far, far away must wail

The Fair Hills of Eiré O.

How fair are the flowers on the dear daring peaks,

Fair Hills of Eiré O!

Far o'er foreign bowers I love her barest reeks,

Fair Hills of Eiré O!

Triumphant her trees, that rise on ev'ry height,

Bloom-kissed, the breeze comes odorous and bright,

The love of my heart!—O my very soul's delight!

The Fair Hills of Eiré O!

Still numerous and noble her sons who survive,

Fair Hills of Eiré O!

The true hearts in trouble,—the strong hands to strive—

Fair Hills of Eiré O!

Ah, 'tis this makes my grief, my wounding and my woe

To think that each chief is now a vassal low,

And my Country divided amongst the Foreign Foe—

The Fair Hills of Eiré O!

In purple they gleam, like our High Kings of yore,

The Fair Hills of Eiré O!

With honey and cream are her plains flowing o'er,

Fair Hills of Eiré O!

Once more I will come, or very life shall fail,

To the heart-haunted home of the ever-faithful Gael,

Than king's boon more welcome the swift swelling sail—

For the Fair Hills of Eiré O!

on the Continent, a mastery of classic and foreign languages. Besides short poems, he wrote a mock-heroic *Æneid*, detailing his adventures. In his old age he became blind, and the Irish teachers and pupils in Waterford, with old-time liberality and appreciativeness, laid a tribute on themselves for his maintenance.

Sgairpeann an bpuet ar gheamaí agus réar ann;
 Ar bán-énoic Éiréann óg;
 Agus tagaíod rin uíla cumha ar gheugaibh ann;
 Ar bán-énoic Éiréann óg.
 Bíolair agus raítha i ngleannthaibh ceo
 'S na ríota 'ran trampa a' labhairt ar neoin;
 A'r uirge na Siúire a' bpuet 'na flóig,
 Ar bán-énoic Éiréann óg.

Ir orgailte páilteas an áit rin Éire,
 Bán-énoic Éiréann óg!
 Agus toíad na pláinte a mbárr na véire;
 A mbán-énoic Éiréann óg.
 Da binne 'ná meura ar téadaibh ceoil,
 Seinn 'sur géimpeas a laog 'r a mbó,
 Agus taitneam na gréine oíta aorad 'r óg
 Ar bán-énoic Éiréann óg.

The dew-drops sparkle, like diamonds on the corn,
Fair Hills of Eiré O!

Where green boughs darkle the bright apples burn
Fair Hills of Eiré O!

Behold, in the valley, cress and berries bland,
Where streams love to dally, in that Wondrous Land,
While the great River-voices roll their music grand
Round the Fair Hills of Eiré O!

Oh, 'tis welcoming, wide-hearted, that dear land of love!
Fair Hills of Eiré O!

New life unto the martyred is the pure breeze above
The Fair Hills of Eiré O!

More sweet than tune flowing o'er the chords of gold
Comes the kine's soft lowing, from the mountain fold,—
Oh, the Splendor of the Sunshine on them all,—Young and Old.
'Mid the Fair Hills of Eiré O!

SEADNA'S THREE WISHES.

FROM SEADNA (SHAYNA), BY FATHER PETER O'LEARY.

(BY THE FIRESIDE—PEG, NORA, GOBNET, LITTLE SHEILA,
KATE BUCKLEY.)

NORA.—Peg, tell us a story.

PEG.—I'd like that. Tell a story yourself.

GOBNET.—She is no good, Peg; we prefer your story.

SHEILA.—Do, Peg; we will be very quiet.

PEG.—How well you did not keep quiet last night, when I was telling "The dog with the eight legs."

SHEILA.—Because Kate Buckley would not stop, but pinching me.

KATE.—You lie! I was not pinching you, you little hag!

GOB.—Don't mind her, Kate. There was no one pinching her, but she pretending it.

SHEILA.—But there was; and only that there was I would not screech.

NORA.—Tell Peg that you won't screech now, and she will tell us a story.

SHEILA.—I won't screech now, Peg, whatever will happen to me.

PEG.—Well, then, sit here near me so that no one can pinch unknown to me.

KATE.—I'll engage the cat will pinch her. You little hussy, we would have a fine story but for yourself and your screeching.

GOB.—Whist! Katè, or you'll make her cry, and we'll be without a story. If Peg is made angry she will not tell a story to-night. There, now, Peg, everyone is mute, expecting a story from you.

PEG.—There was a man long ago and the name that was on him was Seadhna, and he was a shoemaker. He had a nice well-sheltered little house at the foot of a hill, on the side of the shelter. He had a chair of *soogauns* which he himself made for himself, and it was usual with him to sit in it in the evening when the work of the day used to be completed, and when he sat in it he was quite at his ease. He had a *malvoque* of meal hanging up near the fire, and now and then he used to put his hand into it and take a fist-full of the meal, and be chewing at his leisure. He had an apple-tree growing outside his door, and when he used to be thirsty from chewing the meal, he used to put his hand into that tree and take one of the apples and eat it.

Cáit. B'féarr liom-ra an mín; ní bainfeadh an t-uóall an t-ocpar de duine.

Sob. B'féarr liom-ra an cátaoir; 7 cuirpinn peg i n-a ruíde innti, aís innrint na rgeul.

peg. Ir maic cum plámair éú, a Sobnuic.

Sob. Ir fearr cum na rgeul tura, a Pheg. Cionnur o'imtis le Seadhna?

peg. Lá dá faib ré ag déanamh brós, tug ré pé ndeara ná faib a tuille leatuir aise, ná a tuille rnaíce, ná a tuille céipeac. Bí an taoibín déirdeanac fuar, 7 an speim déirdeanac curta; 7 níorb fúlair do dul 7 adbar do solácar pul a bpeupad ré a tuille brós do déanamh.

Do gluar ré ar maidin, 7 bí trí ríllinge 'n-a póca, 7 ní faib ré acé míle ó'n dtis 'nuair buail duine boct uime, aís iarraid déirce. "Tabair dom déirce ar fon an tSlánuigteora, 7 le h-anmannaib do márb, 7 tar ceann do fláinte," ar an duine boct. Thug Seadhna rílling do, 7 annran ní faib aise acé dá rílling. Dubairt ré leir féin go mbféoir go ndéanfad an dá rílling a ghnó.

Ní faib ré acé míle eile ó baile 'nuair buail bean boct uime, 7 i cor-noctuighe. "Tabair dom congnad éigin," ar riri, "ar fon an tSlánuigteora, 7 le h-anmannaib do márb, 7 tar ceann do fláinte." Do glac truaige ói é, 7 tug ré rílling ói, 7 o'imtis rí. Do bí aon rílling amáin annroin aise, acé do tiomáin ré leir, a bpat air go mbuailfeadh rianr éigin uime do cuirfeadh ar a cumur a ghnó a déanamh. Níorb fada gur capad air leanb 7 é ag sul le fuacé 7 le h-ocpar. "Ar fon an tSlánuigteora," ar an leanb, "tabair dom ruo éigin le n-íce." Bí tis órta i ngarí dóib, 7 do cuaid Seadhna irceac ann, 7 ceannuig ré bñic aráin 7 tug ré cum an leinb é. 'Nuair fuair an leanb an t-arán o'atruis a dealb; o'fár ré ruar i n-áirde, 7 do lar polar iongantac 'n-a fúilb 7 'n-a ceanaícaib, i dtreo go dtáinig ríannrad ar Sheadhna.

Sile. Dia linn! a Peg, ir dóca gur éit Seadhna boct i luige.

peg. Níorb éit; acé má'r ead, ba víceall dó. Chom luat agur o'fear ré labairt, dubairt ré: "Cad é an radar duine tura?" agur ir é ríeagra fuair ré: "Á Sheadhna, tá Dia buirdeac díot. Aingeal iread mire. Ir mé an tríomad h-aingeal gur tugar déirce dó anriu ar fon an tSlánuigteora, 7 anoir tá trí gúirde agat le ríáil ó Dia na glóire. Iarr ar Dia aon trí gúirde ir toil leat, 7 geobair iad; acé tá aon comairle amáin agampa le tabairt duit,—ná dearmuid an Tríóaire."

SHEILA.—Oh, my goodness! Peg, wasn't it nice?

PEG.—Which is it; the chair or the meal or the apple, that was nice.

SHEILA.—The apple, to be sure.

KATE.—I would prefer the meal. The apple would not take the hunger off a person.

GOB.—I would prefer the chair, for I would put Peg sitting in it telling the stories.

PEG.—You are good for flattery, Gobnet.

GOB.—You are better for the stories, Peg. How did it go with Seadhna?

PEG.—One day as he was making shoes he noticed that he had no more leather nor any more thread nor any more wax. He had the last piece on, and the last stitch put, and it was necessary for him to go and provide materials before he could make any more shoes. He set out in the morning and there were three shillings in his pocket, and he was only a mile from the house when he met a poor man asking for alms. "Give me alms for the sake of the Saviour and for the souls of your dead and for your health," said the poor man. Seadhna gave him one shilling, and then he had but two shillings. He said to himself that possibly two shillings would do his business. He was only another mile from home when he met a poor woman, and she barefooted. "Give me some help," said she, "for the sake of the Saviour and for the souls of your dead and for your health." He felt compassion for her and gave her a shilling, and she went away. He had one shilling then; still he went on expecting that he would meet some good fortune which would put it in his power to do his business. It was not long till he met a child and he crying with cold and hunger. "For the sake of the Saviour," said the child, "give me something to eat." There was a stage house near them and Seadhna went into it, and he bought a loaf of bread and he brought it to the child. When the child got the bread his figure changed. He grew up very tall, and light flamed in his two eyes and in his countenance, so that Seadhna became terrified.

SHEILA.—Oh! God help us! Peg, I suppose poor Seadhna fainted.

PEG.—He did not, but then, he was very near it. As soon as he could speak, he said, "What sort of person are you?" The answer he got was, "Seadhna, God is thankful to you. I am an angel. I am the third angel to whom you have given alms to-day for the sake of the Saviour. And now you have

“Asgur an n-deirip liom go bfaigead mo gairde?” arsa Seadhna: “Deirip, gan amhar,” ar’ an t-aingeal. “Tá go maith,” arsa Seadhna, “tá cataoir beag dear fúgán agam ’ra baile, 7 an uile dailtín a tagann arteaó, ní fuláir leir ruidé innte. An ceo duine eile a fuirpíó innte, aó mé féin, go gceanglaíó ré innte!” “Faire, faire! a Sheadhna,” ar’ an t-aingeal; “rin gairde bheadh iméigíte gan cairde. Tá dá ceann eile agat, 7 ná dearmuid an Trócaire.” “Tá,” arsa Seadhna, “mealbóisin mine agam ’ra baile, 7 an uile dailtín a tagann arteaó, ní fuláir leir a doirn a fátaó innte. An ceo duine eile a cuirpíó lám ’ra mealbóis rin, aó mé féin, go gceanglaíó ré innte,—feuc!” “O a Sheadhna, a Sheadhna, ní’l fars agat!” ar’ an t-aingeal. “Ní’l agat anoir aó don gairde amáin eile. Iar Trócaire Dé do t’anam.” “O, ír fíor duit,” arsa Seadhna, “ba dóbair dom é dearmuid. Tá crann beag uball agam i leat-taoib mo doirip, 7 an uile dailtín a tagann an treo, ní fuláir leir a lám do cup i n-áirde 7 uball do rtaó 7 do bheit leir. An ceo duine eile aó mé féin, a cuirpíó a lám ’ra crann roin, go gceanglaíó ré ann—O! a daoine!” ar reiréan, ag rgarítead ar gáirde, “nac agam a beir an rporit orra!”

Nuair táinig ré ar na tritíóib, o’feuc ré ruar 7 bí an t-aingeal iméigíte. Dein ré a máctnam air féin ar fead tamail maith, 7 ré deiréad fíar eall, duairt ré leir féin: “Feuc anoir, ní’r don amadán i n-éirinn ír mó ioná mé! Dá mberéad tré ceangailte agam um an rtaca ro, duine ’ra’ cataoir, duine ’ra’ mealbóis, 7 duine ’ra’ crann, cao é an maith do déanfar ran domra 7 mé i bfaó ó baile, gan biaó, gan deoc, gan ais geao?” Ní túirge bí an méirín cainte ráirde aise ná tu, ré fé n-deara ór a cómair amad, ran áit a raib an t-aingeal-feair faoa caol dub, 7 é ag glinneamaint air, 7 teine éreara ag teact ar a dá fúil n-a rpreacáib nime. Bí dá adairc air mar beréad ar pocán gabair, 7 meigioll faoa liaó-foirn garb air, eirboll mar beréad ar mádaó ruad, 7 crúb ar coir leir mar crúb cairb. Do leat a beul 7 a dá fúil ar Sheadhna, 7 do rtaó a caint. I gceann tamail do labair an fear dub. “A Sheadhna,” ar reiréan, “ní gáó duit don eagla do beir ort póim-amra; ní’lim ar tí do díoghála. Ba mian liom cairde éisin do deanam duit, dá nglactá mo cómaire. Do éoiréar tú, anoir beag, dá ráó go rabair gan biaó, gan deoc, gan airgead. Tiub-painn-re airgead do dócain duit ar don cóingíoll beag amáin.” “Asgur gheadaó tré lár do rgarit!” arsa Seadhna, 7 táinig a caint do; “ná feurpá an méirín do ráó gan duine do millead leó’ cuir glinneamna, pé h-é tú féin?” “Ír cuma duit cia h-é mé, aó deupfaó an oiréad airgíó duit anoir agur ceannócaíó

three wishes to get from the God of Glory. Ask now of God any three wishes you please, and you will get them. But I have one advice to give you. Don't forget Mercy." "And do you tell me that I shall get my wish?" said Seadhna. "I do, certainly," said the angel. "Very well," said Seadhna. "I have a nice little *soogaun* chair at home, and every *dalteen* that comes in makes it a point to sit in it. The next person that will sit in it, except myself, that he may cling in it!" "Oh, fie, fie! Seadhna," said the angel; "there is a beautiful wish gone without good. You have two more. Don't forget Mercy!" "I have," said Seadhna, "a little *malvogue* of meal at home, and every *dalteen* that comes in makes it a point to stick his fist into it. The next person that puts his hand into that *malvogue*, except myself, that he may cling in it, see!" "Oh, Seadhna, Seadhna, my son, you have not an atom of sense! you have now but one wish more. Ask the Mercy of God for your soul." "Oh, that's true for you," said Seadhna, "I was near forgetting it. I have a little apple-tree near my door and every *dalteen* that comes the way makes it a point to put up his hand and to pluck an apple and carry it away with him. The next other person, except myself, that will put his hand into that tree, that he may cling in it!--Oh! people!" said he, bursting out laughing, "is'nt it I that will have the amusement at them!"

When he came out of his laughing fits and looked up, the angel was gone. He made his reflection for a considerable time, and at long last he said to himself, "See now, there is not a fool in Ireland greater than I! If there were three people stuck by this time, one in the chair, one in the *malvogue*, and one in the tree, what good would that do for me and I far from home, without food, without drink, without money?"

No sooner had he that much talk uttered than he observed opposite him, in the place where the angel had been, a long, slight, black man and he staring at him, and electric fire coming out of his two eyes in venomous sparks. There were two horns on him, as there would be on a he-goat, and a long, coarse, greyish-blue beard, a tail as there would be on a fox, and a hoof on one of his feet like a bull's hoof. Seadhna's mouth and his two eyes opened wide upon him, and his speech stopped. After a while the black man spoke: "Seadhna," said he, "you need not have any dread of me. I am not bent on your harm. I should wish to do you some good if you would accept my advice. I heard you just now say that you were without food, without drink, without money. I would

an oirhead leatair aghur coimeadair d'obair eú go ceann trí mbliadhain ndéus, ar an scoingioll ro—go dtiocfaí liom an uair rin ?”

“Aghur má léiríodh leat, cá n-ádh maoid an uair rin ?” “Cá beas tuit an ceirt rin do éir, 'nuair beid an leatair i dteicte 7 beiríodh d'ghluaisead ?” “Táir geurcúiríad—bíodh aghat, feiceam an t-airgead.” “Táir-re geurcúiríad, feuc !” “Do éir an fear dubh a lámh 'n-a póca, 7 tairraing ré amach rparán mór, 7 ar an rparán do leis ré amach ar a bair capin beas d'ór breas buide.”

“Feuc !” ar reiríad ; 7 rin ré a lámh 7 éir ré an capin de bíoraibh gleoróide gléineamla ré fáilbh Sheadhna bóict. “Do rin Seadhna a dhá lámh, 7 do leatadair a dhá lagair cum an óir. “Go léir !” ar' an fear dubh, d' tairraing an óir eirge ardeac ; “níl an maraíodh déanta fóir.” “Bíodh 'n-a maraíodh !” ar'ra Seadhna.

“San teip ?” ar' an fear dubh. “San teip,” ar'ra Seadhna.

“Dair bhrí na mionn ?” ar' an fear dubh. “Dair bhrí na mionn,” ar'ra Seadhna.

[An oirde na dháir rin.]

Nóia. Seadh !—a péir—támaoid annro—air—tá raotair oim—bíor d'ghat—bí eagla oim—go mbeiríodh an rgeul ar riubal ríomam, 7 go mbeiríodh cuir de caillte agham.

péir. Am' bhríadair go bhrámaoid leat, a Nóia, a laoi. Níl i bhrádh ó táinig Sobhuir.

Sob. Mar rin do bí eiríon agham dhá deunam, 7 b'éiríon dom-ra dul ríar leir an im go beul an Seairra, 7 'nuair bíor d'ghat a baile an cóiríar, do tuir an oirde oim, 7 seallaim tuir gur bainíodh pteab agham. Bíor d'ghat cuimníodh ar Seadhna 7 ar an óir 7 ar an bfeair ndubh, 7 ar na rpreacáibh bí d'ghat ar a fáilbh, 7 mé d'ghat ríar a mbeiríon dhéiríad, 'nuair tóir mo ceann 7 cad do éiríon d'ghat an ríar 'n-a fearam ar m' aghat amach

give you money enough on one little condition." "And, torture through the middle of your lungs!" said Seadhna, as soon as he got his talk, "could you not say that much without paralysing a person with your staring, whoever you are?" "You need not care who I am; but I will give you as much money now as will buy as much leather as will keep you working for thirteen years, on this condition, that you will come with me then."

"And if I make the bargain with you, whither shall we go at that time?" "Will it not be time enough for you to ask that question when the leather is used up and we will be starting?" "You are sharp-witted. Have your way. Let us see the money." "You are sharp-witted. Look!" The black man put his hand into his pocket, and drew out a large purse, and from the purse he let out on his palm a little heap of beautiful yellow gold.

"Look!" said he, and he stretched his hand and he put the heap of exquisite glittering pieces up under the eyes of poor Seadhna. Seadhna stretched both his hands, and the fingers of the two hands opened for the gold.

"Gently!" said the black man; "the bargain is not yet made."

"Let it be a bargain," said Seadhna.

"Without fail?" said the black man.

"Without fail," said Seadhna.

"By the virtue of the Holy Things?" (shrines: hence oaths) said the black man.

"By the virtue of the Holy Things!" said Seadhna.

(NEXT NIGHT.)

NORA.—There!—Peg—we are here—again—. There's a *saothar* on me—. I was running. I was afraid—that the story would be going on before me, and that I would have some of it lost.

PEG.—Indeed, Nora, my dear, we would wait for you. It is not long since Gobnet came.

GOB.—Yes, for we were making a churn, and it was necessary for me to go west with the butter to Beul-an-Ghearrtha; and when I was coming home the short cut, the night fell on me, and I promise you that there was a start taken out of me. There was not the like of it of a jump ever taken out of me. I was thinking of Seadhna, and of the gold, and of the black man, and of the sparks that were coming out of his eyes, and I running before I would be late, when

—An Gollán! ar an gceud amáire dá dtugas air, do thuibráinn an leabhar go raib a dháirca air!

Nóra. A diarmáire, a Shobnuic, éir do bheul, 7 ná bí dár mbo-
rao leo' gollánaib 7 leo' a dháircaib. A dháirca ar an nGollán!
feuc air rin!

Sob. B'éirir, dá mbeirteá féin ann, sup beas an fonn madaid
do bheirtead ort.

Sile. Feuc anoir! cia atá ag coras an rgeil? B'éirir go
gcuirfead Cáit ní Buacalla orm-ra é.

Cáit. Ní cuirfid, a Síle. Táir ad' cáilín maic anocht, 7 tá
ana-cion agam ort. Mo sháob i rin! Mo sháob am' éiríde
irrig i!

Sile. Sead go díreac! fan go mbeir fearis ort! 7 b'éirir ná
deárrá "Mo sháob i rin!"

Nóra. Seo, reo! rtabaid, a cáilíníde. Mire 7 mo gollán ra
nóear an obair reo. Cait uait an rtoca roin, a Pés, 7 rgaol
cugáinn an rgeul. An bfuair Seadhna an rparán? Ir iomda
ruine bí i rioct rparáin o'raáil 7 nac bfuair.

Pés. Com luat 7 dubairt Seadhna an focal, "dar bpiú na
mionn!" do táinig a bpiúgáob gne ar an bfeair noub. Do noct
ré a fiacra fíor 7 truar, 7 ir iad do bí go dílte ar a
céile. Táinig róro. crónáin ar a bheul, 7 do teip ar Seadhna a
deunam amac cia 'co ag dáiríde bí ré nó ag rparantugáob. Acl
'nuair o'feuc ré ruar ioir an dá fúil air, ba dóbair go dtuicfao
an rparantugáob ceudna air a táinig air i rtoac. Do tuig ré go
maic nac ag dáiríde bí an díolmíneac. Ní feacaid ré riam
póime rin don dá fúil ba meara 'ná iad, don feucáint ba máil-
uigste 'ná an feucáint do bí aco, don clár eudain com dúp, com
rpooc-aigeanca leir an gclár eudain do bí ór a gclonn. Níor
labair ré, 7 do rin' ré a dícea l san a leigint air sup tug ré
ré nóeara an rparantugáob. Le n-a linn rin, do leig an fear
dub an t-ór amac air ar a bair, 7 do cómairim.

"Seo!" ar reirean, "a Seadhna. Sin céad punt agat ar an
gceud rílling tugair uait inoiu. An bfuilir díolta?"

"Ir móir an bheir i!" arpa Seadhna. "Dad cóir go bfuilim."

"Cóir nó eugcóir," ar' an fear dub, "an bfuilir díolta?"
7 do gheiruis 7 do bhoruis ar an rparantugáob.

"Ó! táim díolta, táim díolta!" arpa Seadhna, "go raib
maic agat-ra."

"Seo! má 'reao," ar reirean. "Sin céad eile agat ar an
dara rílling tugair uait inoiu."

"Sin i an rílling tugair do'n mnaoi a bí cor-noctuisge."

"Sin i an rílling tugair do'n mnaoi uapail ceudna."

I raised my head, and what should I see but the thing standing out overright me—the *Gollan*! On the first look I gave it I'd swear there were horns on it.

NORA.—Oyewisha, Gobnet, whist your mouth, and don't be bothering us with your *Gollans* and your horns. Horns on a *Gollan*! Look at that!

GOB.—Maybe if you were there yourself, 'tis little of the inclination of fun would be on you.

SHEILA.—See, now! who is stopping the story? Maybe Kate Buckley would put it on me.

KATE.—I will not, Sheila; you are a good girl to-night. I am very fond of you. My darling she is! My darling in my heart within she is!

SHEILA.—Yes, indeed! Wait till you are angry, and maybe then you would not say “my darling she is.”

NORA.—Come, come! stop, girls. I and my *Gollan* are the cause of this work. Throw away that stocking, Peg, and let us have the story. Did Seadhna get the purse? Many a person was on the point of getting a purse, and did not.

PEG.—As soon as Seadhna uttered the words—“By the virtue of the Holy Things!” a change of appearance came on the black man. He bared his teeth above and below, and it is they that were clenched upon each other. A sort of low sound came out of his mouth, and it failed Seadhna to make out whether it was laughing he was or growling. But when he looked up between the two eyes on him, the same terror was near coming on him that came on him at first. He understood well that it was not laughing the “lad” was. He never before then saw any two eyes that were worse than they, any look that was more malignant than the look they had, any forehead as evil-minded as the forehead that was above them. He did not speak, and he did his best to pretend that he did not notice the growling. At the same time the black man let the gold out again on his palm and counted it.

“Here!” said he, “Seadhna, there are a hundred pounds for you for the first shilling you gave away to-day. Are you paid?”

“I should think I am.”

“Right or wrong!” said the black man, “are you paid?” and the growling became sharper and quicker.

“Oh! I am paid, I am paid,” said Seadhna, “thank *you*!”

“Here! if so,” said he, “there is another hundred for you, for the second shilling you gave away to-day.”

"Ma ba bean uapal í, cao do beir cor-noctuihte í, 7 cao do beir oí mo rílling do bheit uaim-re, 7 san agham aet rílling eile i n-a diaid?"

"Má ba bean uapal í! Dá mberdeat a fíor aghat! Sin í an bean uapal do mill míre!"

Le linn na bfoical pain do ráb do, do táinig euit cor 7 lám aip, do ríat an bpanntán, do luig a ceann ríar ap a muineál, o'feuc ré ruar inr a' rpeir, táinig o'puuc báir aip 7 clóó cuip ap a ceannacaib.

'Nuair donnaic Seathna an iompáil lí rin, táinig iongnad a éiríde aip.

"Ní fuláir," ap reirean, go neamguiread, "nó ní hé reo an céad uair aghat ag aipeactain teact táirri ríúo.

Do léim an fear dub. Do buail ré buille dá éiríde ap an otalam, i otreo sup euit an fóo do bí fé coir Seathna.

"Cíorrbad ort!" ap' eirean. "Éirt do beul no bairfap tús!"

"Sabaim pároun aghat, a duine uapail!" appa Seathna, go modamail, "ceapap go mb' éiríde sup bpaon beas do bí ólta aghat, o'ráb 'r sup túsair céad punt map malairt ap rílling dam."

"Tiubrainn—7 peact scéad dá otiocpaó liom baint ó'n otairbe do rin' an rílling céadna, aet 'nuair túsair uait í ap ron an tSlánuihteóra, ní féiríde a tairbe do lot coirde."

"Aghur," appa Seathna, "cao ír gáó an maít do lot? Ná fuil fé com maít aghat tairbe na ríllinge úo o'págbáil map tá ré?"

"Tá an iomad cainte aghat—an iomad ap fáo. Dubart leat do beul o' éirteact. Seo! rin é an rparán ap fáo aghat," ap' an fear dub.

"Ní héiríde, a duine uapail," appa Seathna, "ná berdeat daicín na haimpíre ann. Ír iomda lá i o'pí bliadnaib déas: Ír iomda bíos berdeat deunta ag duine i scaiteam an méio rin aimpíre, 7 ír iomda cuma i n-a n-oirfead rílling do."

"Ná bíod ceirt ort," ap' an fear dub, ag cup rmuta gáire ap. "Tairpaing ap com seup i néirinn 7 ír maít leat é: Beir fé com teann an lá déirdeanac 7 tá fé inoiu. Ní beiríde puinn gnóta aghat de ap pain amac."

"That is the shilling I gave to the woman who was barefooted."

"That is the shilling you gave to the same gentlewoman."

"If she was a gentlewoman, what made her barefooted? and what made her take from me my shilling, and I having but another shilling left?"

"If she was a gentlewoman! If you only knew! she is the gentlewoman that ruined me!"

While he was saying those words a trembling of hands and feet came on him. The growling ceased. His head leaned backwards on his neck. He gazed up into the sky. An attitude of death came on him, and the stamp of a corpse came on his face.

When Seadhna saw this deadly change, the wonder of his heart came on him.

"It must be," said he, in a careless sort of way, "that this is not the first time with you hearing something about *her*."

The black man jumped. He struck a blow of his hoof on the ground, so that the sod which was under Seadhna's foot trembled.

"Mangling to you!" said he; "shut your mouth or you will be maimed!"

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Seadhna, meekly; "I thought that perhaps it was a little drop you had taken, and to say that you gave me hundred pounds in exchange for a shilling."

"I would, and seven hundred, if I could succeed in taking from the good which that same shilling did; but when you gave it away for the sake of the Saviour it is not possible to spoil its good for ever."

"And," said Seadhna, "what need is there to spoil the good? May you not as well have the good of that shilling as it is?"

"You have too much talk; too much altogether. I told you to shut your mouth. Here! there is the purse entirely for you," said the black man.

"I suppose there is no danger, sir," said Seadhna, "that there would not be enough for the time in it. There is many a day in thirteen years. 'Tis many a shoe a man would have made in the lapse of that portion of time, and many a way he would want a shilling."

"Don't be uneasy," said the black man, putting a bit of a laugh out of him. "Draw out of it as hard as ever you can. It will be as plump the last day as it is to-day. You will not have much business of it from that forward."

“NÍ AR DÍA A BUIRDEACAS.”

‘Do tarrpais Diarmuid a dúroin dubh donn ar a póca, 7 ‘do fín cuise í, 7 ‘d’iméis 7 ‘do cuairt seiréan annran go meatailacán teinead ‘do bí ar bairi na trága, beiréar ar meacán airte 7 réiréar, réiréar í go tréan tiug tearuibe; áct dá tréine a aná 7 ‘da tiuga a réiréad, ní faib maic ‘do ann; réiréar aifí 7 aifí eile níor tréine, níor tiuga, níor tearuibe ná ceana, áct ‘do bí a gno ‘n-a fárac air, mar ‘do bí an tear ion éas aifí an rppéis. Beiréar ar rppéis eile 7 réiréar fúití go feargac fuinneamail fíocmar, 7 a fúile ar dearglata, 7 réiréanna a muiníl cóm atuigíte rin go rabadar i ríeact a bpleargta: ‘dob’ fárac ‘do a réiréad am. Beiréar ar an rppéis 7 caitear irteac i gcoimleatan an cuain í, as fá, “Go réiréad mácair an áirdeiréora tú mar teimí!” 7 tugtar buille dá coir veir ‘do’n cuir eile ‘do’n teimí 7 ríeactear ar fuo an báin í. ‘Do connaic an cuir eile é víreac donn le n-a linn rin, 7 ‘do cuiréadar don ula-dáiréis amáin arca ‘do tógfao na maib ar a n-uaisib. Éiríro uile—an méir a’r nac faib í n-a fearam víob—7 tagair í n-a tímcíoll, as lúbarpnaig le leatan-gáire 7 as ríeacta ar a lán-dícioll. Beiréar duine ar rppéis, duine eile ar rppéis eile, 7 mar roin víob ríar ríor go hearball tímcíoll, an beas 7 an móir, an t-ós 7 an t-aorta; 7 reo as réiréad íad, ar énam a noicill, as tnuic le teimí 7 tear ‘do cuir aifí í n-gac rppéis, 7 é ríar orra, ‘do bñis sup rgar teodact le gac ríeacta víob beas nac o lúib laóair.

“Áta teine im’ rppéis-re,” aifí neac éigin:

“Séir leat a buacail!” aifí Domnall: “Cá bfuil tú?—réir leat go rtagao cúgat.”

‘Do léim ré ve lúic-rpéir 7 táimic í n-a aice—“Séir! réir, a díabail!” ar ríeion, “7 ná leis an ríeacta ion eug—réir!—ar ‘do bair réir!”

‘Do leis an buacail ríeacta 7 ‘do ríor ve’n tréiréad:

“Tairbéin orú, a díabail!” ar ríeion:

‘Do cuic an buacail ar báiníó gáirí; beiríor réin ar an rppéis, le amplad 7 aife cun gail, tógtaí a óróos 7 caitear an rppéis uad ‘d’iarract. Cuic rí ar an mbán; níor bñir rí amáct. Cuiréar a óróos í n-a béal le coir na ríopa.

“Tarrpais! tarrpais anoir!” aifí áillceoir éigin í n-a mearf.

‘Do bí ré ar buile,—beiríor ar an rppéis le n-a láim éle, 7

THE THANKFULNESS OF DERMOT.

BY PATRICK O'LEARY.

DERMOT drew his dark-brown *dudeen* from his pocket and handed it to him, and he went then to a smouldering fire which was at the top of the strand. He catches a dying coal of fire out of it and blows, blows it strong, quick, fierce; but though strong his breath, and though quick his blowing, it was in vain for him. He blows again and again stronger, quicker, fiercer than before, but his labour was of no avail, for the heat had died in the ember. He seizes another ember and blows it angrily, livelily, wrathfully, his two eyes flaming, and the veins of his neck swelled to such an extent that they were ready to burst; his blowing was to no purpose, however. He catches the ember and flings it into the centre of the harbour, saying, "May the devil's mother blow you for a fire!" and deals a blow of his right leg to the rest of the fire and scatters it about the *bawn*. The others saw him just at that very moment, and they raised one wild, ringing shout that would wake the dead out of their graves. They all rise—such of them as were not standing—and they gather round him, breaking their sides with broad mirth, and laughing their level best. One catches up an ember, another another, and so on of all the rest from first to last, small and big, young and old, and they set to blowing as well as ever they could, fain to put fire and heat again into each ember, and it impossible, for warmth had parted from each little coal of them all but a few.

"There is fire in my coal," said someone.

"Blow on, my boy!" said Donal. "Where are you?—blow on till I come to you."

He jumped quickly and came to his side. "Blow! blow, you devil!" says he; "and don't let the little ember die—blow!—for your life, blow!"

The boy laughed and stopped blowing.

"Fetch it to me, aroo, you devil!" says he.

The boy burst into a fit of insuppressible laughter; himself seizes the coal through greed and burning desire for a smoke; he burns his thumb and throws down the coal all of a sudden. It fell on the *bawn*; but it did not break though. He puts his thumb in his mouth along with the pipe.

"Smoke! smoke now!" says some arch fellow in the crowd.

He was raging mad. He seizes a coal with his left hand and blows it so furious that sparks flew from it. He blows

réirdear cóm hairtínneac roin i sup rppéac rí. Séirdear aríur 7 léimear rmeacáir do'n deapz lapaír irteac i n-a uct, mar do bí buillac a léineac ar leacá, 7 dógar é láirneac. Do con saib ré zpeim ar an rppéiz ám, 7 brúgar an lapaír ríor i mbéal na píopa 7 tarrpaizear, tarrpaizear, tarrpaizear, ar cuma sup zéarri zo raib deatac as éirige zo zorm zlórimar n-a flamaír cídib or cionn a éinn.

Annran do bí ré ar a toil: Do fuir na daoine zo léir as bpeitniugad ar an múr as luafzad or a zcómair, 7 é as teact irteac zo mear. Do bí Dómnall as dúbad a píopa 7 san don duine as cur éirige ná uair: Níor b'fada sup éiriz rtailc dá píopa ámaect, do tarrpaiz ré i dáir nódiz ar énam a dícill, aect níor b'fú dúit feucaint ar an ngal beaz báir do bí as teact amac air. Annran do cur ré rznuzal ar féin, ir ríobez ná'r ceangail a béal íoctair dá béal uactair le doic tarrpaizte aect ní raib bríz i n-a zno.

“Fagbad duine éigin réiteoir dom—ar ron Dé fagbad!” ar reirion, 7 do luiz ré níor dúluizte ar an darrpac; i n-azair beir as baint an tralacair ar poll na píopa, ir amlaib bí re as a dainznuagad ann—san coinne leir san aímpear. Faoi deiríob, 'nuair do fuair ré an réan rgarra le n-a faotar, 7 zo raib as dul de, dá tréine luiz re éirige, do dóg ré an duir ar a béal, 7 do glaoir zo hairtínneac ar duine éigin, réiteoir d'fagbáil do. D'imtiz tríúr nó ceathrar de buacailidib zo ruiz páirc do bí lán de tráitínidib, aect do bí ré rceannz maic uair-rani. D'fan reirion as reitíom oppa zo dciocraoir tar n-air, anoir as cur na píopa ion a béal, 7 aríur as a baint ar, 7 aríur eile as ráad a lúroin innti d'feucaint a raib motáil an teair imtizte air. 'Nuair do cuair fuil tar reiteamantar aige, do léim ré féin tar cloirde irteac; reo as cuartaic é anonn 'r anall, 7 bior ar a fúilib le fagairt cun fagbála, dá mb'féiríur. Do bí pac ion áiruom air pá ceann tamail—fuair ré bprob cuibeapac reamair, 7 do rácuiz i zcú na píopa é zo tapair. Annran euz ré foza faoi n-a tarrpac, aect d'fan an bprob mar a bí, 7 ní corri-ócáir ar a lúnoiracáib. Do tréall ré an ac-uair, aect b'é an rgeal céatona é. I ndeiríob rparcta do, bhir an tráitínin zo caillte air, irtiz i zcú na píopa. Do léim ré i n-a éair buile tar cloirde, ní raib fulaz (=fulang) na foirne aige, 7 do cáit an duir pad a urcáir amac annran múir móir. Ní raib méam ar donneac le heagla bhuizne, mar do bí toza an eolair aca zo léir ar Dómnall, 7 cao é an fagar b'ead é, 'nuair do beirdeac ré amuiz leir féin. D' fan na daoine zo léir i n-a fuirde zo

again, and a spark of the red flame jumps into his breast, for the front of his shirt was open, and it burns him immediately. He kept his hold on the coal though. He bruises the flame down into the mouth of the pipe, and draws, draws, draws, in a manner that soon smoke was rising blue and glorious in wreaths above his head.

Now was he perfectly happy. All the people sat looking at the seaweed rocking right before them, while it was coming in fast. Donal was smoking his pipe, and nobody interfering with him. But it was not long till his pipe grew sulky; he pulled it, of course, as best he could, but it would not be worth your while to look at the little dying fume that was coming out of it. He then put a long neck on himself, the lower lip all but adhered to his upper lip through the strain of pulling, but his work was to no purpose.

"Let someone get a '*cleaner*' for me—for God's sake, let him!" says he, and he applied himself more earnestly to pulling, but instead of taking the dirt out of the hole of the pipe, he was only fastening it in it—unwittingly, of course. At last, when he found success separated from his labour, and that he was failing, though energetically he set about it, he took the *diuid* out of his mouth, and called furiously to somebody to fetch him a '*cleaner*.' Three or four boys went to a field that was full of *trahneens*, but it was a good distance from him. He remained behind waiting till they should come back, now putting the pipe in his mouth, again taking it out, and again thrusting his little finger into it to ascertain whether the feeling of heat had left it. When at length he could bear this waiting no longer, he himself jumped in over a fence, he commences searching hither and thither, and his eyes blazing through madness for finding, if possible. Luck was his in a little while. He got a pretty thick *brobh* and shoved it quickly into the tube of the pipe. He then tried to pull it back, but the *brobh* remained as it was, and would not move from its place. He tried again, but it was the very same as before. In the end of the pulling, the *trahneen* meanly broke *on him* inside in the tube of the pipe. He jumped out over the fence blazing mad; he could not keep his passion in check, and he threw the *diuid* as far as he could cast it into the great sea. There was not a tittle out of anybody for fear of a quarrel, for they all knew Donal full well, and what manner of man he was when he would happen to be ill at ease within himself.

ceann feasta, 7 ar an bfeast go bí an múr as dhuibh leir an t-éirí go bog rí. Táinig don tonn amháin, i ndeireadh na dála, do líon an cuan ruar go baic le múr ríochdaí fada deas. Do bheadh Dóinnall i n-a coilg-fearam 7 do éirí é féin ar a shrua anuas ar éirí do'n múr 7 do bí as a réitíoch le fuire, nuair seo irtead tonn eile, do cuair leatruar de 7 pul ra feuto reirion cuimneam ar don-ní (acé ar an múr) do rcaab ar léi amac é iorí fué fead: Do béic 7 do rgreao ar coibair, níct ní raib breir deabair ar donne—níd nár b'iongnad—dul b'riúntar a caillte cun eirion do fadad.

"Cuimhir iarrair ar éirí ruar go tig Diarmuid Léit," arsa riarar rair.

"Beirdear re báitte pul a rroiciríde leatrlige ruar," arsa rairuis bair.

"Cuir an raicín amac 7 b'feuto go ngreamócar ré é," arsa Míeál ós.

Le n-a linn rin do luis an báitteadán 7 do glairí i n-ár a éinn 'ra fúda as iarrair cabra, as rá, "Ar pon Dé 7 rair mé! rair mé! a daoine, rair mé! ó a Dia, tá m báitte! rair mé, rair mé órá!" Níor rcar ré do beir as callairíocht mar rin, mar do bí uéad maí aige.

"Ragao 7 rnamraro amac cuige," arsa Diarmuid Mac Amairí.

"Ná teigris," arsa na daoine go léir i n-aon beal.

"Ragao," ar reirion. "Ní beirdear a cuillead as feucaint ar annran amuis, as fagbáil báir ar ar fcomair."

Rug Míeál Meata ruar ar brollac a léinead 7 dubairt, "Maire, go deimhín ní raídar, ir fada ruar go fcuimneócaim ar éú liogaint amac cuige."

"Bos díom," arsa Diarmuid, "bos do fneim díom."

"Ní bograo," arsa Míeál Meata, "ní beag a bfuil caillte 7 pain-re irtig." Dírcaí donn do béic Dóinnall de caoirgreao amuis. "Ní'l donne' caillte fóir," arsa Diarmuid. "Bos díom, a deirim leat, bos díom;" acé ní bograo. Do rcar reirion é féin uad 7 do éirí de a cuir éadair 7 do léim irtead 'ran mair 7 'ran mair; do rnam amac cun Dóinnall do bí beag nac tabairt 7 do rcar irtead leir é ar cuma éigin go rí an t-éirí. Cuir Dóinnall i laige 'mar ar go ríáinic ar an rcalam tirm 7 o' fan innti go ceann i b'ar. Nuair táinig ré cuige féin, dubairt duine éigin leir fup éairt do bairdear do breir le Dia i rcaob nár bácar é.

All the people remained sitting for some time, and during that time the seaweed was drawing near the strand slowly and gradually. One wave came at long-last which filled the harbour up to the brim with branchy, long, red seaweed. Donal jumped to his feet, and flung himself on his hunkers down on a heap of seaweed, and was freeing it in a great fuss, when in comes another wave which went above him, and before he could think of anything (except the seaweed) it swept him clear out. He screamed and shrieked for help, but there wasn't too much haste on anybody—a thing not to be wondered at—to go at the peril of his life in order to save him.

"Let us send up for a rope to Dermot Liath's," said Pierce Power.

"He would be drowned before one would reach half-way up," says Paddy Buidhe.

"Put out the rake, and perhaps he would catch on to it," says Mick Oge.

Just then, the drowning man screeched and called with erect head, and at the highest pitch of his voice, imploring aid, saying, "For God's sake and save me! save me! O men, save me! O God, I am drowned! save me, save me, oroo!" He never stopped but calling thus, as loud as he could, for he was long-winded.

"I'll go and swim out to him him," says Dermot MacAuliffe.

"Don't," said all the people in one voice.

"I will," said he. "I won't be any longer looking at him there outside, dying before our very eyes."

Meehawl Meata seized him by the bosom of his shirt, and said, "Wisha faith you won't. It is long, indeed, till I'd think of letting you out to him."

"Let me go," says Dermot MacAuliffe; "loose your hold of me."

"I won't," says Meehawl Meata; "there is enough lost, and let you stay inside." Just then Donal screamed with a shrill shriek outside. "There's nobody lost yet," says Dermot; "let me go, I tell you, let me go," but he wouldn't. He tore himself from him, divested himself of his clothes, and jumped into the sea and into the seaweed, swam out to Donal, who was nearly exhausted, and dragged him with him, some way or other, to the beach. Donal fell into a faint just as he reached the dry ground, and remained in it a long time. When he came to himself, somebody said to him that he ought to

“Ná bí im bódrao,” ar reiríon; “má táim rábáilte, ní ar Óia a buirdeácar, mar ní móir do bí ré im cúram; u’fágraó annran amuis mé go mbeirínn báitte, múcta, 7 i’r beas an gearrabadac do cuirfeao ré ar aileir, seallaim-re dúit; áct beirdeao buirdeao do Óiarmaio Macámlaoib, an fear glan glánta, cuair 1 n-eineac a cáillte cun mé fáoraó. A! a duine, má táim rábáilte,

Ní ar Óia a buirdeácar!”

SEATRÚN CÉITINN:

[Leir an Aitair O Duinnín.]

Níl don ugdar do pinne an oipeao le Céitinn cum léigean 1r litirgeact do consbáil beo 1 mears na ndaoineao, go móir-móir daoine leata moza. Níor b’eao sup reiríob Seatrún reanear nó-beact, nó-cinnnte, áct sup cuir ré le céile 1 n-aon bolz amáin na tuairpíde do bí le fagbáil ar éirinn inr na rean-leabpaib. Ní paib tuairpíge eile le fagbáil com veap, com fuinnnte 1r do leat ré ar fuair na tíre. Ní paib doinne ’n-a rcoláire fozanta ná paib eolar aige ar rtair Céitinn, 1r ní paib críochnugaó véanta ar rcoláire 1 rcoil go mbeao macramail véanta aige do’n “b’fopar feara.” 1 mears na dtuatac rimpíde ní leompaó doinne ampar do cup ar an gcunntar tugann Céitinn ar gabáil na héiréann le Partolan; 1r leir an gcuro eile do’n tpeib rin tar leari. Ní leompaó doinne réanaó sup créim-eao faeóeal glar le naáar nime, 1r sup éneapuis Maoir a éneao ’ran éigipt le feartaib Dé. Bíodar na daoine realbuisíte d’fífunne ná rgeal rain, 1r bí a n-up-móir ’n-a mbéal aca, 1r ní paib dán ná laoir gan tagairt éigin do’r na móir-fairgíobib ar ar éiríact Céitinn. 1r dóig linn muna mbeao sup rgríobao an “fopur feara” ná beao cuimne na rean-aimpíre, ná ainmeaca na rean-flait, ná éacta na leoman leat com abair 1 n-aigneao na ndaoineao 1r bíodar leit-céao bliadán ó foim.

1r fíor, go veimín, go paib na neite reo 1 leabpaib eile ar ar tóg Seatrún iao, áct níl up-móir do’r na leabpaib reo le fagbáil 1 noiu. Do cáilleamair iao, 1r tá an “fopur feara” ’n-ar mears, gan fíocal, gan litir ag teartabáil uair. Tamail ó foim 1r ar éigin do bí duine uapal 1 gcúigeao muhan ná paib a macramail do’n “fopur feara” go ceanamail 1 scoiméao aige. Bí

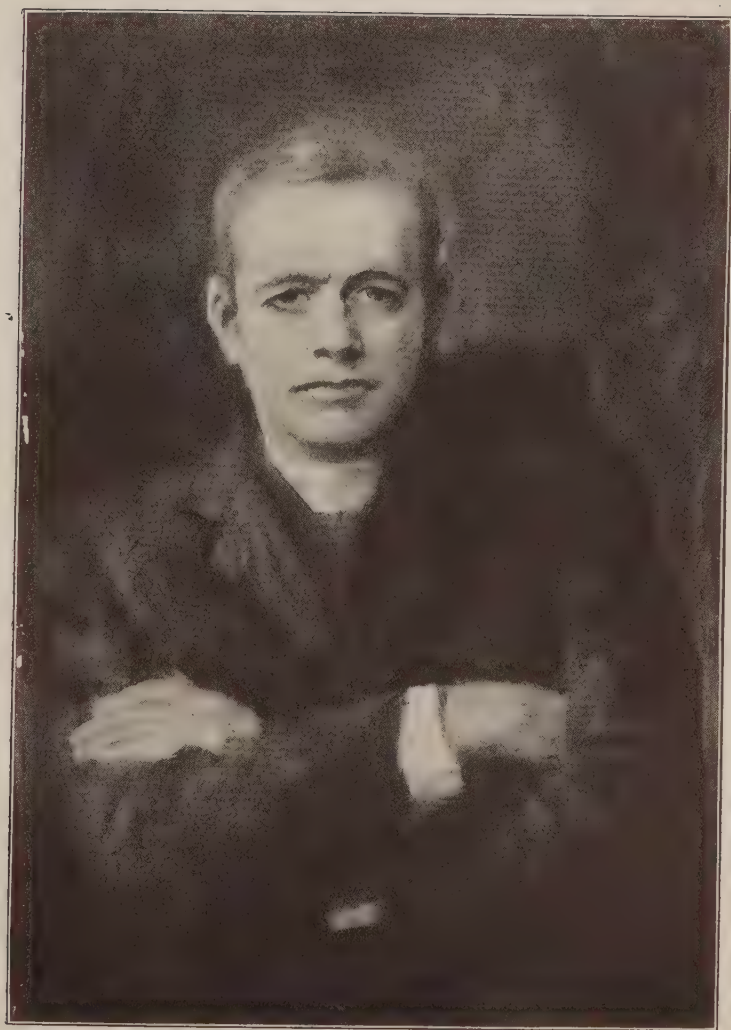
THE REV. PATRICK S. DINEEN

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Photographed from the painting by Jack B. Yeats

THE REV. PATRICK S. DINEEN



return thanks to God since he was not drowned. "Don't be bothering me," says he; "if I am saved, God is not to be thanked for it, for 'tisn't much He was in my care; He would leave me there outside till I'd be drowned and suffocated, and it is little it would affect Him, I assure you; but I will be thankful to Dermot MacAuliffe, the good, decent man, who in the face of his being lost went to save me. Why, man alive, if I am saved,

God is not to be thanked for it!"

GEOFFREY KEATING.

Extract from "Irish Prose," by Rev. PATRICK S. DINEEN.

No author has done as much as Keating to preserve literature and learning amongst the people, especially the people of Leath Mhogha. Not that Keating wrote a very accurate or critical history, but he amassed into one repository the accounts of Ireland given in the old books. There was no other record to be found so neat, so well constructed as his, and it circulated throughout the country. No one was considered a good scholar who was not acquainted with Keating's History, and at school no student was considered finished till he had made a copy of "The Forus Feasa." Amongst the simple country folk no one dared to cast a doubt on the account Keating gives of the occupation of Ireland by Partholan and the rest of that band from across the sea. No one dared deny that Gaedheal Glas was bitten by a serpent, and that Moses healed his wounds in Egypt by the power of God. The people were convinced of the truth of these stories, and the greater portion of them were ready on their lips, and there was no poem or song that did not make some reference to the great heroes of whom Keating makes mention. It seems to us that had "The Forus Feasa" not been written, the remembrance of by-gone times, or the names of the old chieftains, or the exploits of the heroes would not have been half so fresh in the minds of the people as they were some fifty years ago.

It is true, indeed, that these things were to be found in other books, from which Keating extracted them, but the greater part of these books are not to be found at the present day. These are lost to us, while "The Forus Feasa" is with us, with not even a word or a letter wanting to it. Some time

ré aς na daoineib bocta dom maic leir na huairib. I r cuimhin linn féin rigeadóir boct do maid i nIarlár Ciarrmaid, nár mór i dteannta dóctain na hoirdce do bí 'n-a feilb, do tairbelin dom a macramail do Céitinn go ceanamail, carpa i linn-éadóe, ir gan dul aς páirce breic air, ná díogbail ar bíe do déanam do. Ba gaeall le leabhar ndomta é ar a meap, ir níor díomáoin do bí an leabhar rain, mar ir blarta cruinn do bí tuairpς ar gac leatónac de i gceann an rigeadóir, agus ba deacair áiteam air go raib focal aet fírinne 'ran méio do rgníob Céitinn ar fenniuir fear-rao, ar pártolan, ir an cúio eile aca. Tá cuimne Céitinn fór i meapς daoinead nár léig, ir ná fearaib riam a cúio raotair. Ir dóig leir a lán go raib dpaoidéact éigin ar an nduine, nó gur ó neam do táinig ré cum cunntar ar fean do tabairt dúinn. Ní mór an t-iongnad gur éire na daoine nár duine daonna Seatúrún. Do tneib Gallta do b'eab é, aet 'n-a diaib rin bí ré ioir *Hiberniores Hibernicis ipsis*. Cconiceac ó epoidelamad, Sagar, Doctair Diaodacta do b'eab é. Fear léigeannta i lairín ir i leabhair na n-áirneac do b'eab é, ir áit ré a lán dá raogal 'ran b'rainc. Aet 'nuair o'píll ré a baile tug ré é féin ruar ar rao do'obair na hEaglaire le díoghair iongantais gur cuiread ruagairt peata air, ir gur b'éigean do dul i b'pola i gcumar doib i nGleann Eatarlac. Ir é an ruo ir iongantais i mbeaib do Seatúrún go b'fuair ré uain ir caoi ar na leabhair do tairtuig uaid i gcóir a fearaib, do bailuad an rao do bí rán ir ruagairt air. Do fíubail ré go Connactaib ir go Doir, aet ní mór do meap do bí aς fearaib Ulaó ná aς Connactaib air. I gcionn trí nó ceatair do bliadantaib bí an "Foir feara" go léir curta i gceann a céile aige (1631). Do rgníob ré fór dá leabhar diaoda, "Eodair Sgiat an Airinn," agus "Trí Bioir-Gaioite an Uair."

Dála an "Foir feara," cornuigeann ré ó'n b'píortac, ir tagann anuar go 1200. Tá ré lán do fear-rannaib i n-a mbailig-tear ainmeada na tpead do táinig go héirinn, ir i n-a gcuirtear le céile na héacta do bain leo. Tá a b'píll i b'píor de, leir, annro ir annró mucta le ainmeadaib tairneac ir fíat ir a g'raob gneada. Níor ceap Seatúrún don nro ó n-a meabair féin; gac a t'ugann ré dúinn—na rgealta, na heactraide, na gabá-itair, na héacta ar muir ir ar tír—fuair ré iao go léir i fearleabhair do bí pá meap aς ollamnaib ir fáirib. Ní funne ré aet iao do cur le céile ir o'adontuad. Dá mbead ré aς áit-rgníobad na heitead rin i n'oiu, agus a aignead lán do léigean na haimpíre reo, ní'l deapmad ná go gcuirfead ré a lán díob i leat-taib, do b'píς ná baimeann rao le fíir-fearaib. Aet do

back there was hardly a gentleman in Munster who had not his copy of "The Forus Feasa" affectionately guarded. The poor people as well as the upper classes had it. I myself remember a poor weaver who lived in West Kerry, who had little more than enough of food for the passing day, showing me his copy of Keating, which was fondly wrapt up in a linen cloth, while children were forbidden to handle it or injure it in any way whatever. He looked upon it as a sacred book. Nor did he possess it in vain, for that weaver had an accurate, perfect knowledge of every page of it in his head, and it would be difficult to persuade him that there was any error in any word Keating wrote about Fennius Fearsad, Partholan and the rest. There is a traditional remembrance of Keating still amongst the people who never saw or read his work. Many think that the man was under the spell of magic or that he came from heaven to give us an account of our ancestors. It is not so strange that the people believed that Keating was not a mere human being. He sprang from a foreign stock, yet he was among those who were "more Irish than the Irish themselves." He was a Catholic of heart-felt sincerity, a priest, a Doctor of Divinity. He was a man versed in Latin and in the works of the Fathers, and he passed a good deal of his life in France. But when he returned home he devoted himself altogether to the work of the Church with astonishing zeal, until he was hunted and was obliged to conceal himself in a gloomy cave in the Glen of Aherlow. The strangest circumstance connected with the life of Keating is that he found opportunity while in a state of flight to collect the books he required for his History. He travelled to Connaught and to Derry, but the Ulstermen and the Connaughtmen paid little heed to him. He completed the whole "Forus Feasa" within three or four years (1631). He also composed two spiritual books, "The Key-Shield of the Mass" and "The Three Shafts of Death."

As regards "The Forus Feasa," it begins at the very beginning and comes down to 1200. It is full of old verses in which the names of the tribes who came to Erin are mentioned and in which the exploits with which they were connected are recorded. The prose portion, too, is here and there overcrowded with the names of chieftains and princes and with their pedigrees. Geoffrey did not invent anything himself; what he sets before us—the tales, the adventures, the invasions, the exploits on land and sea—he found them all in old books which were held in esteem by *ollamhs* and seers. All he has

repiob ré an “fóruir feara” tá geall le trí céad bliadan ó foin, agus ní hiongnadh ná faib an oiread rain amhair 1 otaoib fíunne na n-éadé ro an trád rain. Agus ir mar an gcéadna atá an rgeal ag tiorcáib eile: Tá a lán éadé ir eadétra 1 reanchar na Rómá do éreid na Románaig go hiomlán 1 n-aimpír ùirgí ir Oibíro—ná fuil ionnta déc úir rgealta na bpilead. Ar an nór gcéadna ní géilleann don rgeoláire anoir d’éadéaib hengírt ir hórpa agus dá leicéonóib d’éadépaib 1 reanchar na bpeatame.

Adc ’n-a díaró rin, ní ceart a deapmao go mbíonn bunadap fíunne inr na rgealtaib reo do gnát. Níor éum na filide rgeal ar oúir gan dealliam éigin do beic air—*nec fingunt omnia Crete*—ciob go gcuirtear leir 1 ríe na mbliadan, 1 otreo ná haitneodáide é fá deiread. B’ole an bail ar tír ná beir úir-rgealta do’n tréar rain cuinnighe ir meargta trío a cuir reanchar. Da comarta é ná faib file ná fáid le rinreapáib 1 mearg a daoinead, ir náir mhór aca a cáil ná a glóir.

Ir álainn an díon-brollac a cuireann Seapún le n-a “fóruir feara.” O teadé an dapa henrí anall éugainn ir poime, níor fad por ná ruaimnear na hugdair Sagraannaig déc ag cur ríor bréaga ir rgealta aicire ar ar nóúccar. Siopnoir de bapra, Stanhuprt, Camden, Hanmer, ir an tréad rain uile—ní faib uata déc rínn do cur fá coir ar oúir, ir ó teir rin oíra, rínn do marluad 1 rártaib fallra. Agus tar éir ar bpeapann do baint dínn, ba bréagúige ir ba tarcairúige do díodair ’ná riam. Do tug Seapún fáta ’ran díon-brollac le fuinneam ir le feirg. Do ríoil ré ar a céile an ráiméir marluigheac do curi an baprac ’n-a leabair, níor fág ré puinn do Stanhuprt gan réabad, ir triom é curraing a láimhe ar Camden ir ar Spenser. Go deimín ir geall le gairgídeac móir éigin é—le Coin Cúlainn nó Aicill—a cuir airm gléarta ’n-a láim, éadac pláta ó mullac cinn go troigcib air, ir é ag fadail le díograp ir le dían-feirg ar na daoineib beaga ro do deapbúig éiteac 1 scoinnib a dúccair, ir do marluig a muinntear. Dá mbead ré ar maritean 1 nóiu, tabar-pad ré raobair bata dor na reancharóib atá anoir fá móir-meap, ar froude ir ar mlac Amíaoim, ir ar Hume.

Adoir ré ’n-a díon-brollac:—

“Ní’l rtaipíde dá rgríobann ar éirínn naé ag iarrad locta agus toibéime do tabairt do rean-állaib agus do fadéalaib dío; bíod a fíadnuiré rin ar an teirt do beir Cambrenpír, Spenser, Stanhuprt, Hanmer, Camden, Barclio, Moirpon, Dabir, Campion, agus fad nuad-áll eile dá rgríobann uirce o

done is to put them together and reconcile them. If he were to re-write these things now, having his mind filled with the learning of to-day, there is no doubt that he would set aside a good deal of them as not pertaining to true history. But he wrote "The Forus Feasa" almost 300 years ago, and it is not strange that so little doubt was cast on the truth of these events at that period. Such, too, is the case in other countries. There are many stories and wonders in Roman History which the Romans fully believed in the time of Virgil and Ovid, but which are only the romances of the poets. In the same way no scholar now believes in the exploits of Hengist and Horsa nor in such like wonders in the History of Britain.

At the same time it should be remembered that there is usually a substratum of truth in such stories. The poets did not originally invent a story without there being some appearance of reality in it. "The Cretans even do not invent all they say"—though the tale is added to in the course of years, in such wise that one would not recognise it at last. It were not well for a country not to have romances of this kind amassed together and mingled with its history. It were a sign that there did not spring up for generations either a poet or a seer amongst her people, and that the people did not prize her honour and glory.

Geoffrey prefixes a splendid *Apologia* to his "Forus Feasa." From the coming over to us of Henry the Second and previous to that date the English authors never ceased from writing lies and disgraceful calumnies about our country. Gerald Barry, Stanihurst, Camden, Hanmer and all that tribe only wanted to trample us under foot at first, and since that failed them, to insult us by fallacious histories, and when they took our land from us, they were more lying and insulting to us than ever. Geoffrey attacked them in the *Apologia* with vigour and fury. He tore asunder the insulting rubbish Barry had put together in his book, he did not leave much of Stanihurst that he did not rend to bits; heavy is the weight of his hand falling on Camden and on Spenser. Indeed, he is like some great champion, like Cuchulainn or Achilles, his arms ready in his hands, clad in armour from head to foot, while he strikes down with zeal and fierce wrath those diminutive persons who gave false evidence against his country and who insulted his people.

Were he alive to-day he would belabour with his staff's edge the historians who are held at present in esteem, Froude, Macaulay and Hume. He says in the *Apologia*:—

"There is no historian who treats of Ireland that does not

foin amad, ionnup supabé nór beagnac an phriompolláin do ghní
 as ríobad ar éireannaicib . . . : . . . ir é do ghní ciomad
 ar béarib fo-baoinead agus caillead mbeas n-úir-íreal ar
 otabairt maic-ghníom na n uapal i ndearmad, agus an méir a
 baineas rir na rean-šaebealaib do bí as áitiugad an oileáin reo
 riu nšabáltair na rean-šaili," 7c.

Ir minic a goirtear an herodotus šaebealac ar šeačrún,
 agus ir deimin sup móir a bfuil do córmaileac eatorca ardon.
 Tá caint šeačrún deas, rimpliđe, milir-briačrac, mar caint
 "Ačar an tšeandair." Séanair ardon baot-foail, neam-
 briošmar, neam-šairdmeamla, acť 'n-a n-ionad atá fuinneam ir
 tatac i ngac line dá rčárčair. Cuirio ardon irteac na huir-
 ršéalta baineas le n-a oćir, šan ampar do cup ar a bširinne.
 b'ě herodotus an céad rčairiđe do cuir reandair na nšreigead i
 n-easair ir i šcufinneas, agus oiođ sup b'fada 'n-a diaiđ do
 ršriob ré, b'ě Céitinn an céad reandairde o'oruiš ir do ceartuiš
 i rlaćť, ir i n-easair reandair na nšaebeal: Do bain na filiđe—
 na šreigis ir na Romániš—a lán ar rčárčair herodotuir, agus
 'ran šcuma šcáona čuš Céitinn inndeas a n'óćain doir na
 filiđib šaebealaca, o'adadagán ua Rataille, do šeašán Clárac
 Mac Domnáil, ir o'eošan Ruad. Acť ní feicimio oiošair i
 otaob na širinne, ná fearš cum namad a čipe ar an nšreigead:
 Bionn ré ciuin, rocair, réim i šcomnuirde i meas rčára ir úir-
 ršeil, *et quidquid Graecia mendax audet in historiis*, acť ní léigead
 an šaebealac fuinne do ceart ná do cáil a čipe le n-a deas
 namair.

Obari léigeanca, doimin ir ead "Čri Bior-šaoite an bair,"
 lán do rmuaintib diađa ir do maćtnam šairdmeamla ar an
 beačair daonna, ir ar a črioc. Ir ionganac ar čos ré ar rean-
 ušarairib ir ar oibneacair na naom, agus ir blarta tá an obair
 ar fad poimnte i leabairib agus i n-alcair. Acť ir čiom, lair-
 eamail an caint atá ann ó čuir šo deirad, biođ šo bfuil ri
 larta ruar annro ir annró le ršéal beas šreannmar mar an
 eacťra pain ar "Mac Reccan."

Obari an-léigeanca i noiađacť ir i nópanairib na heaglaire ir
 ead "Eocair Šgiac an Airinn." Ní léir oúinn don ušar eile
 cuir ar an oirad pain do čuairš ar neitib baineas leir an
 Airneann, com beacť, com cinnre rin i leabar dá méir. Acť
 'n-a čeannca pain, tá an caint com rimpliđe, com šreannca, com
 binn, com briošmar pain, šan baot-foclair ná šairtib carca sup
 rupačťe o'aoinneac é léigead šur i noiu.

endeavour to vilify and calumniate both the old English settlers and the native Irish. Of this we have proof in the accounts of Cambrensis, Spenser, Stanihurst, Hanmer, Camden, Barclay, Morrison, Davis, Campion, and every other English writer who has treated of this country since that time, so that when they write of the Irish, they appear to imitate the beetle . . . This is what they do, they dwell upon the customs of the vulgar and the stories of old women, neglecting the illustrious actions of the nobility and everything relating to old Irish who were the inhabitants of this island before the English invasion."

Geoffrey has often been called the Irish Herodotus, and, indeed, both closely resemble one another. Geoffrey's style is pretty, simple, smooth and harmonious, like that of the Father of History. Both avoid turgid, feeble, unsubstantial words, but instead there is vigour and strength in every line of their narratives. Both insert the romances that pertain to their country, without raising a doubt as to their truth. Herodotus was the first historian who gave a regular methodical history of the Greeks, and, though he came long after, Keating was the first historian who regulated and arranged in proper order the history of the Gaels. The poets, both Greek and Roman, drew largely on the accounts of Herodotus, and in the same way Keating gave food enough to the Irish poets, to Egan ORahilly, to John Claragh MacDonnell and to Eoghan Ruadh. But we miss zeal for his country and rage against her enemies in the Greek. He is ever calm, gentle, steady in the midst of history and romance, "and whatever lying Greece has the courage to put in her histories." But the Irishman would not let a particle of his country's fame and right go undisputed with her inveterate foe.

"The Three Shafts of Death" is a deep, learned work, full of holy thoughts and of profound meditation on human life and on its end. He has drawn with astonishing fulness on the old authors and on the works of the saints, and the entire work is neatly divided into books and sections. But from beginning to end, the style is heavy and Latin-like, though it is occasionally lit up with a humorous story like that of "Mac Reccan."

"The Key-Shield of the Mass" is a work of great learning in theology and in Church ritual. We do not know any author who gives such a full account of the things that pertain to the Mass, so exact, so accurate in a book of its size. But in addition to this, the style is so simple, so delightful, so melodious, so forceful, without turgidity of words or entangled

Ó aimpirí Céitinn anuas níor rḡníobhad a lán do phrór buna-
daraí. Do cuiríodh ádhair eadtráide le déile agus rḡealta ar
ḡníomairí acaí, agus ní móir 'n-a tceannra tain. Do luig-
eadar na huḡdairí Saḡealaca ar panna do mḡrḡailt, ir ba
mílir, doibinn a ḡcuid dān ir amḡrān.

Sóir nó fíar ir fearr an baile—An Cneamairí.

(Le n-āna ni fāirḡeallairḡ.)

Ní fāirḡ an pinnceḡirḡeacḡ i bḡad ar fíubal nuair fḡeamnuirḡ an
Cneamairí amac uata a ḡan-fíor dōib.

Suar an carān leirḡ aḡ dēanam ar tāoir na n-ailḡrḡeacḡ do'n
oileān. Thiomāin rē air ḡo tḡi ḡo fāirḡ rē ar bair na tulca.
Do rḡad rē annrin. ḡé ḡur tḡeān lāirir an fearí é, do bī an
air aḡ tceannad ḡo dāinḡean air, ḡ níor mīrḡe dō a rḡit do
leirḡean.

Dhī an ḡealac ḡo hāro 'ra rḡpḡir, agus do b'fḡirir an t-oileān
agus an fāirḡrḡe d'fḡirir ḡo ḡlan roilḡir.

Do b'āluinn ciūin an t-amair do bī or a cōmarí amac, acḡ
irḡiḡ i ḡcḡoirḡe an tḡeān-fíar do bī anḡad ar fíubal. D'amḡlarḡ
nāir airḡ rē a cōm dḡar ir do fāmḡuirḡ an dōman i n-a tīmḡioll.
Ní fāirḡ a fíor acḡ aḡ Dia amāin car do bī 'ḡā fuaḡad.

Chḡairḡ rē a lāma or cionn a cinn, agus d'ouhairḡ or āro :

"Liom fḡin ir ead é! Liom-ra amāin! Ní fūil éan-dāint aḡ
duine ar bit eile leirḡ. D'íocar ḡo mairḡ ar—ḡo dān-mairḡ!"

Ar aḡarḡ leirḡ airḡ aḡ fíubal agus aḡ fíir-fíubal, d'irḡeacḡ ir dā
mbéad 'n-a aigḡeacḡ rḡoirḡm a cḡoirḡe do laḡouḡad ar an nōr
roin.

Níor b'fāra dō aḡ imḡeacḡ marḡ rin ḡo tḡi ḡo fāirḡ rē i nḡar
do na hailḡrḡeacḡairḡ.

Annpoin do rḡad rē ḡo hobann, marḡ ba dōiḡ leirḡ ḡo ḡcualarḡ
rē ḡut duine éirḡin. Chuirḡ rē cluar le hḡirḡeacḡ air fḡin, agus
do b'amḡlarḡ d'ḡir aḡad d'amḡirḡ ḡo fāirḡ rē cinnḡe 'n-a tāoirḡ.
ḡut mnā aḡ carḡ do b'ead é, ḡan ḡō.

Ar mbḡeacḡnuḡad dō ar an āro ar a dḡāinḡ an fūaim, ba lḡir
dō, rḡacām beaḡ uairḡ, duine éirḡean leaḡḡa leirḡ an ḡclairḡe.

Dhḡuirḡ rē leirḡ an āit, agus d'airḡ rē ḡan mōill ḡur b'ī māirḡ
Dhān do bī ann roime.

Ní fāirḡ a fíor airḡ duine nā dāonḡairḡe do beirḡ i n-a haice,
agus do pḡeab rī le neairḡ rḡeōin nuair do leaḡ rē a lām ar a
ceann.

expressions, that anyone might easily read it even at the present day.

From Keating's time onward not much original prose was written. A number of adventures and stories about the exploits of giants was composed but very little more. Irish authors betook themselves to the composition of verse, and sweet and delightful were the poems and songs they composed.

EAST, WEST, HOME'S BEST.

FROM "AN CNEAMHAIRE."

By UNA NÍ FHAIRCHEALLAIGH.

(Miss Agnes O'Farrelly.)

THE dancing had not long begun when the Cneamhaire slipped out unnoticed.

Up the path he went towards the cliff side of the island. Still onwards until he was on the top of the height. He paused there. Though a strong, stout man, age was pressing on him, and he had, perforce, to rest.

The moon was high in the sky, and the island and the sea could be plainly seen. The scene before him was beautiful and calm, but within the heart of the old man a storm was raging. Thus it was he did not notice how beautiful the world seemed about him. God only knew what was oppressing him.

He waved his arms above his head and spoke aloud:

"It is my own! Mine alone! Nobody else has any claim to it. I paid well for it—right well."

On he went again, walking, ever walking, just as if he had it in his mind thus to subdue the storm in his heart.

He was not long walking at that rate until he drew near to the cliffs.

Then he stopped suddenly, for he thought he heard somebody's voice. He set himself to listen, and after a short space of time he was certain of it. The voice of a woman crying, that it was, without doubt.

When he looked towards the place whence the sound came he saw clearly somebody leaning against the fence.

He drew near, and perceived at once that it was Máire Bhán who was there before him.

“Ná corruis, a leanaib. Ná bíod faicéar oir, cor ar bit!”
Ní duhairt Máire focal, agus reo ar aghaid é le n-a cúro cainte:

“Ní ceart duit, a Mháire, a ríóir, beir amuis i n-donraic 7 an oirde atá ann. Tá an comhluadar as fúireacht leat 'ra scir-din.”

Ní mearrad éinnead sup b'é an Cneamáire do bí as caint:

“Ué! a Shéamair! an tura atá ann? Ná bac liom! Cait-fíod mé leigint dom' cúro bróin. Déad níor fearr dá bárr i gceann tamail.”

“Aéit duibhíodar liom, a Mháire, sup tú féin ar cionntaé leir an turar 7 an airtéar reo! Tuige nac bpanfá as do mátar 'ra mbailé 7 as Peadar fáda!”

“Tuige, a n-eaó? tá fáit go leór leir, muir, aéit cia an maít beir as caint anoir?” Ar an toirt, do fil na deóra léití 7 érom rí ar sul arís.

Níor cuir an Cneamáire irtead uirri an fáid do lean rí ar beir as caoi, aéit nuair d'éirís rí níor ciúine ar ball d'fíarffruis pé d'í cia an fáit d'í beir as imteacht ar éireann:

“Ná ceil oim éin-deó do'n fírinne” ar' reirean fa deóir.
“Cao faoi ndeara go bfuil tú as imteacht uainn?”

“Do bhrís go bfuil earbair airtio oim” ar' an cailín boét.

“An t-airgead! an t-airgead!” ar' an Cneamáire go neam-fóirdeach, “S é an rgeal céadna é i gcomhairde; aéit bíod 'fíor asat, a cailín, go bfuil a lán ruadai 'ra domhan níor fearr i bfaó 'ná an t-airgead féin.”

Ní eus Máire fpeasra ar bit air, do bí an oirtead roin iongan-tair uirri:

“Nac bfuil Peadar asat!” ar' reirean “agus nac leór duit é rin?”

“Tá—Peadar—agam; ir fíor duit¹é, “arfa Máire i nveir-eaó na dóláic, “aéit—ní tuigim tú: Nac bfuil dúil asat féin 'ran airgead? Gabaim párvóin asat, a Shéamair; ní 'gá éarad leat atáim, cor ar bit.”

“Ní fuil focal bpeige ann, a ingean ó: Ir móir i mo dúil 'ran airgead le leat-céad bliadán, aéit ní raib an rgeal mar rin agam ruam. Bhí lá eile agam. Bhí mé ós 7 bíor i ngráó com maít leat-ra, 7 b'féoir níor domhne 'ná mar atáir-re. Bhíor boét, 7 bí ríre boét, freirín. D'fágbair mo céad plán aici 7 do baili-gear liom go hámeirpocá le capnán airtio do cup ar muin a céile 7 le beán uaral do déanam dom' rpeir-bean. D'imtígear liom ríar sup fpoicear lartair na Stát nAdontuighe. Chaitéar poimnt bliadanta ann 7 d'éirís an raozal liom go zeal: Ir

She did not know that there was man or mortal near her, and she started in affright when he laid his hand on her head:

"Do not stir, child. Don't be the least afraid."

Máire did not say a word, and he proceeded:

"It is not right for you, Máire a stóir, to be out alone this night. The company are watching for you in the kitchen."

Nobody would think it was the Cneamhaire who was talking.

"Och! *Séamas! Is it you that is in it? Don't mind me! I must give way to my sorrow. I shall be the better of it after a little."

"But they told me, Máire, that it is you yourself are accountable for this journey. Why would you not stay at home with your mother and with Peadar Fada?"

"Why is it? There is plenty of reason for it; but what is the use of talking now?" Her tears fell on the moment and she began to cry again.

The Cneamhaire did not disturb her whilst she wept, but when she grew calmer by-and-by, he asked her why she was leaving Ireland.

"Don't conceal one scrap of the truth from me," he said at last. "What is the cause of your leaving us?"

"Because I am in want of money," said the poor girl.

"Money! money!" said the Cneamhaire impatiently. "The same story always; but know, girl, that there are plenty of things in the world better far even than money."

Máire was so surprised that she did not answer him.

"Have you not Peadar," he said, "and is not that enough for you?"

"I have—Peadar—it is true for you," said Máire at long last; "but—I don't understand you. Don't you yourself care for money? Forgive me, Séamus; it is not upraising you with it I am at all."

"There is not a word of lie in it, girl. I have been eager for money for the past fifty years; but it was not so with me always. I was once otherwise. I was young, and I was in love as well as you. I was poor, and she was poor also. I bade her a long farewell, and I took myself off to America to put some money together, and to make my sweetheart a lady. I moved on till I reached the west of the United States. I spent some years there, and the world throve with me. I used seldom get a letter from Ireland, except, now and again, a couple of words from her, to say she was well, or the like of that.

Once, a year went by, and never a word from her. I could

annam a gheibinn leictir ó Éirinn aet amáin cúpla focal anoir 7 aipir uaidi-Sean 'sá pád go raib rí go maic, agus a leictéirí rin.

"Don uair amáin éuaib bliadain éarainn 7 san focal aham uaidi. Níor b'féirir liom a fúlans beic san tuairis uirri, 7 ó éarila an t-am rin go raib roinnt maic aipisio 1 uairisio aham, éus mé ahaib ar an mbaile aipir. Oe? mo léan gear ir mo lomaib luain! ní raib roimam aet a huais. 'San uais éeatoa cuiread na comurpain uilis nac móir, bliadain na gopta. Sait-eaib ipcead le céile iad 1 n-éan-poll amáin.

"Ó a 'Dhia na nspáirca! i as pasbail báir leir an ocpas ar éaoib an bócair 7 mire 1 bpaio uaidi 7 san rméaróio eólaip aham ar a cáir! Sire san ruo le cur 1 n-a beal aici 7 mire éall 1 n-dimeiruocá, mo póca lán go beal o'airgead."

Do famluis éadon an tfean-fir go militead pa íolar na geat-aige. O'iompuis ré uaidi beagán 7 érom ré ar amáic amad éar an bpaipise ó éuaib.

Dhí a fíor as Máire go raib ré as éeanam mapanta ar uais mór bliadna na goptan éar 1 gCondae Mhuigéó 7 níor leis rí focal ar láir. Í n-a leabaid rin, ir amlaib go ruo rí ar láim aipir. O'airis rí fuar san bpaig san fuinneam i:

Dhí an cailín as baillepué aet ní fuact na hoibce pa nteapa é. Níor b'é an Cneamáire do bí or a comair aet taróbre o'airis cuici ar laeteanntaib a óige.

"A Shéamair boict! a Shéamair boict!" aip' ríre or íreal. Níor cuip an Sean-fear éan-tfuim innti, aet o'fan ré as amáic amad do éaoib an 'Dhá Dheinn Déas san corpaige ar.

Dhíodas map rin ar fead tamail maic aipirre.

"b'féirir supab é an pác go bfuil oúil aham 'ran aipgead," aip' an Cneamáire pa deiread, "sup íocar com daor rin ar. Bíonn an t-airgead map fuil or comair mo dá fuil—go deas, go deas 7 gcomnaide. Ír map rin a éim-re é."

Do érom Máire a ceann fíor 7 póg rí a láim. O'airis Séamair deor as tuicim léiti.

Dhíodas aipson 1 n-a uoort go ceann tamail.

"Ní imteóga ar an oileán, cor ar bit," aipra Máire go haibid.

"Ní imteóga tú, an n-eaib? An é rin a n-abriann tú? Aet an ucuigeann tú 'n-a éapc méad na boctanacta a beap as goill-eaib ort annreo, má fanair?"

"Ní fuil duine 'ra doimán a cuigeannr níor fearr 'ná mire com érom 7 a bíonnr an sanntar 7 an boctanact as sabail do muinntir áriann—aet 'n-a diaib rin féin fanpaio 'ra mbaile 1 n-ainm Dé."

not bear to be without tidings of her, and since it happened, that time, that I had a good deal of money saved, I faced for home. Och! my sharp sorrow and my lasting woe! I found only her grave before me. In the same grave nearly all the neighbours were buried, the famine year. They were all cast into the one hole."

"Oh! God of Grace! she dying with hunger by the side of the road, and I far from her, without a gleam of knowledge as to her state! She without anything to put in her mouth, and I beyond in America, my pocket chock-full with money!"

The face of the old man looked wan in the light of the moon. He turned from her a little and gazed out over the sea to the north.

Máire knew that he was thinking deeply of the big grave of the famine year up in County Mayo, and she never let slip a word. Instead, she took hold of his hand. She felt it cold and nerveless and clammy.

The girl was trembling, but not from the coldness of the night. It was not the Cneamhaire who was before her, but a ghost which came to her from the days of his youth.

"Poor Séamas! poor Séamas!" she said softly. The old man did not heed her, but continued to look towards the Twelve Pins without ever stirring.

Thus they remained for a long while.

"Perhaps the reason I have such a desire for money," said the Cneamhaire at last, "is because I paid for it so dearly. Money is like blood before my two eyes—red, red, always. That is how I see it."

Máire bent her head and kissed his hand. Séamas felt a tear falling from her.

They were both silent for a time.

"I shall not leave the island at all," said Máire hastily.

"You will not go, is it, Is that what you say? But do you rightly understand the greatness of the poverty that will weigh on you if you stay?"

"There is no one in the world understands better than I do how heavy want and poverty lie on the people of Aran; but, even so, I shall stay at home, with the help of God."

"It is well," said the Cneamhaire.

* * * * *

The next morning the island folk went eastwards, one by

“Tá go maíe,” ar r’ an Cneamáire.”

* * * * *

Ar maidin lá ar n-a bárac éuaðvar muinntear an oileáin i ndiaid a céile roir go dtí an pánán. Bhí na cupaca i gcóir cum na gcailíní do bí le dul ear leat do bheir ar boru an long-saile.

“Tuige go bfuil tura as caoinead?” ar r’ Peavair fada nuair d’arraig Máire bhán a gac com maíe le cáe. “I r muir-ne a beap as caoinead in do diaid.”

“Táim as caoinead i ndiaid na gcailíní atá ar tí imteact, uainn,” ar r’ Máire.

“An dá rírib atá tú, a Mháire? ‘Ar n’ó,’ ní ceapc duit beir as ponmair fúm inoiu i ualac ar mo éroide.”

“Ní as déanam ponmair’ fút atáim, muir. Tá m’inntinn rocair agam ar fanact leat, cibé boct rairóibí tú, nó cibé an fáir a caicfimro beir as feiteam le n-a céile.”

Ní éreoread Peavair a éuara féin.

“I r as masad fúm atá tú, tá mé as ceapad.”

“Ní head go veimin! Ní déanfainn a leicéro opt ar an domán.”

“Creidim tú anoir, muir. Act ní tuigim an rgeal cor ar bit. Cao a tug opt an t-actarugad inntinn’ reo?”

“Airling a bí agam aréir, a pheavair, nó bpionglóro, mar adéartá. Shaoilear go raib tura io’ fean-feap époroa gan fuinneam i do gdeasab ná gpad d’éinne’ i do éroide. Bhí tú io’ iargaire comportamail annro. Bhí mire t’éir Aimeiriocá, clóca ríora oim i hata gléarta go veap le ríbiní agur a leic-éirí eile, airgead mo dótaint im’ rparán agam i é uile éineál maoin’ im’ feilb. Bhíor-ra as gabáit ruar an bóirín i n-aice na roilg’ i mé as teact a baile. Capad dam annrin tú, act níor aitin tú mé, cor ar bit.”

“Mire Máire bhán,’ adubrap leat.

“Ní tú,’ ar r’ tura go feargac; ‘ní tú go veimin. Bhí Máire—mo Mháire re—i n-a cail n óg rlaactmar, agur cad mar géal opt-ra? Sean-dean portamail gánnda tú atá córuigte mar péacóis i ngioblaicib ríóil. Ní tura Máire go veimin.”

“D’féacar ríor i bpoll uirge a bí taoib liom i do b’é rin an céad uair d’airigeap mé féin aorua gánnda; bí an ceapc agat.

“I r mire Máire bhán,’ adubrap arir.

“D’féac tú oim annrin ioir an dá ríil i an fáir a bíor mar don leat níor tós tú do ríile díom.

“I r amlaid adéir tú,’ ar r’ tura, ‘act ní éreidim tú—ní tura an Mháire a otugar gpad dí fáir ó. Thíor ran roilg úo b’feap

one, towards the slip. The curachs were ready to bring the girls who were going abroad on board the steamer.

"Why are you 'caoining'?" said Peadar Fada, when Máire Bhán raised her voice like the others. "It is we who shall be 'caoining' after you."

"I am 'caoining' for the girls who are about to leave us," said Máire.

"Are you serious, Máire? In troth, it is not right for you to make fun of me to-day and a load on my heart."

"It is not making fun of you I am, maiseadh. I have my mind made up to stay with you, whether you are rich or poor, or however long we must wait for each other."

Peadar would not believe his own ears.

"It is making fun of me you are, I am thinking."

"It is not indeed! I would not do the like on you for the world."

"I believe you now, indeed! But I don't understand the story a bit. What caused you this change of mind?"

"A vision I had last night, Peadar, or a dream, as you might say. I thought that you had become an old, contrary man, without energy in your limbs, or love to anyone in your heart. You were a comfortable fisherman here. I had come back from America. I had a silk cloak on me, and a hat beautifully decked with ribbons and such like things, with plenty of money in my purse and every kind of means in my possession. You were going up the lane near the graveyard when I was on my way home. I met you there, but you did not recognise me at all."

"'I am Máire Bhán,' I said. 'You are not,' you replied angrily; 'not you, indeed. Máire—my Máire—was a fine young girl; and what about you? A proud, ugly, old woman, titivated like a peacock in silken rags! You are not Máire Bhán indeed.'"

"I looked down in a pool of water beside me, and that was the first time I noticed myself old and ugly. You were right."

"'I am Máire Bhán,' I said again."

"You looked at me then between the two eyes, and as long as I was with you you did not lift your eyes from me."

"'So you say, but I don't believe,' you said. 'You are not the Máire I loved long ago. Down in the graveyard yonder I would rather her to be than to resemble you now. I don't know you at all.' And saying that, you went off. I was

liom í 'beir 'nád beir mar túrú anoir. Ní aithníim tú éor ar bit.' Agus 'gá ráb rin, ar go b'rád leat. Bhíof fásca im' donatán go bhíonac. Sin í an bhionglóir a bi agam. Nac airt-eac é ? ”

“ Ní fuil tú ro' fcan-bean fóir, a ruim ! 'Do b'ághmarac an bhionglóir d'ar-ra í, cibé rgeal é. Agus, an n-abrann tú, a Mháire, gur bhionglóir a tug ort panaet 'ra mbaile ? ”

Níor mear Máire gur ceart oí rgeal an Chneamáire o'innrinc san ceo aici uaird. Mar rin adubairt rí :—

“ É rin agus ruad eile.”

“ Duirdeacáir móir do 'Oha,” arfa Peadar.

* * * * *

“ Nac móir an t-iongantair nac mbéiteá ag b'rait le do díol mná 'fásbail ? ” adubairt ádair Pheadair leir cúpla lá i n-a díaró rin. “ Nac dear d'atamail an cailín í Máire Chatac, in-gean na baintreabaise tíar i gCionn an 'Ohaile ? ”

Chuir Peadar éluar le héirteacé air féin. 'Dá mba gur éir an grian anuas ar an rpeir ní cuirtead ré níor mó iongantair air

Ní raib ré i n-innim oipead le focal do ráb.

“ Tá ré i n-am do Chait, rpeir, cur rúit i n-ait oí féin. Ní raadó beir mágirtear le céile i n-éin-teac amáin. Cao é do mear ar Mhac Uí 'Ohooncaoda. Ní fuil fóir talman aise, acé mair rin féin, 'ar n'óó', ir breag láirir an buacail é. 'Oaome macánta a b'ead iad a feacé rinnirí poime.”

Níor féad Peadar focal do cur ar, agus níor éir ré rtaio ná ceirte éirge 'nád ar éan-éor. Go deimhin, níor éir acé an oipead le ceap b'óise, mar adéiré, acé dá mbíod ré do ládair 'ra réompa beag taobí tíar do'n éirir rgeatam beag i n-a díaró rin ir d'óca go d'uirtead ré an t-ionplán go dianmáit. Ir fcan-focal é, agus ir ríor, go d'airbeánann rpaicnin rpeo na gaoite.

Ar ball nuair do bí an t-aor ós tíor ar an Muirbeac, reo é an Cneamáire irteac cum ádair Pheadair agus mála aise i n-a láim.

Seo é ag tarrainis láim a glaise do píopáib óir amac ar an mála, agus ag áiréam rí ríóir punnt ar an glár or a comair, agus reo é fóir 'gá ráb, agus é ag féacáin so glinn géar ar an b'ear eile :

“ Ní cuirríd Tomár Sheagáin Ruairí báir a méire palaise ar mo cúir airtíó go deó. 'Dair ráb, ní cuirríd. Ir do'n g'ráb agus do'n óise atáim 'gá tabairt.

left alone, deserted and in sadness. That is the dream I had. Is it not strange?"

"You are not an old woman yet, a ruin! It was a lucky dream for me anyhow. And, do you say, Máire, that it was a dream caused you to stay at home?"

Máire did not think herself justified in telling the Cneamhaire's story without leave from him; so she answered:

"That and other things."

"Great thanks be to God!" said Peadar.

* * * * *

"Isn't it a great wonder you wouldn't be looking out to get a wife to suit you," said Peadar's father to him a couple of days later. "Isn't Máire Chatach, the daughter of the widow over in Cronn-an-Bhaile, a nice, good-looking girl?"

Peadar set himself to listen. If the sun fell down out of the sky it would not surprise him more. He was unable to say as much as a word.

"It is time for Cáit, too, to settle down in a place of her own. Two mistresses would not go well together in one house. What do you think of young Mac Donnchadha? He has not a sod of land, but, even so, he is a fine, strong boy. Honest people they were, his seven generations before him."

Peadar could not get out a word, and he did not understand the state of the question at all. In truth, he did not, any more than a shoemaker's last, as one might say; but if he were present in the little room beyond the kitchen afterwards, it is likely that he would understand the whole matter right well. It is an old proverb, and it is a true one, which says that a straw shows how the wind blows.

By-and-by, when the young people were down in the muirbheach, the Cneamhaire comes in to Peadar's father and a bag in his hand.

He draws the full of his hand of gold pieces from the bag, and counting out sixty pounds on the table before him, he says, looking steadily and sharply at the other man:

"Tomás Sheaghán Ruaidhri will never put the top of his dirty finger on my money. By heavens, he'll not. It is to love and to youth I am giving it."

AN UAIH.

SIOTA AR AN “NĠIOBLACÁN.”

(ŪIRYGEAL LE TOMÁR O H-DOBA.)

Ūior aḡ réacaint timdeall orim an fáro do bí ré aḡ caint, aḡ bheactnuḡaḋ ar an reompa aḡur an éaoi ’n-a íaib ré cupḡa le céile aḡur ’ḡa íarpuige im’ aigneaḋ féin cá bḡaíar ré na rḡḡáin ar fáo nuair tudaírc ré :

“Tá tú aḡ déanam ionḡantair dem’ teaḡlac aḡur dem’ aicill-ídeact. Náe deap-lámác an duine me?”

“’Seaḋ, ar m’ focal; act cá bḡaíar na rḡḡáin ḡo léir? aḡur má’r uaim atá annro, ar ndóig ní íaib éin-céal leir an mbotán ro i n-éan-cóp.”

“Inneorair mipe duit ar ball; act an mb’ait leat an uaim ar fáo o’ feircint?”

“B’ait liom,” arpa mipe, “act tá ré ró-luat fóir an cóir do cupr fúm.”

“Ní’l, pioc,” ar reiréan, “cóim fáda ír tá ré reo aḡat,” aḡur tós ré maíoe cpoire ó’n ḡcúinne aḡur fín ré cúgam é.

“Raḡamaoíro amac ḡo fóill ḡo bḡeiciró tú mo ríḡaact-ra ar fáo,” ar ré.

“Act cá bḡaíar an maíoe cpoire?” arpa mipe leir.

“Cuiréar le céile i an fáro do bí tú ío’ córlaḋ. ḡaḋ i leir annro anoír aḡur taḋair aipe do’n cóir.”

Tós ré an trillireán o’n mbóiró aḡur o’ orḡail ré doirar beaḡ taob leir an teallac aḡur éuaḋmar aiaon írteaḋ. Ní fáca mé a leitéiró de íaḋaírc ó’n lá íuḡaḋ me ḡo tóí rin aḡur ní fáca mé íaḋaírc mar é ó foín. Bí an reómpa beaḡ déanta ḡo vípeac ḡlan ar an ḡcaoi éeaḋna i íaib an ceann eile, act do bí ré líonta ruar ḡo tóí an doirar le íarímaib de ḡac cineál, aḡur bíodair ḡo léir cóim ḡlan aḡur cóim foillíreac foín ír ḡur baíneaḋar an íaḋaírc víom, náe móir, nuair do éuaḋar írteaḋ ar tóir. Bíodair ar cpoḋaḋ aighe ór cionn a céile ar na ballaib tairc timdeall an treómpa cóim fáda ír b’féirí leir ríḡe o’ fáḡail doib—ḡunnai ḡearpa aḡur píortail ḡo leór, aḡur a lán de élaírmírb aḡur de baigheirírb—aḡur bí cuíro eile aca cpaḋta i nḡrḡánaib ar an úrlar. Bí úirnéir beaḡ, inneóin aḡur úirlírí ḡabann i ḡcúinne, aḡur binnre aḡur úirlírí ríuínéara i ḡcúinne eile. Bí an fear aḡur an áit aḡ éiríḡe níor aírḡíḡe ḡac éan-nóimint.

“Ír doig liom ḡo bḡuillim fá dḡaíreact,” arpa mipe, nuair do tósar lán mo fúl dé’n treómpa.

“Ní’lir, maíre, i n-éan-cóp,” arpa an “ḡioblacán.”

THE CAVERN.

From the Novel "An Gioblachán," by Tomás O h-Aodha,
(*i.e.*, Thomas Hayes).

I WAS looking round me, while he was speaking, examining the room and the manner in which it was constructed, and asking myself in my own mind where did he get all the hay-ropes, when he said:

"You are making a wonder of my dwelling and of my skill. Am I not a handy man?"

"You are, on my word; but where did you get all the hay-ropes? And if this is a cavern, there was certainly no necessity for the cabin at all."

"I'll tell you by-and-by; but would you wish to see the cavern entirely?"

"I would, indeed," I said, "but it is too soon yet to put the foot under me."

"Not a bit," he replied, "while you have this," and he took a crutch from the corner and handed it to me.

"We shall go out awhile," he said, "until you see my entire kingdom."

"But where did you get the crutch?" I said to him.

"I put it together while you were asleep. Come hither now and take care of the foot."

He took the lamp from the table, opened a little door beside the hearth, and we both went in. I did not see a sight like what I saw since I was born till then, nor did I see a sight like it since. The little room was made exactly in the same way as the other one, but it was filled to the door with arms of every description, and they were all so clean and so bright that they almost dazzled me when I entered first. They were hanging above each other, on the walls round the room, as far as he could find room for them—muskets and pistols in plenty, and many swords and bayonets—and others were stacked in heaps on the floor. There was a little furnace, an anvil, and a smith's tools in one corner, and a bench and a joiner's tools in another corner. The man and the place were getting stranger every moment.

"I think I am under some enchantment," said I, when I had taken the full of my eye of the room.

"You are not, indeed," said the Gioblachán.

He took up one of the guns and rubbed it affectionately with his hand.

Do éóg ré ruar ceann de na gunnaibh agus do cuimil ré 3 go cineálta le n-a láimh.

"féad," ar reirean, "nac deap an úirlir i rin. Táinig si o Amériocá agus do cuirfeadh sí piléar tré duine nác mói míle ó baile; aót éirimíó an cúro eile aca ariú. Gab i leir annro."

O'fórgail ré doipar eile agus bagair pé amac oim. Níor féadar mo lámh o' feircint bí pé com doirca roin. Níor cuim-nigear go rabamar inr an uaim agus nuair o' féadar amac duibpar.

"Ué, nac doirca i an oirde!"

Leis an "Sioblacán" rmut gáire ar.

"Nac doirca i an oirde," arra gút taob amuis diom. "há! há!" arra gút eile. Annroin do labair beirt nó tríúir eile i n-éinfeacht níor fúro amac, "Ué! nac doirca"—"há! há!"—"an oirde"—"há! há! há!"—"nac"—"nac doirca"—"há! há!"—"an oirde"—"há! há! há!"—agus mar rin leó ag ríghineadh agus ag véanam magair fúm go raib an áit lan ruar de gúannab. Bíodar tíor fúm, tuar or mo éionn, ar m'ágar amac agus ar gac taob diom. O' iméigeadar uaim i ndiár a céile agus o' írligeadar pá deirlead ar nór na raib ionnta aót ríorapnac ag creadh i gcúinnib na huama.

Deir mire gur bain pé preab aram. Táinig ríannraib oim ar oúir agus 'na diár rin táinig iongantar agus uadbár an traoisail oim, ar nór náir féadar corruige ar an áit 'n-a rabar im fearam ar fead cúis nóiminte. Do bagair an "Sioblacán" irthead oim.

"Mac-alla," arra mire, nuair bí an doipar dúnta aige.

"Sead," ar ré, "nac breag é?"

"Níor ariugear ruam poime seo éan-ruo mar é aót éan-uair amáin; aót ní raib teacht ruar ar bit leir seo aige. Tá an uaim go hán-móir ir dóca."

"Bí cinnte de rin. Táir io' fearam anoir ar bpuac gáca uadbáraige agus má tá éan-órolac amáin ann, tá pé ór éionn míle trois i ndoimíneacht. Ná téighi ró-fada amac nuair a bead ag cairbeant na huama dúit, nó b'féidir go bpuigthead dúdán io' ceann; coinneis taob tíar diom-ra agus ní beir baogal ar bit opt."

Tóg ré rlipeós giúaire agus cuir pé rgoilt beag 'na héadan le tuais. Annroin ruair pé rop barrais agus pocruis pé irthead 'ran rgoilt é agus éar pé an barrac i mbacall mar bead méaróg ar barr na rlipeóige. Nuair bí pé pocruighe go daingean aige, táim pé an rlipeós agus an barrac i bpota ola agus o'pás pé ann iao go raib an ola rúighe irthead go maí ionnta. Tuar pá ndeara lom-láirthead go raib pé ag véanam cóirre cun na huama do cairbeant dam.

"Look," said he, "is not that a pretty tool? It came from America, and it would put a bullet through a person almost a mile from home; but we'll see the remainder again. Come over here."

He opened another door, and he motioned me out. I could not see my hand it was so dark. I did not recollect that we were in a cavern when I looked out, and I said:

"Ugh! is it not a dark night?"

The Gioblachán let a little laugh out of him.

"Is it not a dark night!" said a voice outside me. "Ha! ha!" said another voice. Then two or three spoke together further out. "Ugh! is it not"—"Ha! ha!"—"night"—"Ha! ha! ha!"—"Is it not"—"Is it not a dark"—"Ha! ha! ha!"—"night"—"Ha! ha! ha!"—and so on with them, mimicking and making fun of me till the place was filled with voices. They were beneath me and over my head; they were directly in front of me and on both sides. They faded away one after the other, and they lowered at last so that there was not in them but a whisper, trembling in the corners of the cavern.

I say that I was startled. Fright came on me at first, and afterwards the wonder and awe of the world came on me, so that I could not stir from the place in which I was standing for five minutes. The Gioblachán beckoned me inside.

"An echo," said I, when he had closed the door.

"Yes," said he, "is it not fine?"

"I never before heard anything like it except once, but it could not come near this at all. The cavern is very large, I suppose."

"Be sure of that. You are standing now on the brink of an awful chasm, and if it's an inch, it's over a thousand feet in depth. Do not go too far out when I am showing you the cavern, or perhaps you might get a reeling in your head. Keep behind me and there will be no fear of you."

He took a chip of pinewood, and put a split in its end with a hatchet. Then he got a wisp of tow and fixed it into the split, and twisted it into a knob just like a ball on the top of the chip. When it was firmly fixed, he dipped the chip and the tow into a pot of oil, and left them there until the oil was well soaked into them. I observed directly that he was making a torch in order to show me the cavern.

"This will give us sufficient light now," he said, and he

“Tiubhairt ré seo solas ar n-óráint dúinn anois,” ar ré, agus cuir ré teine leir. Cuadmair amac go bpuac na gáa arís. Gac cor do cuireamair óinn do cuir an mac-ailla pheadra ear air cuḡainn. O’ árduis an “Sioblaacán” an cóirre ór a óionn ar nór go bfuiginn maḡaric maite ar an uaim, agus do fear ré go dána amac ar bpuac an puill. Ní déanfaínn féin é dá bfuiginn míle púnt; áct, ar n-óig, maí aḡeir an fearn-focal—“Neatn na taitiḡe méaduiḡeann ré an tarcuirne.”

Cé go dtuḡ an cóirre solas bheadh uair n-óir féadair fuo ar bit o’ feircint áct amáin poinnt beas de’n carraig ór mo óionn agus ar gac taob óiom. Amac uainn ní raib ann áct dorcadar t-íom tuḡ agus ír oíḡ liom féin náir deín an cóirre áct é do méaduiḡad. Bí ré com tuḡ roin gur faoitear go mb’ féidir liom é ḡearraib le ḡin, no mám de tóḡaint im’ láim. Bíor as riapruige óiom féin, an faio do bíor as féadaint amac, cao do bí foluigḡe taob ear de’n dorcadar, agus do bí ré com diaḡair ḡráineamail rin gur cuir ré uatḡar im éiríde.

“Ní’l iomarca le feircint amac uainn no taob ear óinn,” ar’ an “Sioblaacán,” “áct tairbeánair mé duit anois doimneáct an puill.” Cuairt ré ar a ḡlúinib.

“Luḡ ríor agus tairraing amac go bpuac na cairrige,” ar reirean, “táim cun an cóirre do cáiteam ríor.”

Luḡear ríor maí o’ árduis ré agus óruidear amac go hairead go raib mo ceann ear bpuac na gáa. Do deín ré féin an fuo céadna. Cáit ré an cóirre amac uair agus ríor agus ríor leir t-íro an dorcadar. Bíor as bpaḡ gac éan-nóimint go mbuail-fead ré an t-óin áct n-óir buail; agus n-óir tairbeán ré éan-fuo dúinn. Bíor as faie air go dtí ná raib ann áct r-íreac. Táinig pian im’ fúilib agus dúbán im’ ceann ó beite as féadaint air, agus do éiríear go r-íor. Fá deiread do cáilleamair maḡaric air ar fao.

“Anois, cao deir tú,” ar’ an “Sioblaacán” írteac im’ éluair nuair bí an cóirre imḡiḡe ar maḡaric.

“Leis dam go fóill,” arra mipe, “go ḡuirpíó mé leitead na cairrige roir mé féin agus an poll uatḡarac úo.” Agus do éuadair as lapadail írteac ran mbotán. Ní leigfead an eagla dám éirige im’ fearaí go raḡar írḡiḡ, agus bíor maí dume do bead i n-áiríde ar luarḡán. Táinig an “Sioblaacán” írteac im’ diair agus dún ré an dorar.

“Ír áirídeac agus ír millteac an áit í seo,” arra mipe, “agus tá ḡreim im’ éiríde le huatḡar.”

“Bíor féin maí rin ar dtúr,” ar’ an “Sioblaacán,” “agus í bpaḡ n-óir meara ná tá tura anois, maí ír beas náir tuitear írteac ar mullaḡ mo éinn ran gáa an tarna huair do tánḡar

set fire to it. We went out to the brink of the chasm again. Every stir we made the echo sent us back an answer. The Gioblachán raised the torch over his head, so as that I would get a good view of the cavern, and he stood out boldly on the edge of the chasm. I would not do it myself if I got a thousand pounds; but, no doubt, as the proverb says, "Familiarity breeds contempt."

Though the torch gave fine light, I could not see a thing, except a portion of the rock above me and at each side. Out from us there was nothing but a heavy, thick darkness, and I believe myself the torch only increased it. It was so dense that I thought it possible to cut it with a knife, or to take a handful of it in my hand. I was asking myself while I was looking out what was hidden behind the darkness; for it was so hideously gloomy that it filled my heart with terror.

"There is not much to be seen in front of us or above us," said the Gioblachán; "but I shall show you the depth of the chasm now."

He went on his knees.

"Lie down and draw out to the edge of the rock," said he "I am about to fling down the torch."

I lay down as he ordered, and moved out carefully till my head was over the brink of the chasm. He did the same thing himself. He threw the torch out from him and down, down with it through the darkness. I was expecting every moment that it would strike the bottom, but it did not, and it showed us nothing. I was watching it till there was in it but a spark. A pain came in my eyes and a reeling in my head from being looking at it, and I trembled to the marrow. At last we lost sight of it altogether.

"Now what do you say?" said the Gioblachán into my ear when the torch had disappeared.

"Let me be awhile," said I, "until I put the breadth of the rock between myself and that dreadful hole," and I went crawling into the cabin. The fear would not allow me to rise until I was inside, and I felt like one who would be on a swing. The Gioblachán came in after me and shut the door.

"This is a strange and dreadful place," I said, "and there is a 'lite' in my heart with terror."

"I was like that first," said the Gioblachán, "and far worse than you are now, for it is little but I fell head foremost into the chasm the second time I came here; but I am used to it now and do not mind it."

annro; áct tá taitíge ašam air anoir ašur ní cuirim rium ar bit ann."

Ós ré anuas bóga ašur raigeat do bí aige ran mboctán aš
ó. ná

"Tairbeánparó mé le:teat na gága duit anoir."

Fuair ré máam bairraig ašur éar ré ar bíor na raigíoe é ašur
dein ré cóirre de mar do dein ré de'n trliréois noime rin.
Nuair bí a dóctaint ola rúigte aš an mbairrac, do cuir ré teine
leir ašur d'oršail ré an doirar. "féac amac anoir," ar ré
ašur ršaoil ré uair é trío an doiréadar leir an mbóga. Cuair
an traišead ašur an rop bairraig ar laraó go poillreac amac,
b'féoir cead rlat, gan an taob talil do bualaó; ašur annroin
do claonuig ré ríor i noiaró a céile ašur tuit ré mar do tuit
an cóirre, ašur i gceann tamail do pluigead i ndoimneact na
gága é gan éan-ruo do tairbeánt dúinn. Ní miríoe a ráó sup
méaduig ré reo an méad ionšantair do bí im' éoiríoe éeana;

Cuir ré ríol taob amuig de'n doirar. "Suir ríor annro go
póil," ar reirean, "go sšuirríó tú aítne ar an sšuireactain a
bíonn annro ašam go minic."

an mac alla:

Rug ré ar éeann de na gunnaió ašur cuir ré piléir ann. Sul
a raib a ríor ašam cad do bí gá déanam aige d' árduig ré an
gunna ašur cáit ré upcar ar.

"Comraige dé cugainn," arpa mire, ašur do pšeabar im
féaram leir an nšeit do bain ré aram. Šaoilear go raib an
rliab aš tuitim irteac orainn. D'éirig an mac alla mar blaóm
cóirniše, ašur bí an fuaim com huactbárac roin sup mócuigear
an éarraig aš crítead rúm. D'imtíg ré uainn ašur táinig ré ar
air aríř ašur aríř eile, ar nóř sup b'éigín dam mo méaraca do
cur im' éluarab cun an "ruaille buaille" do congšáilt amac.
Ar utár bí ré com bopb bagaršac leir an cóirniš; annroin bí
ré go šaró šlušarac ra mar beaó fuaim na rairrige aš bšireaó
go rpom ar élocar tráša; ašur n-a díaró rin bí ré an-copamail
leir an bšuaim do éiuceaó ó élaríoe aš tuitim, no ó éruicaillió
do beaó aš šabáil éar bócar šaró; ašur trío an bšořpom ašur
an trpurcar go léir táinig cugainn fuaim mar pléaršad gunnai
mór i bšrao uainn. Cáit an "šioblaacán" a do nó a trí
d'upcarab eile ašur bí fonn air leanamaint do'n gno, áct
d'iarpar air a éabairt ruar. Bí an mac alla go han-bšreag ar
rao áct bí mo dóctaint ašam de an uair rin go háiríoe. Áct ní

He took down a bow-and-arrow, which he had in the cabin, saying :

“I shall show you the breadth of the chasm now.”

He got a handful of tow, and wound it round the point of the arrow, and made a torch of it, as he did of the pinewood chip previously. When it had soaked a sufficient quantity of oil he set fire to it, and opened the door.

“Look out now,” said he, and he sent the torch away through the darkness by means of the bow. The arrow, with the wisp of tow lighting brightly, went out, perhaps, a hundred yards without striking the other side; then it inclined downwards gradually, and fell as the torch did, and after awhile it was swallowed in the depths of the chasm without showing anything to us. It is unnecessary to say that this increased the wonder which was already in my heart.

He placed a stool outside the door.

“Sit down here awhile,” said he, “until you make the acquaintance of the company I have, often here.”

THE ECHO.

FROM “AN GIOBLACHÁN,” BY THOMAS HAYES.

He took one of the guns and put a cartridge in it. Before I knew what he was about he raised the gun and fired a shot.

“The protection of God to us!” said I, and I jumped to my feet with the start he gave me. I thought the mountain was falling in on us. The echo arose like a burst of thunder, and the sound was so awful that I felt the rock trembling beneath me. It faded away and came back, again and again, so that it was necessary for me to put my fingers in my ears to keep out the roar of it. At first it was as fiercely threatening as thunder, then it was roughly rumbling, just like the sound of the sea breaking heavily on a stony shore, and afterwards it closely resembled the sound that would arise from the falling of a dry wall, or from carts going over a rough road; and through all the clamour and confusion came a noise like the explosion of big guns far away. The Gioblachán fired two or three other shots, and he was inclined to continue the business, but I asked him to desist. The echo was very fine indeed, but I had got quite enough of it, for this time at all

maid an “Sioblaacán” páirta fíor. Tós ré anuas fíoil bí ar crioctad, de’n balla, agus cuir ré i gcóir í.

“An dtaitneann ceól leat?” ar reirean.

“Taitneann go maith,” arsa mire, “tá rpéir móir agam ann i gcomnuide.”

“Má’r mar rin atá an rgeal,” ar ré, “geobaid tú ceól anoir nó uaimh.”

“Má tá ré mar an ceól do chus an mac alla uaid ó cianaid ná bac leir.”

“Éirt,” ar reirean, as leisint gáire ar, “agus tabair do bheit nuair táim criochnuigte.”

Tornuig ré as reimm, agus dá mbéinn as caint go ceann reacht-maine ní féadfaínn tuararabáil ceart do tabairt ar an gcóirfeimm d’éirigí gan uaimh. B’áluinn an beirleasóir an “Sioblaacán” agus bí ré ’n-a cumar, “ó neart na taitige,” ir dóca, ceól do buaint ar an mac alla com maith leir an bfiol. Dá mbead gac éin-gléar ceól i n-éirínn bailigte irteac i n-éan-halla amáin agus iad go léir ar riubal i n-éinfeact, ní féadfaí ríad ceól níor binne ná níor áilne ná níor taitneamhaige do tabairt uata ná an ceól do chus an fíoil agus an mac alla dúinn an oirde úd. Tós ré an ciorde agus an t-anam aram. Níor mócturgear pian ná tuirpe ná easla ná éinnid eile act amáin loibnear agus páram aignid an fáid do bí an “Sioblaacán” as reimm agus d’fanfaínn annroim as éirteact leir ar fead lae agus oirde gan beir tuirpeac de.

Nuair bí ré páirta cuir ré uaid an fíoil agus tornuig ré as caint ar ceól na héiréann agus bí cur ríor móir agáinn mar gheall air. Cainteoir áluinn dob’ ead an “Sioblaacán” agus b’ait leat beir as éirteact leir. Ba liomta agus ba léigeannta na rmaointe do bí aige agus do tuit an gaeóilg ó n-a béal com blasda le ceól. Ní maid ré uall ar éinnid. Do bíor as rmaointeam, anoir agus apir, an fáid do bí ré as caint, ar an gcaoi ’na maid re as caiteam a códa aimpire agus as riapruige díom féin cad é an fáid bí leir. Bíor deimneac go maid ré leat-éadotrom agus gur b’in é an ciall go maid ré as imteact, mar a d’éaprá, le naer an t-raogail agus as cur a muinéil i gcontabairt; act ní maid ríor agam an uair rin ar an méid ar cuaid ré ríio.

Níor leis ré dam dul ro-fada leir na rmaointeí seo mar tarrpang ré cuige feadóis agus tornuig ré as reimm uirru. Dá feadar an ceól do buain ré ar an bfiol, b’feair ná rin reacht n-uair an ceól do buain ré ar an bfeadóis. Do fáruig ré ar gac uile nro d’airuigear ruar go dtí rin. Ní tiubrad éanlaic na cruinne dá mbeirí go léir ’gan uaimh as cantain le céile ceól

events. But he was not satisfied yet. He took down a fiddle which was hanging on the wall, and got it ready.

"Do you like music?" said he.

"I do, well," I said. "I always take a great delight in it."

"If that is so," said he, "you'll get music now or never."

"If it is like the music which the echo gave us awhile ago, do not mind it."

"Listen," said he, laughing, "and pass judgment when I am finished."

He began playing, and if I were speaking for a week, I could not give a proper description of the harmony which arose in the cavern. The Gioblachán was a splendid violinist, and he was able, from experience I suppose, to take music from the echo as well as from the violin. If every musical instrument in Ireland was gathered into one great hall, and that they were all playing together, they could not give sweeter, nor more beautiful, nor more delightful, music than the fiddle and the echo gave us that night. It lifted the heart and soul out of me. I felt no pain, no weariness, no fear, no anything but delight and satisfaction of mind, while the Gioblachán was playing, and I would stay there listening to him for a day and a night without being tired.

When he was satisfied he put aside the violin, and began to talk about the music of Ireland, and we had a long chat about it. The Gioblachán was a splendid speaker, and you would like to be listening to him. His ideas and thoughts were refined and learned, and the Irish fell from his lips as sweetly as music. He was not ignorant about anything. I was thinking, now and again, while he was speaking, of the way in which he was spending his time, and asking myself what was the reason for it. I was certain that he was half crazy, and that was why he was drifting, as you might say, with the winds of the world, and putting his neck in danger; but I had no knowledge then of all he had suffered.

He did not let me go too far with those thoughts, for he drew out a flute and began playing on it. Though excellent the music which he extracted from the fiddle, the music which he took from the flute was seven times better. It excelled everything I had heard till then. All the birds of the universe, if they were gathered in the cavern singing together, could not give more heavenly or more delectable music. The flute brought out the echo far better than anything else.

níor neamhda ná níor doibhne uata. Do tug an fearógs an mac alla amac i bpad níor fearr agus níor binne ná éan-pud eile.

“Cad veir tú leir rin?” ar’ an “Sioblacán” nuair rghuir ré dá feinneamaint.

“Ní fearóar fóir,” ar’ra mire, “ná fuilim fá dhaoirdeact. Dá mbeinn as caint ar fearó lae agus bliadhna, ní fearófaínn a innriú duit an méad doibhneir agus taitnínn agus páraim éiríde do tug an ceól úo dam. Níl éin-teact ruar leat.”

“Ná bac leir an bplámár anoir,” ar’ an “Sioblacán.”

“Ní’lim as plámár i n-éan-cóir,” ar’ra mire, aet b’féiríu gur éirte dam a ráo ná fuil éin teact ruar le deaplamáet an “Fíir i n-áiríde.”

“Tá tú as caint go ciallmáir anoir,” ar reirean, as cur rghairte ar.

“B’féiríu é,” ar’ra mire, “aet bíor cun a ráo nuair bíor as éirteact leat—”

“Agus leir an mac alla,” ar reirean.

“Agus leir an mac alla, ar eagla an plámáir—do cuir ré i n-uimail dam an tuarargbáil do léigear agus do cualar go minic i otaob ceoil na n-áingear ir na flaitir.”

“Ní’lim criochnuigte i n-éan-cóir fóir,” ar reirean, agus d’éiríu ré ’n-a fearam.

Tornuig ré as amháin. Bí gur breas fonnmaí ceoilmaí as an “nSioblacán” agus níor cáil re éanpuo i otaob veit iríu rían uaim. Ní fearóar féin cia aca do b’fearr cun an mac alla do tabairt amac—an fíirí, an fearógs nó gur an “Sioblacán”—nó cia aca a raib an bair aige i gcóimfeinn; aet ir dóig liom gur páruig an gur oppa go léir. Cualar trí céad daoine as gabáil amháin i n-éirídeact éan-uair amáin i halla móir i mBaile-Áta-Clia; aet cé go raib an ceól agus an cóimfeinn go han-breas ar fáo, ní raib éin-teact ruar aige le ceól an “Sioblacán” nuair tug ré uair “An Raib tú as an gCairraig,” agus nuair do bí an mac alla agus an dóir do cuir ré ruar rían uaim as cuirídeactain leir.

"What do you say to that?" said the Gioblachán, when he ceased playing.

"I don't know yet, but I am under some spell," said I. "If I were talking for a year and a day, I could not describe to you the amount of pleasure, and delight, and satisfaction of heart, that music gave me. There is no coming near you."

"Do not mind the flattery now," said the Gioblachán.

"I am not flattering at all," I said; "but perhaps it would be more correct to say there is no coming near the handiwork of the Creator."

"You are talking sensibly now," he said, laughing.

"Perhaps so," said I; "but I was about to say when I was listening to you—"

"And to the echo," he said.

"And to the echo—to guard against flattery—it reminded me of the descriptions which I often read and heard about the angel music in heaven."

"I am not finished at all yet," he said, and he stood up.

He began to sing. The Gioblachán had a fine resonant musical voice, and it lost nothing by being in the cavern. I do not know which of them was the best to bring out the echo—the violin, the flute, or the Gioblachán's voice—or which of them excelled in harmony; but I think his singing surpassed the others. I heard three hundred people singing together in a great hall in Dublin at one time, but though the music and the harmony were very, very fine, they could not come near the Gioblachán's singing when he rendered "Were You at the Rock," and when the echo and the musical murmur which he aroused in the cavern were accompanying him.

CASA D' AN TSUGHÁIN.

DRAMA AON-GHNÍM.

NA D'AOINE:—

TOMÁS O h-ANNRÁCÁIN, file Connacéac atá ar feachán.
MÁIRE NÍ RÍOGÁIN, bean an tíge.

ÚNA, inígean Máire:

SÉAMUS O h-IARÁINN, atá luaithe le Úna:

SÍGLE, cómarra do Máire.

Piobaire, cómaranna agus daoine eile:

ÁIT:—

Teac feilméir i gCúige Múman céad bliadan ó shin. Tá sí ar
agus mná as dul trí a céile in an tí, no 'na fearaí coir
na mbaila, amháil agus dá mbeir dampra críochnuighe aca.
Tá Tomár O h-Annraicáin as caint le Úna i bfiór-chora na
rtaíde. Tá an piobaire as pársa a piobar ar, le toruagá
ar feinn arís, aet do beir Séamar O h-Iarainn deoc cúige,
agus rtaídean ré. Tagann fear ós go h-Úna le n-a tabairt
amach ar an uirlár cum dampra, aet díultann sí dó.

ÚNA:—Ná bí m'bothuagá anoir: Nac bpeiceann tú go bfuil
mé as éirteac le n-a bfuil feirdean d'a ráb liom. [Leir an
h-Annraicánac]: lean leat, cao é rin do bí tú 'ráb ar bail?

TOMÁS O h-ANNRÁCÁIN.—Cao é do bí an boac rin d'a
iarráir oir?

ÚNA.—As iarráir dampra oim, do bí ré, aet ní tiúbairinn
dó é:

MÁC UÍ h-ANN.—I r cinnthe nac dtiubra: I r dóig, ní meapann
tú go leirfinn-re do duine ar bit dampra leat, com fáo agus
tá mire ann ro: A! a Úna, ní raib rólár ná rócamail agam le
fáda go dtáinig mé ann ro anoet agus go bfacar mé tura!

ÚNA.—Cao é an rólár duit mire?

MÁC UÍ h-ANN.—Nuair atá maide leat-dóighe in an
teime, nac bpaíann ré rólár nuair dóirtear uirge ar?

ÚNA.—I r dóig, ní l tura leat-dóighe.

MÁC UÍ h-ANN.—Tá mé, agus tá trí ceatramna de mo
éirde, dóighe agus loirghe agus caite, as troir leir an
raogal, agus an raogal as troir liom-ra.

ÚNA.—Ní féacann tú com dona rin!

MÁC UÍ h-ANN.—Ué! a Úna ní Ríogáin, ní l aon eolár agad-
ra ar beata an báir boiet, atá gan teac gan téagar gan tóg-

THE TWISTING OF THE ROPE.

HANRAHAN.—*A wandering poet.*

SHEAMUS O'HERAN.—*Engaged to OONA.*

MAURYA.—*The woman of the house.*

SHEELA.—*A neighbor.*

OONA.—*Maurya's daughter.*

Neighbors and a piper who have come to Maurya's house for a dance.

SCENE.—*A farmer's house in Munster a hundred years ago. Men and women moving about and standing round the wall as if they had just finished a dance. HANRAHAN, in the foreground, talking to OONA.*

The piper is beginning a preparatory drone for another dance, but SHEAMUS brings him a drink and he stops. A man has come and holds out his hand to OONA, as if to lead her out, but she pushes him away.

OONA.—Don't be bothering me now ; don't you see I'm listening to what he is saying. [*To HANRAHAN*] Go on with what you were saying just now.

HANRAHAN.—What did that fellow want of you ?

OONA.—He wanted the next dance with me, but I wouldn't give it to him.

HANRAHAN.—And why would you give it to him ? Do you think I'd let you dance with anyone but myself as long as I am here. Ah, Oona, I had no comfort or satisfaction this long time until I came here to-night, and till I saw yourself.

OONA.—What comfort am I to you ?

HANRAHAN.—When a stick is half-burned in the fire, does it not get comfort when water is poured on it ?

OONA.—But sure, you are not half-burned ?

HANRAHAN.—I am, and three-quarters of my heart is burned, and scorched and consumed, struggling with the world and the world struggling with me.

OONA.—You don't look that bad.

HANRAHAN.—Oh, Oona ni Regaun, you have not knowledge of the life of a poor bard, without house or home or havings,

bap, aét é aḡ imteacét aḡur aḡ ríor-imteacét le rán ar può 'an tpaogail móir, ḡan duine ar bit leir aét é féin. Níl maidin in ran tpeacétmáin nuair éiríḡim ruar nac h-abraim liom féin ḡo mb'feárrí d'am an uaisḡ 'ná an peacpán. Níl aon può aḡ fearaí d'am aét an bponntanur 'o ruair mé ó 'Dia—mo cúro abpán. Nuair tópaḡim orra rin, imtíḡeann mo bpon aḡur mo buairdeacó díom, aḡur ní cuimníḡim níor mó ar mo ḡear-épaò aḡur ar mo mí-áó. Aḡur anoir, ó connaic mé túra, a 'úna, éim ḡo bfuil può eile ann, níor binne 'ná na h-abpáin féin!

ÚNA.—Ír ionḡantaé an bponntanur ó 'Dia an bárvuḡeacé. Com fáda aḡur tá rin aḡaó nac bfuil tú níor fairbhre na luét rtuic aḡur rtoir, luét bó aḡur eal aḡḡ.

MAC UÍ h-ANN.—A! a 'úna, ír móir an beannaéct aét ír móir an mállaéct, leir, 'o duine é 'o beir 'na báro. Feuc mire! bfuil capaio aḡam ar an paogail ro? bfuil fear b ó ar maic leir mé? bfuil ḡráó aḡ duine ar bit orim? Díim aḡ imteacé, mo éadan boét aonpánac, ar può an tpaogail, mar Oirín anoiarḡ na féinne. Bíonn ruat aḡ h-uile duine orim, níl ruat aḡaó-ra orim, a 'úna?

ÚNA.—Ná h-abair può mar rin, ní féoir ḡo bfuil ruat aḡ duine ar bit ort-r.

MAC UÍ h-ANN.—Tar liom aḡur fuirpimio i ḡcúinne an tḡe le céile, aḡur d'éarrpaó mé duit an t-abpán 'o rinne mé duit. Ír ort-ra rinnear é.

[Imtíḡeann ríao ḡo 'oí an coirneull ír fairde ón rtaio, aḡur fuirdeann ríao anaice le céile.]

[Tis Síḡle arteaé.]

SÍḡLE.—Táinig mé cugao com luat aḡur o'feuo mé.

MÁIRE.—Céao fáilte ríómaó.

SÍḡLE.—Cao tá ar ríúbal aḡ o'anoir.

MÁIRE.—Aḡ tópuḡaó atámuio. Bí aon poirt amáin aḡainn, aḡur anoir tá an ríobairpe aḡ ól 'oḡe. Tórócaio an dampa arir nuair beirdear an ríobairpe ríéro.

SÍḡLE.—Tá na daoine aḡ bailiḡaó arteaé ḡo maic, beiró dampa bpeáḡ aḡainn.

MÁIRE.—Beiró a Síḡle, aét tá fear aca ann aḡur b'fearrí liom amuḡ ná arḡis é! Feuc é.

SÍḡLE.—Ír ar an bfeair fáda donn atá tú aḡ caint, nac eaó? An fear rin atá aḡ cómpaó com olúé rin le 'úna in ran ḡcoirneull anoir. Cá'r b'ar é, no cia h-é féin?

MÁIRE.—Sin é an rḡrairpe ír mó táinig i n-éirinn aḡiam, Tomár O h-Annpacáin tḡgann ríao air, aét Tomár Róḡairpe buó éoir 'o bairteaó air, i ḡearc. Óra! nac raib an mí-áó orim, é 'o teaéct arteaé cugainn, cór ar bit, anoét!

but he going and ever going a-drifting through the wide world, without a person with him but himself. There is not a morning in the week when I rise up that I do not say to myself that it would be better to be in the grave than to be wandering. There is nothing standing to me but the gift I got from God, my share of songs; when I begin upon them, my grief and my trouble go from me, I forget my persecution and my ill luck, and now, since I saw you Oona, I see there something that is better even than the songs.

OONA.—Poetry is a wonderful gift from God, and as long as you have that, you are more rich than the people of stock and store, the people of cows and cattle.

HANRAHAN.—Ah, Oona, it is a great blessing, but it is a great curse as well for a man, he to be a poet. Look at me! have I a friend in this world? Is there a man alive who has a wish for me, is there the love of anyone at all on me? I am going like a poor lonely barnacle goose throughout the world; like Usheen after the Fenians; every person hates me. You do not hate me, Oona?

OONA.—Do not say a thing like that; it is impossible that anyone would hate you.

HANRAHAN.—Come and we will sit in the corner of the room together, and I will tell you the little song I made for you: it is for you I made it. [*They go to a corner and sit down together.* SHEELA comes in at the door.]

SHEELA.—I came to you as quick as I could.

MAURYA.—And a hundred welcomes to you.

SHEELA.—What have you going on now?

MAURYA.—Beginning we are; we had one jig, and now the piper is drinking a glass. They'll begin dancing again in a minute when the piper is ready.

SHEELA.—There are a good many people gathering in to you to-night. We will have a fine dance.

MAURYA.—Maybe so, Sheela, but there's a man of them there, and I'd sooner him out than in.

SHEELA.—It's about the long brown man you are talking, isn't it? The man that is in close talk with Oona in the corner. Where is he from and who is he himself?

MAURYA.—That's the greatest vagabond ever came into Ireland; Tumaus Hanrahan they call him, but it's Hanrahan the rogue he ought to have been christened by right. Aurah, wasn't there the misfortune on me, him to come in to us at all to-night.

SÍGLE.—Cia'n póirt duine é? Nac fear déanta abhán ar Connacetaib é? Cualaib mé caint air, ceana, agus veir ríad nac bfuil damróir eile i n-Eirinn com maít leir: buò maít liom a feicpint as damra.

MÁIRE.—Spáin go deó ar an mbiteamnac! Tá'r asam-ra go ró maít cia 'n cineál atá ann, mar bí póirt captanair roir é péin agus an céad-fear do bí asam-ra, agus ir minic cualaib mé ó Diarmuid boct (go ndéanair Dia trócaire air!) cia 'n póirt duine bí ann. Bí pé 'na máisirtir rsoile, fíor i gConnacetaib, áct bíod h-uile cleap aige buò meara ná a céi e. As ríor-déanam abhán do bíod pé, agus as ói uirge beata, agus as cur impir ar bun amearg na gcómharan le n-a cúro cainte. Veir ríad nac bfuil bean in rna cúis cúisib nac mealpáó pé. Ir meara é ná Dómnall na Spéine ríad ó. Áct buò é veirpéad an rseil gur ruais i n-rasart amac ar an bparpáirte é ar ríad. Fuair pé áit eile ann rin, áct lean pé do na cleapannaib céadna, gur ruaispéad amac apir é, agus apir eile, leir. Agus anoir ní'l áit ná teac ná daóair aige áct é veit as gabail na típe, as déanam abhán agus as fágail lóirtin na h-oróce ó na daoinib. Ní díul-tócaib duine ar bit é, mar tá raitéior oirra foime. Ir móir an ríle é, agus b'éirir go ndéanpáó pé rann or' do spéamócaó go deó duit, dá gcuirpéad fearg air.

SÍGLE.—Go bfuil Dia orpáinn. Áct epéad do tug arpeac anocht é?

MÁIRE.—Bí pé as tairteal na típe, agus cualaib pé go raib damra le veit ann ro, agus táinig pé arpeac, mar bí eólar aige orpáinn,—bí pé móir go leóir le mo céad-fear. Ir iongantac mar tá pé as déanam amac a fúige-beata, cor ar bit, agus san aige áct a cúro abhán. Veir ríad nac bfuil áit a ríadair pé nac otugann na mná spáó, agus nac otugann na ríir fuat dó.

SÍGLE [as bpeit ar gualainn Máire].—Iompúig do ceann, a Máire, feuch é anoir; é péin agus o' ingean-ra, agus an dá iloigíonn buailte ara céile. Tá pé tar éir abhán do déanam dí, agus tá pé d'á múnad dí as cogarpnúig in a cluair. Óra, an biteamnac! beir pé as cur a cúro pirtreós ar úna anoir.

MÁIRE.—Oó ón! go deó! Nac mí-adamail táinig pé! Tá pé as caint le úna h-uile móimio ó táinig pé arpeac, trí uairpe ó foim. Rinne mé mo díteioill le n-a ríapáó ó céile, áct teir pé orm. Tá úna boct tugta do h-uile póirt rean-abhán agus rean-ráiméir de ríealtaib, agus ir binn leir an gpeátúir veit as éirpéac leir; mar tá béal aige rin do bpeaspáó an ríolac de'n epaoid: Tá'r asad go bfuil an pórad péirde pocpúigte

SHEELA.—What sort of a person is he? Isn't he a man that makes songs, out of Connacht? I heard talk of him before, and they say there is not another dancer in Ireland so good as him. I would like to see him dance.

MAURYA.—Bad luck to the vagabond! It is well I know what sort he is, because there was a kind of friendship between himself and the first husband I had, and it's often I heard from poor Diarmuid—the Lord have mercy on him!—what sort of person he was. He was a schoolmaster down in Connacht, but he used to have every trick worse than another, ever making songs he used to be, and drinking whiskey and setting quarrels afoot among the neighbours with his share of talk. They say there isn't a woman in the five provinces that he wouldn't deceive. He is worse than Donal na Greina long ago. But the end of the story is that the priest routed him out of the parish altogether; he got another place then, and followed on at the same tricks until he was routed out again, and another again with it. Now he has neither place nor house nor anything, but he to be going the country, making songs and getting a night's lodging from the people. Nobody will refuse him, because they are afraid of him. He's a great poet, and maybe he'd make a rann on you that would stick to you for ever, if you were to anger him.

SHEELA.—God preserve us, but what brought him in to-night?

MAURYA.—He was traveling the country and he heard there was to be a dance here, and he came in because he knew us; he was rather great with my first husband. It is wonderful how he is making out his way of life at all, and he with nothing but his share of songs. They say that there is no place that he'll go to that the women don't love him and that the men don't hate him.

SHEELA (*catching MAURYA by the shoulder*).—Turn your head, Maurya, look at him now, himself and your daughter, and their heads together; he's whispering in her ear; he's after making a poem for her and he's whispering it in her ear. Oh, the villain, he'll be putting his spells on her now.

MAURYA.—Ohone, go deo! isn't a misfortune that he came? He's talking every moment with Oona since he came in three hours ago. I did my best to separate them from each other, but it failed me. Poor Oona is given up to every sort of old songs and old made-up stories, and she thinks it sweet to be listening to him. The marriage is settled between herself and

roir ūna agus Séamar O h-Iarainn ann rin, náite ó'n lá inoide: feuc Séamur boct ag an doipur agus é ag faire oirra. Tá brón agus ceannraoi air. Is furur a feicint go mbuó máit le Séamur an rsgairde rin do taictad an móimio reo. Tá faicéior mói oim go mbéid an ceann iompuigte ar ūna le n-a cuio bla-daicead. Com cinnite a'r tá mé beó, tiucfaid oic ar an oirde reo.

SÍGLE.—Agus nac b'éadófa a cupi amac?

MÁIRE.—D'éadófainn; ní'l duine ann ro do cuioeóad leir, muna mbeir bean no do. Aet is file mói é, agus tá mallact aise do rsgoiltead na cpainn agus do réabfad na cloca. Deir ríad go lobtann an riol in ran talam, agus go n-imtiseann a gcuro dainne ó na bat nuair tugann file mar é rin a mallact doib, má ruaiseann duine ar an teac é. Aet dá mbeir ré amuis, uire mo bannuioe nac leirfínn ardeach air é.

SÍGLE.—Dá ruad ré féin amac go coileamail. ní beir don buis in a cuio mallact ann rin?

MÁIRE.—Ní beir. Aet ní ruadair ré amac go coileamail, agus ní tis liom-ra a ruadad amac ar eagla a mallact.

SÍGLE.—Feuc Séamur boct. Tá ré dul anonn go h-ūna.

[Éiriseann Séamur 7 téirdeann ré go h-ūna.]

SÉAMUS.—An n'óamrócair tú an ril reo liom-ra, a ūna, nuair béirdear an píobaire réir.

MÁC UI h-ANN [ag éirge].—Is mire Tomár O h-Annraáin, agus tá mé ag labairt le ūna ní Ríogáin anoir, agus com raó agus béirdear fonn uirre-re beir ag caint liom-ra ní leirfíó mé d'aon duine eile do teact eadófainn.

SÉAMUS [gan aise ar mác ui h-Annraáin].—Nac n'óamrócair tú liom, a ūna?

MÁC UI h-ANN [go ríocmar].—Nár dubairt mé leat anoir gur liom-ra do bí ūna ní Ríogáin ag caint? Imtís leat ar an móimio, a boadís, agus ná tós clampar ann ro.

SÉAMUS.—A ūna—

MÁC UI h-ANN [ag béicil].—Fás rin!

[Imtiseann Séamar agus tis ré go dtí an beirt fean-mnaoi.]

SÉAMUS.—A máire ní Ríogáin, tá mé ag iarraid ceao oir-ra an rsgairte mí-dóamail meirgeamail rin do cáiteam amac ar an tis. Má leiriseann tú dam, cuirfíó mire agus mo beirt deap-brácar amac é, agus nuair béirdear ré amuis roéirócair mire leir.

Sheamus O'Herin there, a quarter from to-day. Look at poor Sheamus at the door, and he watching them. There is grief and hanging of the head on him; it's easy to see that he'd like to choke the vagabond this minute. I am greatly afraid that the head will be turned on Oona with his share of blathering. As sure as I am alive there will come evil out of this night.

SHEELA.—And couldn't you put him out?

MAURYA.—I could. There's no person here to help him unless there would be a woman or two; but he is a great poet, and he has a curse that would split the trees and that would burst the stones. They say the seed will rot in the ground and the milk go from the cows when a poet like him makes a curse, if a person routed him out of the house; but if he were once out, I'll go bail that I wouldn't let him in again.

SHEELA.—If himself were to go out willingly, there would be no virtue in his curse then?

MAURYA.—There would not, but he will not go out willingly, and I cannot rout him out myself for fear of his curse.

SHEELA.—Look at poor Sheamus. He is going over to her. [SHEAMUS gets up and goes over to her.]

SHEAMUS.—Will you dance this reel with me, Oona, as soon as the piper is ready?

HANRAHAN (*rising up*).—I am Tumaus Hanrahan, and I am speaking now to Oona ni Regaun, and as long as she is willing to be talking to me, I will allow no living person to come between us.

SHEAMUS (*without heeding HANRAHAN*).—Will you not dance with me, Oona?

HANRAHAN (*savagely*).—Didn't I tell you now that it was to me Oona ni Regaun was talking? Leave that on the spot, you clown, and do not raise a disturbance here.

SHEAMUS.—Oona——

HANRAHAN (*shouting*).—Leave that! (SHEAMUS goes away and comes over to the two old women).

SHEAMUS.—Maurya Regaun, I am asking permission of you to throw that ill-mannerly, drunken vagabond out of the house. Myself and my two brothers will put him out if you will allow us; and when he's outside I'll settle with him.

MÁIRE.—O! a Séamair, ná déan. Tá paitéior oim roimhe
tá mallacé aise rin do rsoilcreaó na crainn, veir ríad.

SÉAMAS.—Iy cuma liom má tá mallacé aise do leasraó na
rpearta. Iy oim-ra tuiciró ré, asur cuirim mo dúbhlán raol.
Dá marbócaó ré mé ar an móimio ní leigiró mé dó a cuio pír-
treós do cup ar úna. A Máire, tabair 'm ceao.

SÍGLE.—Ná déan rin, a Séamuir, tá cómairle níor fearr 'ná
rin asam-ra.

SÉAMUS.—Cia an cómairle i rin?

SÍGLE.—Tá rúge in mo ceann asam le n-a cup amac. Má
leanann ríó-re mo cómairle-re iacairó re féin amac cóm rocair
le uan, d'á toil féin, asur nuair geobairó ríó amuis é, buailir
an doipur air, asur ná leigiró arceac air go brát é.

MÁIRE.—Rac ó Dia ort, asur innir dam cao é tá in do ceann.

SÍGLE.—Déanpamaoio é cóm deap asur cóm rimpl de asur
connaic tú ariam. Cuirpimio é as capaó ruzáin go bfuigimio
amuis é, asur buailpimio an doipur air ann rin.

MÁIRE.—Iy forur a ráó, déc ní forur a déanam. Déanraio
ré leac "déan ruzán, tú féin."

SÍGLE.—Déanpamaoio, ann rin, nac bfacairó duine ar bit ann
ro ruzán féin ariam, nac bfuil duine ar bit an ran tig ar féirioir
leir ceann aca déanam.

SÉAMUS.—Déc an gceirioiró ré ruo mar rin—nac bfacamar
ruzán ruam?

SÍGLE.—An gceirioiró ré, an eao? Ceirioiró ré ruo ar bit,
ceirioiraó ré go raio ré féin 'na rúg ar éirinn nuair atá glaine
óita aise, mar atá anoir.

SÉAMUS.—Déc cao é an cpoiceann cuirpear rinn ar an
mbreig reo,—go bfuil ruzán féin as tearcál uainn?

MÁIRE.—Smuain ar cpoicionn do cup air rin, a Séamuir.

SÉAMUS.—Déanraio mé go bfuil an gaoc as eirige asur go
bfuil cámbac in tige d'á rguabaó leir an rtoirín, asur go
gcairpimio ruzán éarraigte air.

MÁIRE.—Déc má éirteann ré as an doipur beiró fíor aise nac
bfuil gaoc ná rtoi in ann. Smuain ar cpoicionn eile, a Séamuir.

SÍGLE.—'Noir, tá an cómairle ceart asam-ra. Abair go

MAURYA.—Sheamus, do not; I am afraid of him. That man has a curse, they say, that would split the trees.

SHEAMUS.—I don't care if he had a curse that would overthrow the heavens; it is on me it will fall, and I defy him! If he were to kill me on the moment, I will not allow him to put his spells on Oona. Give me leave, Maurya.

SHEELA.—Do not, Sheamus. I have a better advice than that.

SHEAMUS.—What advice is that?

SHEELA.—I have a way in my head to put him out. If you follow my advice he will go out himself as quiet as a lamb, and when you get him out slap the door on him, and never let him in again.

MAURYA.—Luck from God on you, Sheela, and tell us what's in your head.

SHEELA.—We will do it as nice and easy as ever you saw. We will put him to twist a hay-rope till he is outside, and then we will shut the door on him.

SHEAMUS.—It's easy to say, but not easy to do. He will say to you, "Make a hay-rope yourself."

SHEELA.—We will say then that no one ever saw a hay-rope made, that there is no one at all in the house to make the beginning of it.

SHEAMUS.—But will *he* believe that we never saw a hay-rope?

SHEELA.—Believe it, is it? He'd believe anything; he'd believe that himself is king over Ireland when he has a glass taken, as he has now.

SHEAMUS.—But what excuse can we make for saying we want a hay-rope?

MAURYA.—Can't you think of something yourself, Sheamus?

SHEAMUS.—Sure I can say the wind is rising, and I must bind the thatch, or it will be off the house.

SHEELA.—But he'll know the wind is not rising if he does but listen at the door. You must think of some other excuse, Sheamus.

SHEAMUS.—Wait, I have a good idea now; say that there is

bpuil cóirte leagta ag bun an énuic, agus go bpuil ríad ag iarrairí puḡáin leir an gcóirte do learuḡaò. Ní feicfidh ré com ríada rin ó'n doirp, agus ní beirí fíor aise naó fíor é.

MÁIRE.—Sin é an rḡeal, a Sígle. 'Noir, a Séamur, ḡad imearḡ na nḡaoine agus leis an rún i ó. Innir doibh cao tá aca le ríad—naó bḡacairí duine ar bit ran tír reo puḡán féir riam— agus cuir cpoicíonn maí ar an mbḡeís, tú féin.

[Imḡeann Séamur ó duine go duine ag cogarḡaís leó. Torarḡeann curo aca ag ḡáire. Tagann an píobaire agus toruigheann ré ag reinn. Éirígeann trí no ceatḡar de cúplaḡaib, agus toruigheann ríad ag dāpra. Imḡeann Séamar amach.]

MAC UÍ h-ANH. [Ag éiríge tar éir a beir ag réacaint orra ar feaò cúpla móimíro.]-Pruit! rḡoparaíó! An tḡuḡann ríob dāpra ar an rḡarapaireaó rín! Tá ríob ag bualaó an upláir mar beir an oipeaó rín o'eallac. Tá ríob com tḡom lé builláin, agus com ciotaó le arail. Go rḡaótar mo píobán dā mb'fearra liom beir ag réacaint orraib 'ná ar an oipeaó rín laóain bacac, ag léimḡis ar leat-coir ar fuo an tḡe! Fāḡaíó an t-upláir fá ūna ní Ríogáin agus fūm-ra.

FEAR [atá dul ag dāpra].—Agus cao rāc a bḡarḡamaoir an t-upláir rūt-ra?

MAC UÍ h-ANH.—Tā an eala ar bḡuaó na toinne, tā an phoénicḡ Ríogḡa, tā péarla an bḡollaís bāin, tā an bḡenur amearḡ na mban, tā ūna ní Ríogáin ag rearān ruar liom-ra, agus áit ar bit a n-éirígeann ríre ruar ūmluigheann an ḡealaó agus an ḡrian féin oí, agus ūmlócaíó ríob-re. Tá rí ríó áluinn agus ríó rḡéireamāil le h-aon bean eile do beir 'na h-aice. Áó ran go fóil, pul tairbeānaim dāoib mar ḡnḡeann an buaóail bḡeāḡ Connaótaó rinne, dēarḡaíó mé an t-abḡán dāoib do rinne mé do Reult Cūḡe Mūman—o'ūna ní Ríogáin. Éiríḡ, a ḡrian na mban, agus dēarḡamaoir an t-abḡán le céile, ḡac le dēarḡa, agus ann rin mūmḡimíro doib cao é ir rinne ríreannac ann.

[Éirígeann ríad ḡ ḡabairí abḡán.]

MAC UÍ h-ANH.

'Sí ūna bān, na ḡruaige buirde,
An cúilḡionn 'craó in mo láir mo cpoirde,
Ir ire mo rún, 'r mo cumann go buan,
Ir cuma liom cpoirde bean áó i.

ŪNA.

A bāirí na rúile buirde, ir tú
Fuarí buairí in ran rāḡal a'r clá,
ḡoirim do beal, a'r molaím tú féin,
Do cuirir mo cpoirde in mo cléib amāḡ.

a coach upset at the bottom of the hill, and that they are asking for a hay-rope to mend it with. He can't see as far as that from the door, and he won't know it's not true it is.

MAURYA.—That's the story, Sheela. Now, Sheamus, go among the people and tell them the secret. Tell them what they have to say, that no one at all in this country ever saw a hay-rope, and put a good skin on the lie yourself. (SHEAMUS goes from person to person whispering to them and some of them begin laughing. The piper has begun playing. Three or four couples rise up.)

HANRAHAN (after looking at them for a couple of minutes).—Whisht! Let ye sit down! Do ye call such dragging as that dancing? You are tramping the floor like so many cattle. You are as heavy as bullocks, as awkward as asses. May my throat be choked if I would not rather be looking at as many lame ducks hopping on one leg through the house. Leave the floor to Oona ni Regaun and to me.

ONE OF THE MEN GOING TO DANCE.—And for what would we leave the floor to you?

HANRAHAN.—The swan of the brink of the waves, the royal phoenix, the pearl of the white breast, the Venus amongst the women, Oona ni Regaun, is standing up with me, and any place where she rises up the sun and the moon bow to her, and so shall ye. She is too handsome, too sky-like for any other woman to be near her. But wait a while! Before I'll show you how the fine Connacht boy can dance, I will give you the poem I made on the star of the province of Munster, on Oona ni Regaun. Rise up, O sun among women, and we will sing the song together, verse about, and then we'll show them what right dancing is! (OONA rises).

HANRAHAN.—She is white Oona of the yellow hair,
The Coolin that was destroying my heart inside me;
She is my secret love and my lasting affection,
I care not for ever for any woman but her.

OONA.—O bard of the black eye, it is you
Who have found victory in the world and fame;
I call on yourself and I praise your mouth;
You have set my heart in my breast astray.

MÁC UÍ N-ANN.

'Sí ūna bān na sruaige óir,
 Mo fearc, mo cumann, mo sgráð, mo rctor
 Raacaró rí féin le n-a báro i gcéin;
 Do loic rí a éiríde in a cléib go móru

ŪNA.

Níor bfaða oíðce liom, ná lá,
 As éirteact le do cóimráð bpeáig.
 Is binne do béal ná reinm na n-éan;
 Óm' éiríde in mo cléib do fuairir sgráda

MÁC UÍ N-ANN.

Do riúbail mé féin an dothan iomlán,
 Sacraua, éirí, an fpauc 'r an Spáin,
 Ní facaró mé féin i mbaile ná 'gcéin
 Don ainm rí fá'n ngréin mar ūna bān.

ŪNA.

Do eualaró mire an élaipreac binn
 San trráio rin éorcarig, as reinm linn,
 Is binne go móru liom féin do glór,
 Is binne go móru do béal 'ná rin.

MÁC UÍ N-ANN.

Do bí mé féin mo éadān boct, trác,
 Níor léir dam oíðce éar an lá,
 Go bpacaró mé i, do goir mo éiríde;
 A'r do oibir oíom mo bpoñ 'r mo érad.

ŪNA.

Do bí mé féin ar maidin inoé
 As riúbail coir coille le páinne an laé,
 Bí eun ann rin as reinm go binn,
 "Mo sgráð-ra an sgráð, a'r ac áluinn é!"

[Glaod asur torann asur b. aileann Séamur O n-lapsinn an
 doirur arteaó.]

SÉAMUS.—Ob ob á, oé ón í ó, go deó! Tá an cóirte móru
 leáigta as bun an énuic. Tá an mála a bfuil litreaca na tíre
 ann pléargta, asur ní't rpeang ná téad ná rópa ná doadāo aca
 le na éeangailt arir. Tá ríad as glaodac amac anoir ar rugar
 féin do déanam oíob—cibé rórc ríad é rin—asur deir ríad go
 mbéir na litreaca 7 an cóirte caillte ar a buir rugarín féin
 le n-a gceangailt.

MÁC UÍ N-ANN.—Ná bí 's ar mboðrugaó! Tá ar n-abrán
 páirte asainn, asur anoir támaoio out as dampra. Ní éasann
 an cóirte an bealac rin ar don éor.

HANRAHAN.—O fair Oona of the golden hair,
My desire, my affection, my love and my store
Herself will go with her bard afar;
She has hurt his heart in his breast greatly.

OONA.—I would not think the night long nor the day,
Listening to your fine discourse;
More melodious is your mouth than the singing of birds
From my heart in my breast you have found love.

HANRAHAN.—I walked myself the entire world,
England, Ireland, France and Spain;
I never saw at home or afar
Any girl under the sun like fair Oona.

OONA.—I have heard the melodious harp
On the street of Cork playing to us;
More melodious by far did I think your voice,
More melodious by far your mouth than that.

HANRAHAN.—I was myself one time a poor barnacle goose,
The night was not plain to me more than the day
Until I beheld her, she is the love of my heart,
That banished from me my grief and my misery.

OONA.—I was myself on the morning of yesterday
Walking beside the wood at the break of day;
There was a bird there was singing sweetly
How I love love, and is it not beautiful.

(A shout and a noise, and SHEAMUS O'HERAN rushes in).

SHEAMUS.—Ububu! Ohone-y-o, do deo! The big coach is
overthrown at the foot of the hill! The bag in which the
letters of the country are is bursted, and there is neither tie
nor cord nor rope nor anything to bind it up. They are
calling out now for a hay sugaun, whatever kind of thing that
is; the letters and the coach will be lost for want of a hay
sugaun to bind them.

HANRAHAN.—Do not be bothering us; we have our poem
done and we are going to dance. The coach does not come this
way at all.

SÉAMUS.—TAGANN RÉ AN BEALÁC RIN ANOIR—AÉT IR DÓIG SUIR
RÉAINPÉAR ÉURÁ, AGUR NAC BPUIL EÓLAR AGAD AIR. NAC DTAGANN
AN CÓIRTE ÉAR AN GENOC ANOIR A CÓMARRANNA ?

1AÐ UILE.—TAGANN, TAGANN GO CINNTE.

MAC UI N-ANN.—IR CUMA LIOM, A TĒAÉT NO SAN A TĒAÉT.
AÉT B'PEARR LIOM PÍDE CÓIRTE BEIT BPUITE AR AN MBÓTAR NÁ GO
SCUIRFEÁ PÉARLA AN BPUILLAIŞ BÁIN Ó DÁMPA DÚINN. ABAR LEIR
AN SCÓIRTEÓIR RÓPA DO CÁPÁÐ DÓ RÉIN.

SÉAMUS.—O MURDER, NÍ TIG LEIR, TÁ AN OIRÉAD RIN DE
FUINNEAM AGUR DE TĒAR AGUR DE RPPEACAD AGUR DE LÚT IN RHA
CAPLAIB AIGÉANTA RIN GO SCALTIÓ MO CÓIRTEÓIR BOÉT BPEIT AR A
SCINN. IR AR ÉIGIN-BÁIR IR RÉIDIR LEIR A SCÉAPÁÐ NÁ A SCONGBÁIL.
TÁ PAITCÍOR A ANAM' AIR GO N-EIREÓCÁID RÍAD IN A MULLAC, AGUR
GO N-IMTEÓCÁID RÍAD UARÓ DE RUAIŞ. TÁ SAC UILE FEITREAC ARTA,
NÍ PACAID TÁ RUAM A LEITÉIO DE CAPLAIB FIADÁINE !

MAC UI N-ANN.—MÁ TÁ, TÁ DÁDINE EILE INR AN SCÓIRTE A
DÉANPAR RÓPA MÁ'R ÉIGIN DO'N CÓIRTEÓIR BEIT AG CEANN NA
SCAPALL : PÁS RIN AGUR LEIS DÚINN DÁMPA.

SÉAMUS.—TÁ ; TÁ TPIÚR EILE ANN, AÉT MAIDIR LE CEANN ACA,
TÁ RÉ AR LEAT-LÁIM, AGUR PEAR EILE ACA,—TÁ RÉ AG CUIT AGUR AG
CPATÁD LEIR AN RĠANNPAÐ FUAIR RÉ, NÍ TIG LEIR PEARM AR A DÁ
CÓIR LEIR AN EAGLA ATÁ AIR ; AGUR MAIDIR LEIR AN TPIOMÁD PEAR
NÍ'L DUINE AR BIT RIN TIR DO LEISPEAD AN FOCAL RIN "RÓPA" AR A
BEUL IN A FIADHUIPE, MAR NAC LE RÓPA DO CPÓCÁD A ÁTAIR RÉIN
ANURPAIS, MAR GEALL AR ÉAOIRIS DO ĠORO.

MAC UI N-ANN.—CAPÁD PEAR AGAIB RÉIN RUGÁN DÓ, MAR RIN,
AGUR PÁGAID AN T-URLÁR FÚINN-NE. [LE UINA]'NOIR, A RÉILT NA MBAN
TAIRBEÁN DÓIB MAR IMTĠEANN LÚNÓ IMEAPŞ NA NÓEITE, NO HĒLEN
PÁ'R RĠMOPAD AN TRAOI. DAP MO LÁIM, Ó D'ÉAS DĒIRPÓRE, PÁ'R
CUIRPEAD NAOIRE MAC UIRNĠ CUM BÁIR, NÍ'L A HOIRPĒ I NĒIRIUNN
INDIÚ AÉT TU RÉIN. TOPÓCAMAOIRO.

SÉAMUS.—NÁ TOPAIS, GO MBÉID AN RUGÁN AGAINN. NÍ TIG
LINN-NE RUGÁN CÁPÁD. NÍ'L DUINE AR BIT ANNPO AR RÉIDIR LEIR
RÓPA DO DÉANAM !

MAC UI N-ANN.—NÍ'L DUINE AR BIT ANN PO AR RÉIDIR LEIR RÓPA
DÉANAM !!

1AÐ UILE.—NÍ'L.

SĠĠLE.—AGUR IR FÍOR DÁOIB RIN. NÍ DĒAPNAID DUINE AR BIT
INR AN TIR REO RUGÁN RÉIR RIAM, NÍ MEAPAIM GO BPUIL DUINE IN
RAN TĠŞ REO DO CONNAIC CEANN ACA, RÉIN, AÉT MIRE. IR MAIT
CUIRNĠĠIM-RE, NUAIR NAC RAIŞ IONNAM AÉT ĠIRPEAC BEAS GO BPACAID
MÉ CEANN ACA AR ĠADAR DO RUĠ MO FEAN-ÁTAIR LEIR AR CONNAC-

SHEAMUS.—The coach does come this way now, but sure you're a stranger and you don't know. Doesn't the coach come over the hill now, neighbors?

ALL.—It does, it does, surely.

HANRAHAN.—I don't care whether it does come or whether it doesn't. I would sooner twenty coaches to be overthrown on the road than the pearl of the white breast to be stopped from dancing to us. Tell the coachman to twist a rope for himself.

SHEAMUS.—Oh, murder, he can't. There's that much vigor and fire and activity and courage in the horses that my poor coachman must take them by the heads; it's on the pinch of his life he's able to control them; he's afraid of his soul they'll go from him of a rout. They are neighing like anything; you never saw the like of them for wild horses.

HANRAHAN.—Are there no other people in the coach that will make a rope, if the coachman has to be at the horses' heads? Leave that, and let us dance.

SHEAMUS.—There are three others in it, but as to one of them, he is one-handed, and another man of them, he's shaking and trembling with the fright he got; its not in him now to stand up on his two feet with the fear that's on him; and as for the third man, there isn't a person in this country would speak to him about a rope at all, for his own father was hanged with a rope last year for stealing sheep.

HANRAHAN.—Then let one of yourselves twist a rope so, and leave the floor to us. [*To OONA*] Now, O star of women, show me how Juno goes among the gods, or Helen for whom Troy was destroyed. By my word, since Deirdre died, for whom Naoise, son of Usnech, was put to death, her heir is not in Ireland to-day but yourself. Let us begin.

SHEAMUS.—Do not begin until we have a rope; we are not able to twist a rope; there's nobody here can twist a rope.

HANRAHAN.—There's nobody here is able to twist a rope?

ALL.—Nobody at all.

SHEELA.—And that's true; nobody in this place ever made a hay sugaun. I don't believe there's a person in this house who ever saw one itself but me. It's well I remember when I was a little girsha that I saw one of them on a goat that my

taib. Dúid na daoine uile ag fáil, “ara! cia ’n róirt nuid é rin éor ar bit?” agus dubairt reirean sup rugán do bí ann, agus go shuí na daoine a leictéir rin píor i gConnactaib. Dubairt ré go fáil ar fear aca ag congáil an féir agus fear eile d’a carad. Congbócaró mife an fear anoir, má téirdeann tura d’a carad.

SÉAMUS.—Béarfaró mife glac féir arteaó.

[Imtígeann ré amad.]

MÁC UÍ N-ANN [ag gabáil].—

Déanfaró mé cáinead cúige Múman;
Ní fásgann riad an t-uirlár fúinn;
Ní’l ionnta carad rugáin, féin!
Cúige Múman gan rnar gan reun!
Spáin go deó ar cúige Múman,
Nac b’fásgann riad an t-uirlár fúinn;
Cúige Múman na mbailleóirí mbreán,
Nac dtis leó carad rugáin, féin!

SÉAMUS [ar air].—Seó an fear anoir.

MÁC UÍ N-ANN.—Tabair ’m ann ro é. Tairbéanfaró mife daoib cad déanfar an Connactaó deag-múinte dearlámad, an Connactaó cóir clirte ciallmair, a bfuil lúe agus lán-rtuaim aige in a lámh, agus ciall in a ceann, agus coráirte in a éoróde, aó sup feól mi-ad agus mórbuairéaró an traogail é amearg leibidíni cúige Múman, atá gan doirde gan uairte, atá gan eólar ar an eala tar an lacaín, no ar an ór tar an bpiár, no ar an lile tar an bprotánán, no ar reult na mbán ós, agus ar fearla an brollaig bái, tar a seuro rtraoille agus siobac féin. Tabair ’m cipín!

[Sineann fear maíde dó, cuireann ré rop féir timcioll air; toraigeann ré d’a carad, agus Sígle ag tabairt amad an féir dó.]

MÁC UÍ N-ANN [ag gabáil].—

Tá fearla mná ’tabairt foluir dúinn;
Ir i mo spád, ir i mo rún,
’S i úna bán, an ruz-bean éuin,
’S ní tuigro na Muimnig leat a rtuaim:

Atá na Muimnig reo dalta ag Dia,
Ní aicnigro eala tar laca liat,
Aó tuicfaró rí liom-ra, mo helen bpeág
Mar a molpar a fearra ’r a rgeim go bpiat.

Ara! muire! muire! muire! Nac é reo an baile bpeág lágac,
nac é reo an baile tar bárr, an baile a mbionn an oiread rin

grandfather brought with him out of Connacht. All the people used to be saying: Aurah, what sort of thing is that at all? And he said that it was a sugaun that was in it, and that people used to make the like of that down in Connacht. He said that one man would go holding the hay, and another man twisting it. I'll hold the hay now, and you'll go twisting it.

SHEAMUS.—I'll bring in a lock of hay. [*He goes out.*]

HANRAHAN.—I will make a dispraising of the province of Munster:
 They do not leave the floor to us,
 It isn't in them to twist even a sugaun;
 The province of Munster without nicety, without
 prosperity.
 Disgust for ever on the province of Munster,
 That they do not leave us the floor;
 The province of Munster of the foul clumsy people.
 They cannot even twist a sugaun!

SHEAMUS (*coming back*).—Here's the hay now.

HANRAHAN.—Give it here to me; I'll show ye what the well-learned, handy, honest, clever, sensible Connachtman will do, who has activity and full deftness in his hands, and sense in his head, and courage in his heart, but that the misfortune and the great trouble of the world directed him among the *lebidins* of the province of Munster, without honor, without nobility, without knowledge of the swan beyond the duck, or of the gold beyond the brass, or of the lily beyond the thistle, or of the star of young women and the pearl of the white breast beyond their own share of sluts and slatterns. Give me a kippeen. [*A man hands him a stick. He puts a wisp of hay round it, and begins twisting it, and SHEELA giving him out the hay.*]

HANRAHAN.—There is a pearl of a woman giving light to us;
 She is my love; she is my desire;
 She is fair Oona, the gentle queen-woman.
 And the Munstermen do not understand half her courtesy.
 These Munstermen are blinded by God.
 They do not recognise the swan beyond the grey duck,
 But she will come with me, my fine Helen,
 Where her person and her beauty shall be praised for ever.

Aurah, wisha, wisha, wisha, isn't this the fine village, isn't this the exceeding village! the village where there be that

póḁaíre cpoḁta ann naḁ mbíonn aon earbúir pópa ar na ḁaoimib, leir an méaḁ pópa ḁoideann ríao ó'n ḁpoḁaíre Cpaíḁteacáin atá ionnta. Tá na pópaíḁ aca aḁur ní tḁgann ríao uaḁa íao— aḁt ḁo ḁcuíreann ríao an Connacḁtaḁ boḁt aḁ capaḁ puḁáin ḁóib! Níor ear ríao puḁán féir in ran mbaile reo ariam—aḁur an méaḁ puḁán cnáibe atá aca ḁe bárr an cpoḁaíre!

ḁoideann Connacḁtaḁ ciallmair

Rópa ḁó féin,

aḁt ḁoideann an Muimneac

Ó'n ḁpoḁaíre é!

ḁo bpeiciré mé pópa

bpeaḁ cnáibe ḁo póill

ḁ'a fársao ar rḁóisib

ḁac aoimne ann ro!

Mar ḁeall ar aon mnaoi amáin ḁ'imḁiḁeaoar na ḁpéaḁaig, aḁur níor rḁopaoar aḁur níor mór-cómnuiḁeaoar no ḁur rḁmuopaoar an Tpaoi, aḁur mar ḁeall ar aon mnaoi amáin beir an baile reo ḁamanta ḁo ḁeḁ na ḁeoḁr aḁur ḁo bpuinne an bpaḁa, le ḁia na nḁrár, ḁo ríorpuirḁe rḁtaín, nuair náí tḁiḁeaoar ḁur ab í ũna ní Ríogaín an ḁara Helen ḁo puḁaḁ in a meapḁ, aḁur ḁo puḁ rí bárr áille ar Helen aḁur ar ḁénur, ar a ḁtáinḁ poimpir aḁur ar ḁtiucpar 'na ḁiaig.

aḁt tiucparḁ rí liom mo péapla mná

ḁo cúige Connacḁt na ḁaoine bpeaḁ;

ḁeoḁaḁ rí péapta fion a'r feóil,

Rinnceanna árhoa, rpoḁt a'r ceóil.

O! muipe! muipe! náí émuḁirḁ an ḁuan ar an mbaile reo, aḁur náí lapairḁ réalta air, aḁur náí—

[Tá ré ran am ro amuiḁ ear an ḁorur. Émuḁeann na rir uile aḁur ḁúnaḁo é ḁ'aon puaiḁ amáin air. Tugann ũna léim cum an ḁoruir, aḁt beirḁ na mná uirru. Téirḁeann Séamur anonn eúci.]

ŪNA.—O! O! O! ná cuipḁirḁe amac é. leig ar air é. Sin Tomár O n-Annpacáin, ir file é, ir báirḁ é, ir fearḁ ionḁantaḁ é: O leig ar air é, ná ḁéan rin air!

SÉAMUS.—A ũna bán, aḁur a cuirle ḁileap, leig ḁó. Tá ré imḁiḁte anoir aḁur a cuir pirtreḁs leir. Beir ré imḁiḁte ar ḁo ceann amápac, aḁur beir tupa imḁiḁte ar a ceann-ran. Naḁ bpuil fíor aḁat ḁo maíḁ ḁo mb'fearr liom tu 'ná céao míle ḁéirpoe, aḁur ḁur tupa m'aon péapla mná amáin ḁ'a bpuil in ran ḁoḁan.

MAC UI N-ANN [amuiḁ, aḁ buataḁ ar an ḁorur].—Forḁail! forḁail! forḁail! leigirḁ arḁeac mé. O mo fearḁ ḁcéao míle mallacḁ oppaib,

many rogues hanged that the people have no want of ropes with all the ropes that they steal from the hangman!

The sensible Connachtman makes
A rope for himself;
But the Munsterman steals it
From the hangman;
That I may see a fine rope,
A rope of hemp yet
A stretching on the throats
Of every person here!

On account of one woman only the Greeks departed, and they never stopped, and they never greatly stayed, till they destroyed Troy; and on account of one woman only this village shall be damned; go deo, na ndeór, and to the womb of judgment, by God of the graces, eternally and everlastingly, because they did not understand that Oona ni Regaun is the second Helen, who was born in their midst, and that she overcame in beauty Deirdre and Venus, and all that came before or that will come after her!

But she will come with me, my pearl of a woman,
To the province of Connacht of the fine people,
She will receive feast, wine and meat,
High dances, sport and music!

Oh wisha, wisha, that the sun may never rise upon this village, and that the stars may never shine on it, and that——. [*He is by this time outside the door. All the men make a rush at the door, and shut it. Oona runs towards the door, but the women seize her. SHEAMUS goes over to her.*]

OONA.—Oh, oh, oh, do not put him out, let him back, that is Tumaus Hanrahan; he is a poet, he is a bard, he is a wonderful man. Oh, let him back, do not do that to him.

SHEAMUS.—Oh, Oona bawn, acushla deelish, let him be, he is gone now, and his share of spells with him. He will be gone out of your head to-morrow, and you will be gone out of his head. Don't you know that I like you better than a hundred thousand Deirdres, and that you are my one pearl of a woman in the world.

HANRAHAN (*outside, beating on the door*).—Open, open, open, let me in! Oh, my seven hundred thousand curses on you, the curse of the weak and of the strong, the curse of the poets and of the bards upon you! The curse of the priests on you

[Buaiseann ré an doimhir aghur aghur eile.]

Mallaé na las oiríab 'r na láirí,
 Mallaé na ragaíe aghur na mbíáe,
 Mallaé na n-earbail aghur an pápa,
 Mallaé na mbaintreabac 'r na ngarlac.
 Forghail! forghail! forghail!

SÉAMUS.—Tá mé buideac víb a cómappanna, aghur beiré úna buideac víb amarae. Buail leat, a rghairte! déan do dampra leat féin amuis ann rin, anoir! Ní bfuigiré tú arteaé ann ro! Óra, a cómappanna nae bpeáe é, duine do beiré ag éirteaé leir an rtoirín taob amuis, aghur é féin go rocair páirta cor na teinead. Buail leat! Sprea leat. Cá 'uil Connaé anoir?

and the friars! The curse of the bishops upon you and the Pope! The curse of the widows on you and the children! Open! [*He beats at the door again and again.*]

SHEAMUS.—I am thankful to ye, neighbors, and Oona will be thankful to ye to-morrow. Beat away, you vagabond! Do your dancing out there by yourself now! Isn't it a fine thing for a man to be listening to the storm outside, and himself quiet and easy beside the fire? Beat away, storm away! Where's Connacht now?

TURLOUGH O'CAROLAN

*From a painting formerly in the possession of J. Hardiman, after
the print engraved and published by John Martyn, Dublin, 1822*



*EARLY IRISH AUTHORS, TRANSLATIONS OF
WHOSE WORKS OCCUR IN VOLUMES ONE
TO NINE OF IRISH LITERATURE.*

MAURICE DUGAN.

(About 1641.)

MAURICE DUGAN, or O'DUGAN, lived near Benburb, in County Tyrone, about the year 1641, and he wrote the song to the air of "The Coolin," which was even in his time old, and which is, as Hardiman says, considered by many "the finest in the whole circle of Irish music." He was supposed to be descended from the O'Dugans, hereditary bards and historians, one of whom wrote the "Typography of Ancient Ireland," which was extensively used by the Four Masters in their "Annals." O'Reilly, in his "Irish Writers," mentions four other poems, the production of O'Dugan, namely, "Set your Fleet in Motion," "Owen was in a Rage," "Erin has Lost her Lawful Spouse," "Fodhla (Ireland) is a Woman in Decay." The translation of "The Coolin" will be found among the works of Sir Samuel Ferguson.

MAURICE FITZGERALD.

(About 1612.)

MAURICE FITZGERALD lived in Munster in the time of Elizabeth. He was the son of David *duff* (the black) Fitzgerald, and he seems to have been a man of considerable education and of refined taste. Several of his works exist, but the facts of his life are shrouded in darkness. It is supposed that he died in Spain, where many of the most eminent Irishmen of his time found an exile's home. His journey thither probably suggested the "Ode on his Ship," though as Miss Brooke says in her "Reliques of Irish Poetry," it is possible the third ode of Horace deserves that credit. In O'Reilly's "Irish Writers" is a list of seven poems by Fitzgerald which were in O'Reilly's possession in 1820. The translation of his "Ode on his Ship" will be found with the work of Miss Brooke.

THOMAS FLAVELL

Is the supposed author of "County Mayo" or "The Lament of Thomas Flavell," the English translation of which by George Fox will be found in its place under that author's name. He was a

native of Bophin, an island on the western coast of Ireland, and lived in the seventeenth or eighteenth century. Hardiman says of the poem that "it is only remarkable for being combined with one of our sweetest native melodies—the very soul of Irish music."

GEOFFRY KEATING.

(1570—1650.)

"GEOFFRY KEATING, the Herodotus of Ireland," says Dr. Douglas Hyde in his "Literary History of Ireland," "the Four Masters, and Duaid MacFírbis were men of whom any age or country might be proud, men who, amid the war, rapine, and conflagration that rolled through the country at the heels of the English soldiers, still strove to save from the general wreck those records of their country which to-day make the name of Ireland honorable for her antiquities, traditions, and history in the eyes of the scholars of Europe."

"Of these men, Keating, as a prose writer, was the greatest. He was a man of literature, a poet, professor, theologian, and historian, in one. He brought the art of writing limpid Irish to its highest perfection, and ever since the publication of his 'History of Ireland,' some two hundred and fifty years ago, the modern language may be said to have been stereotyped. . . . I consider him (Keating) the first Irish historian and trained scholar who . . . wrote for the masses, not the classes, and he had his reward in the thousands of copies of his popular history made and read throughout all Ireland."

He was born at Tubbrid, near Clogheen, in County Tipperary, about the year 1570. At an early age he was sent to Spain, and he studied for twenty-three years in the College of Salamanca. On his return he was received with great respect by all classes of his countrymen, and after a tour through the country was appointed to the ministry of his native parish. Here he soon became famous for his eloquence, and crowds came to hear him from the neighboring towns of Cashel and Clonmel. Owing to his plain speaking in the pulpit, he was in danger of being arrested, and he fled for safety into the Galtee mountains.

Here he caused to be brought to him the materials he had been collecting for years, and here wrote his well-known and important "History of Ireland," ultimately completed about the year 1625. It begins from the earliest period (namely, the arrival of the three daughters of Cain, the eldest named Banba, who gave her name to Ireland, which was called "the Isle of Banba"), and extends to the Anglo-Norman invasion. In 1603, Keating was enabled to return to his parish, where he found a coadjutor, with whom he lived and labored peacefully for many years. One of the joint works of the two men was the erection of a church in 1644, over the door of which may yet be seen an inscription speaking of them as founders, and beside which was placed afterwards the following epitaph on the poet-historian:

"In Tybrid, hid from mortal eye,
A priest, a poet, and a prophet lie;
All these and more than in one man could be
Concentrated was in famous Jeffry."

Of the other works of Keating many were a few years ago, and possibly still are, well known traditionally to the peasantry of Munster. Among them are "Thoughts on Innisfail," which D'Arcy Magee has translated; "A Farewell to Ireland," a poem addressed to his harper; "An Elegy on the Death of Lord de Decies," the "Three Shafts of Death," a treatise in Irish prose, which Irish soldiers, we are told, have long held in admiration. He died about 1650.

TEIGE MACDAIRE.

(1570—1650.)

TEIGE MACDAIRE, son of Daire MacBrody, was born about 1570. He was principal poet to Donogh O'Brian, fourth Earl of Thomond, and held as his appanage the Castle of Dunogan, in Clare, with its lands. In accordance with the bardic usage, he wrote his elegant "Advice to a Prince" to his chief when the latter attained to the title. This is the most elaborate of his poems. Dr. Douglas Hyde in his "Literary History of Ireland" tells us that his poetry is all written in elaborate and highly wrought classical meters, and that there are still extant some 3,400 lines.

We give among the selections from the work of Dr. Hyde a few of the verses translated by him into the exact equivalent of the meter in which they are written.

MacDaire was assassinated by a marauding soldier of Cromwell's army, who, as he treacherously flung the poet over a precipice, mocked him in Irish, crying: "Go, make your songs now, little man!" This was one of MacDaire's own countrymen.

JOHN MACDONNELL.

(1691—1754.)

JOHN MACDONNELL, "perhaps the finest poet of the first half of the eighteenth century," says Dr. Douglas Hyde, was born near Charleville, in the County Cork, in the year 1691. He has generally been called MacDonnell Claragh, from Claragh, the name of the residence of his family. O'Halloran in his "History of Ireland" speaks of him as "a man of great erudition, and a profound Irish antiquarian and poet," and says that he "had made valuable collections, and was writing in his native tongue a 'History of Ireland,' which failing health, however, prevented him completing. He also proposed translating Homer's Iliad into Irish, and had at least proceeded so far as to produce several highly praised specimens of what his work would be. But this, as well as the 'History of Ireland,'"

was put a stop to by his illness and death, and MacDonnell's fame must now rest on his poems alone. He died in the year 1754.

Hardiman ranks him in Irish as equal to Pope in English, and believes that had he lived to complete his translation of the *Iliad* it would have been as successful in a literary sense as was that of Pope. "If," he continues, "the latter had been an Irishman, and had written in the language of the country, it would be a matter of difficulty to determine which would be entitled to the prize. But, fortunately for his genius and fame, Pope was born on the right side of the Channel."

MacDonnell was, it seems, a "rank Jacobite" in politics, and, poet and genius though he was, had often by hasty flights to save his life from the hands of the "hunters of the bards." We give a translation of one of his poems by an anonymous hand. Others, by D'Alton, will be found among the examples of his work.

GRANU WAIL AND QUEEN ELIZABETH.¹

Mild as the rose its sweets will breathe,
Tho' gems all bright its bloom enwreath;
Undeck'd by gold or diamond rare,
Near Albion's throne stood Grana fair.

The vestal queen in wonder view'd
The hand that grasp'd the falchion rude—
The azure eye, whose light could prove
The equal power in war or love.

"Some boon," she cried, "thou lady brave,
From Albion's queen in pity crave:
E'en name the rank of countess high,
Nor fear the suit I'll e'er deny."

"Nay, sister-queen," the fair replied,
"A sov'reign, and an hero's bride
No fate shall e'er of pride bereave—
I'll honors give, but none receive.

"But grant to him—whose infant sleep
Is lull'd by rocking o'er the deep—
Those gifts, which now for Erin's sake
Thro' pride of soul I dare not take."

The queen on Grana gazed and smil'd,
And honor'd soon the stranger child
With titles brave, to grace a name
Of Erin's isle in herald fame.

¹This ballad celebrates a real historical scene, the visit of the famous Grace O'Malley to Queen Elizabeth. In the "*Anthologia Hibernica*" the visit is thus described: "The Queen, surrounded by her ladies, received her in great state. Grana was introduced in the dress of her country: a long, uncouth mantle covered her head and body; her hair was gathered on her crown, and fastened with a bodkin; her breast was bare, and she had a yellow bodice and petticoat. The court stared with surprise at so strange a figure."—"Granu Wail" or "Grana Uile" was one of the typical names of Ireland, and, as Lover remarks, the mere playing of the air with that name has still a political significance. (See also the examples of the work of Caesar Otway.)

DUALD MACFIRBIS.

(1585—1670.)

THIS famous scholar was born in County Sligo. He was the author of "The Branches of Relationship," or "Volumes of Pedigrees." The autograph copy of this vast compilation, generally known as "The Book of MacFirbis," is now in the library of the Earl of Roden. He assisted Sir James Ware by transcribing and translating from the Irish for him. His "Collection of Glossaries" has been published by Dr. Whitley Stokes. His autograph "Martyrology," or "Litany of the Saints" in verse, is preserved in the British Museum. The fragment of his Treatise on "Irish Authors" is in the Royal Irish Academy. His transcription of the "Chronicum Scotorum" was translated by the late Mr. W. M. Hennessy, and published in 1867. His "Annals of Ireland" has been translated and edited by O'Donovan, and published by the Irish Archæological Society. A transcript of his catalogue of "Extinct Irish Bishoprics," by Mr. Hennessy, is in the collection of the Royal Irish Academy. In the Transactions of the Kilkenny Archæological Society may be found his English version of the "Registry of Clonmacnoise," compiled in the year 1216. Some extracts from his works translated by Professor O'Donovan will be found among the examples from that gentleman's work.

ANDREW MAGRATH.

(1723 —)

ANDREW MAGRATH was born in Limerick about 1723. He was one of the most gay, careless, and rollicking of the Jacobite poets, and one of the last who wrote in his native tongue. He wrote many songs and poems, of politics, of love, and of drinking. He was, like so many of his fellows, a wild liver; and his name survives yet among the peasantry of his native Munster, among whom he is remembered as the Manguaire Sugach, or Merry Monger. The date of his death is not known, but he is said to lie buried in Killmallock Churchyard.

We append anonymous translations of two of his poems. None of them have, however, been adequately rendered into the English language.

THE COMING OF PRINCE CHARLIE.

Too long have the churls in dark bondage oppressed me,
Too long have I cursed them in anguish and gloom;
Yet Hope with no vision of comfort has blessed me—
The cave is my shelter—the rude rock my home.
Save Doun¹ and his kindred, my sorrow had shaken
All friends from my side, when at evening, forsaken,
I sought the lone fort, proud to hear him awaken,
The hymn of deliverance breathing for me.

¹ The ruler of the Munster fairies.

He told how the heroes were fallen and degraded
 And scorn dashed the tear their affliction would claim ;
 But Phelim and Heber,¹ whose children betrayed it,
 The land shall relume with the light of their fame.
 The fleet is prepared, proud Charles² is commanding,
 And wide o'er the wave the white sail is expanding,
 The dark brood of Luther shall quail at their landing,
 The Gael like a tempest shall burst on the foe.

The bards shall exult, and the harp-strings shall tremble,
 And love and devotion be poured in the strain ;
 Ere "Samhain"³ our chiefs shall in Temor⁴ assemble,
 The "Lion" protect our own pastors again.
 The Gael shall redeem every shrine's desecration,
 In song shall exhale our warm heart's adoration,
 Confusion shall light on the foe's usurpation,
 And Erin shine out yet triumphant and free.

The secrets of destiny now are before you—
 Away ! to each heart the proud tidings to tell :
 Your Charles is at hand, let the green flag spread o'er you !
 The treaty they broke your deep vengeance shall swell.
 The hour is arrived, and in loyalty blending,
 Surround him ! sustain ! Shall the gorged goal descending
 Deter you, your own sacred monarch defending ?
 Rush on like a tempest and scatter the foe !

MY GRAND RECREATION.

I sell the best brandy and sherry,
 To make my good customers merry ;
 But at times their finances
 Run short, as it chanches,
 And then I feel very sad, very !

Here's brandy ! Come, fill up your tumbler ;
 Or ale, if your liking be humbler ;
 And, while you've a shilling,
 Keep filling and swilling—
 A fig for the growls of the grumbler !

I like, when I'm quite at my leisure,
 Mirth, music, and all sorts of pleasure ;
 When Margery's bringing
 The glass, I like singing
 With bards—if they drink within measure.

Libation ! I pour a libation,
 I sing the past fame of our nation ;
 For valorous glory,
 For song and for story,
 This, this, is my grand recreation.

¹ Renegade Irish who joined the foe. ² The Pretender.

³ The 1st of November, the festival of Baal-Samen, so called by the Druids. ⁴ Tara.

GERALD NUGENT.

(About 1588.)

GERALD NUGENT was one of those Irishmen of English descent of whom it was complained that they became more Irish than the Irish themselves. In the reign of King John the barony of Devlin in Meath was granted to Gilbert de Nugent. By the time of Elizabeth the Nugents had taken to the Irish language, like many other inhabitants of the Pale, and Gerald Nugent was a bard and harpist. He composed in Irish, and flinging aside his harp he joined with the Irish in their attempt to throw off the yoke of the conquerors. Of course the result was failure, and Nugent became an exile. In his grief at leaving the land of his birth, he composed the ode or lamentation, a translation of which by the Rev. W. H. Drummond is given under that gentleman's name. This is the only one of his poems that has been preserved. When and where Gerald Nugent died we have been unable to discover.

TURLOUGH O'CAROLAN.

(1670—1738.)

TURLOUGH CAROLAN, or O'CAROLAN, commonly called the last of the bards, was born in the year 1670 at the village of Baile-Nusah, or Newton, in the County Westmeath, and went to school at Cruise-town, County Longford. When about fifteen (some say eighteen and others twenty-two) he lost his sight through an attack of small-pox. While at school he made the acquaintance of Bridget Cruise, whose name he made famous in one of his songs.

Many years later Carolan went on a pilgrimage to what is called St. Patrick's Purgatory, a cave in an island on Lough Dearg in County Donegal. While standing on the shore he began to assist some of his fellow-pilgrims into a boat, and chancing to take hold of a lady's hand he suddenly exclaimed, "By the hand of my gossip! this is the hand of Bridget Cruise!" So it was, but the fair one was still deaf to his suit.

Carolan moved with his father to Carrick-on-Shannon, and there a Mrs. M'Dermott-Roe had him carefully instructed in Irish and also to some extent in English. She also caused him to learn how to play the harp, not with the view to his becoming a harper, but simply as an accomplishment. In his twenty-second year he suddenly determined to become a harper, and, his benefactress providing him with a couple of horses and an attendant to carry the harp, he started on a round of visits to the neighboring gentry, to most of whom he was already known; and for years he wandered all over the country, gladly received wherever he came, and seldom forgetting to pay for his entertainment by song in praise of his host.

In about middle life he married Miss Mary Maguire, a young lady

of good family. With her he lived very happily and learned to love her tenderly, though she was haughty and extravagant. On his marriage he built a neat house at Moshill in County Leitrim, and there entertained his friends with more liberality than prudence. The income of his little farm was soon swallowed up, and he fell into embarrassments which haunted him the rest of his life. On this he took to his wanderings again, while his wife stayed at home and busied herself with the education of their rather numerous family. In 1733 she was removed by death, and a melancholy fell upon him which remained until the end. He did not survive his wife long. In 1738 he paid a visit to the house of his early benefactress, Mrs. M'Dermott-Roe, and there he fell ill and died.

Dr. Douglas Hyde says in his "Literary History of Ireland": "He composed over two hundred airs, many of them very lively, and usually addressed to his patrons, chiefly to those of the old Irish families. He composed his own words to suit his music, and these have given him the reputation of a poet. They are full of curious turns and twists of meter to suit his airs, to which they are admirably wed, and very few are in regular stanzas. They are mostly of Pindaric nature, addressed to patrons or to fair ladies; there are some exceptions however, such as his celebrated ode to whisky, one of the finest bacchanalian songs in any language, and his much more famed but immeasurably inferior 'Receipt for Drinking.' Very many of his airs and nearly all his poetry with the exception of about thirty pieces are lost."

Examples of his poetry will be found in translations by John D'Alton, Arthur Dawson, Sir Samuel Ferguson, Thomas Furlong, and Dr. George Sigerson.

There is a well-known portrait of him by the Dutch painter, Vanderhagen, which bears some resemblance to the portraits of Shakespeare.

MICHAEL O'CLERY.

(1580—1643.)

REFERRING to "The Annals of the Four Masters," Dr. Douglas Hyde says in his "Literary History of Ireland": "This mighty work is chiefly due to the herculean labors of the learned Franciscan brother, Michael O'Clery," who was born in Donegal about the year 1580. He was descended from a learned family who had been for centuries hereditary historians to the O'Donnells, princes of Tyrconnell, and at an early age became distinguished for his abilities. While yet young he retired to the Irish Franciscan monastery at Louvain, where he soon attracted the attention of the learned Hugh Ward, a native of his own country and a lecturer at the Irish College. His perfect knowledge of the Irish language and history caused him to be employed by Ward to carry out a project that enthusiastic monk had formed for rescuing the annals and antiquities of his country from oblivion.

O'Clery then returned to Ireland, where for many years he busied himself collecting manuscripts and other works and transmitting them to Louvain. In 1635 Ward died, but some time before he managed to publish from O'Clery's materials "The Life of St. Rumold," "Irish Martyrology," and a treatise on the "Names of Ireland." John Colgan, also a native of Donegal, afterwards made large use of O'Clery's manuscripts in his works on the Irish saints, "Trias Thaumaturga" and "Acta Sanctorum Hiberniæ." Even before Ward's death, however, O'Clery had commenced his great work, which at first went by the name of "The Annals of Donegal," then by the title of "The Ulster Annals," and is now known over the world as "The Annals of the Four Masters," as he and his assistants, Peregrine O'Clery, Conary O'Clery, and Peregrine O'Duigenan, a learned antiquary of Kilronan, were named. He had also some little help from the hereditary historians to the kings of Connaught, two members of the old and learned family of the O'Maolconerys.

The work states that it was entirely composed in the convent of the Brothers of Donegal, who supplied the requirements of the transcribers while their labors were in progress. Fergal O'Gara, a member for Sligo in the Parliament of 1634, is also said to have liberally rewarded O'Clery's assistants, while it was his advice and influence that prevailed on O'Clery to bring them together and proceed with the work. In the "Testimonials" are also stated the names of the books and manuscripts from which the "Annals" were compiled, and there also we find the information that the first volume was begun on the 22d January, 1632, and the last finished on the 10th August, 1636. To the "Testimonials," which is a kind of guarantee of the faithfulness of the work, are subscribed the names of the Superior and two of the monks, together with the countersignature of O'Donnell, Prince of Tyrconnell.

After the completion of the "Annals" O'Clery returned to Louvain, where in 1643 he published a "Vocabulary of the Irish Language." This seems to have been the last of his works, and this year the last year of his life.

"The Annals of the Four Masters" begin at the earliest period of Irish history, about A.D. 1171, and end A.D. 1616, covering a period of 444 years. The "Annals" were published in Dublin by Bryan Geraghty in 1846.

Examples of the translations by Owen Connellan and O'Donovan will be found among the work of these writers, also a translation by O'Donovan from the "Annals."

DIARMUD O'CURNAIN.

(1740—1825.)

DIARMUD O'CURNAIN was born in Cork in 1740, and died in Modeligo, Waterford, in the first quarter of the present century. He was a tall, handsome farmer. He traveled to Cork to purchase wedding presents for his betrothed, but was met on his way home by the news that she had married a wealthy suitor. He flung

all his presents into the fire, and from the shock lost his reason, which he never recovered.

A translation of an Irish poem of his by Dr. Sigerson is given among the examples of the work of that gentleman.

JOHN O'NEACHTAN.

(1695 ?—1720 ?)

JOHN O'NEACHTAN was still alive in 1715. He was a native of County Meath, but beyond this little is known about him. "He was," says Dr. Douglas Hyde in his "Literary History of Ireland," "one of the earliest writers of Jacobite poetry, and perhaps the most voluninous man of letters of his day among the native Irish. One of his early poems was written immediately after the battle of the Boyne, when the English soldiery stripped him of everything he possessed in the world, except one small Irish book. Between forty and fifty of his pieces are enumerated by O'Reilly, and I have seen others in a manuscript in private hands. These included a poem in imitation of those called 'Ossianic,' of 1,296 lines, and a tale written about 1717 in imitation of the so-called Fenian tales, an amusing allegoric story called the 'Adventures of Edmund O'Clery,' and a curious but extravagant tale called the 'Strong-armed Wrestler.'

"Hardiman had in his possession a closely written Irish treatise by O'Neachtan of five hundred pages on general geography, containing many interesting particulars concerning Ireland, and a volume of 'Annals of Ireland' from 1167 to 1700. He also translated a great many church hymns, and, I believe, prose books from Latin. His elegy on Mary D'Este, widow of James II., is one of the most musical pieces I have ever seen, even in Irish :

" " SLOW cause of my fear
NO pause to my tear,
The brightest and whitest
LOW lies on her bier.

FAIR Islets of green,
RARE sights to be seen,
Both highlands and Islands
THERE sigh for the Queen."

A translation by Thomas Furlong of O'Neachtan's famous song "Maggy Laidir" is given with the examples of the writings of that gentleman.

OSSIÂN.

"SIDE by side with the numerous prose sagas which fall under the title of 'Fenian,'" says Dr. Douglas Hyde in his "Literary History of Ireland," "there exists an enormous mass of poems, chiefly

narrative, of a minor epic type, or else semi-dramatic *épopées*, usually introduced by a dialogue between St. Patrick and the poet Ossian. Ossian¹ was the son of Finn mac Cúmhail, vulgarly 'Cool,' and he was fabled to have lived in Tír na n-óg, the country of the ever-young, the Irish Elysium, for three hundred years, thus surviving all his Fenian contemporaries and living to hold colloquy with St. Patrick. The so-called Ossianic poems are extraordinarily numerous, and were they all collected would probably (between those preserved in Scotch-Gaelic and in Irish) amount to some 80,000 lines. . . . The most of them, in the form in which they have come down to us at the present day, seem to have been composed in rather loose metres . . . and they were even down to our fathers' time exceedingly popular, both in Ireland and in the Scotch Highlands, in which latter country Ian Campbell, the great folk-lorist, made the huge collection which he called *Leabhar na Féinne*, or the Book of the Fenians.

"Some of the Ossianic poems relate the exploits of the Fenians; others describe conflicts between members of that body and worms, wild beasts, and dragons; others fights with monsters and with strangers come from across the sea; others detail how Finn and his companions suffered from the enchantments of wizards and the efforts made to release them; one enumerates the Fenians who fell at *Cnoc-an-áir*; another gives the names of about three hundred of the Fenian hounds; another gives Ossian's account of his three hundred years in the Land of the Young and his return; many more consist largely of semi-humorous dialogues between the saint and the old warrior; another is called Ossian's madness; another is Ossian's account of the battle of *Gabhra*, which made an end of the Fenians, and so on. . . .

"There is a considerable thread of narrative running through these poems and connecting them in a kind of series, so that several of them might be divided into the various books of a Gaelic epic of the *Odyssic* type, containing, instead of the wanderings and final restoration of Ulysses, the adventures and final destruction of the Fenians, except that the books would be rather more disjointed. There is, moreover, splendid material for an ample epic in the division between the Fenians of Munster and Connacht and the gradual estrangement of the High King, leading up to the fatal battle of *Gabhra*; but the material for this last exists chiefly in prose texts, not in the Ossianic lays. . . .

"The Ossianic lays are almost the only narrative poems which exist in the language, for although lyrical, elegiac, and didactic poetry abounds, the Irish never produced, except in the case of the Ossianic *épopées*, anything of importance in a narrative and ballad form, anything, for instance, of the nature of the glorious ballad poetry of the Scotch Lowlands.

"The Ossianic meters, too, are the eminently epic ones of Ireland. . . .

"Of the authorship of the Ossianic poems nothing is known. In the Book of Leinster are three short pieces ascribed to Ossian

¹ In Irish *Oisín*, pronounced "Esheen," or "Ussheen."

himself, and five to Finn, and other old MSS. contain poems ascribed to Caoilte, Ossian's companion and fellow survivor, and to Fergus, another son of Finn ; but of the great mass of the many thousand lines which we have in seventeenth and eighteenth century MSS. there is not much which is placed in Ossian's mouth as first hand, the pieces, as I have said, generally beginning with a dialogue, from which Ossian proceeds to recount his tale. But this dramatic form of the lay shows that no pretense was kept up of Ossian's being the singer of his own exploits. From the paucity of the pieces attributed to him in the oldest MSS. it is probable that the Gaelic race only gradually singled him out as their typical pagan poet, instead of Fergus or Caoilte or any other of his alleged contemporaries, just as they singled out his father Finn as the typical pagan leader of their race ; and it is likely that a large part of our Ossianic lay and literature is post-Danish, while the great mass of the Red Branch saga is in its birth many centuries anterior to the Norsemen's invasion."

A. RAFTERY.

(1780?—1840?)

THE story of the discovery of the writings of Raftery by Dr. Douglas Hyde and Lady Gregory is one of the most curious and interesting in the annals of literature. We have not space for it in detail ; in brief it was on this wise : Some time in the seventies Dr. Hyde heard an old man singing a song at the door of his cottage. The old man, at his request, taught Dr. Hyde the song and the latter went away.

Twelve years after, when Dr. Hyde was working in the Royal Irish Academy, he came across some old manuscript containing a number of poems ascribed to a man named Raftery, and among them the very song that he had learned on that morning long ago.

Seven years more elapsed, and Dr. Hyde one day met an old blind man begging. He gave him a penny, and passed on, when it suddenly occurred to him that he should have spoken to him in Irish. He did so and conversed with him for an hour. Among other things they talked about was Raftery, and Dr. Hyde learned much about the poet from the old man.

This set him upon the track of the poet, and the final result was the recovery of most of his poems and considerable material for his biography, which would otherwise have been absolutely lost. Had it not been for the fact that the poems were so well known up and down the country, it would have been impossible to recover many of them.

Raftery was born about 1780 or 1790 at Cilleaden, County Mayo, of very poor parents. He was early in life deprived of his sight by smallpox, so that he never had any better occupation by which to make a living than that of a fiddler. Though he was absolutely destitute and practically dependent upon alms, no poet of the people

ever exercised so widespread an influence upon those among whom he lived. He was never taught either to read or to write; he had no access to books of any kind, or any form of literature, except what he was able to pick up through his ears as he traveled from cottage to cottage, with his bag over his shoulder, picking up his day's meals as he went.

Lady Gregory in her "Poets and Dreamers" deals very fully with his work, and from the examples which she gives we are justified in claiming for this, the last of Irish bards, the name of an inspired one. It is said that he spent the last years of his life in making prayers and religious songs, of which Lady Gregory gives some interesting examples, and of which "The Confession," printed in the present volume, is typical.

He died at an advanced age, about 1840, and is buried at Killeenan, County Mayo, where there is a stone over his grave, and where the people from all parts round about gather in August of every year to do honor to his memory.

RICHARD STANIHURST.

(1545—1618.)

RICHARD STANIHURST was born in Dublin, and in his eighteenth year went to University College, Oxford. He studied law at Furnival's Inn and Lincoln's Inn; and, returning to Ireland, married a daughter of Sir Charles Barnewell. About 1579 he took up his residence in Leyden, entered holy orders, and became chaplain to Albert, Archduke of Austria and Governor of the Spanish Netherlands. A great portion of his writings are in Latin. His first work, which was published in London in 1570, in folio, is entitled "*Harmonia, seu catena dialectica Porphyrium*," and is spoken of with particular praise by Edmund Campion, then a student at St. John's College, Oxford. His other works are "*De rebus in Hibernia gestis*" (Antwerp, 1584, 4to); "*Descriptio Hiberniæ*," which is to be found in "*Holinshed's Chronicle*," of which it formed a part of the second volume; "*De Vita S. Patricii*" (Antwerp, 1587, 12mo); "*Hebdomada Mariana*" (Antwerp, 1609, 8vo); "*Hebdomada Eucharistica*" (Douay, 1614, 8vo); "*Brevis premonitio pro futura commentatione cum Jacobo Usserio*" (Douay, 1615, 8vo); "*The Principles of the Catholic Religion*"; "*The First Four Books of Virgil's Æneid in English Hexameters*" (1583, small 8vo, black letter); with which are printed the four first Psalms, "certaine poetical conceites" in Latin and English, and some epitaphs.

OWEN WARD.

(About 1600 or 1610.)

LITTLE is known of Owen Roe Mac an Bhaird, or Red Owen Ward, beyond the fact that he was the bard of the O'Donnells, and

accompanied the princes of Tyrconnell and Tyrone when they fled from Ireland in 1607. In O'Reilly's "Irish Writers" the names of nine lengthy and still extant poems of his are given. The "Lament," translated by J. Clarence Mangan, will be found among that author's contributions to this work; it is addressed to Nuala, sister of O'Donnell, the Prince of Tyrconnell, who died in Rome, and was interred in the same grave with O'Neill, Prince of Tyrone. Ward was the descendant of a long line of bards and poets of the same name.

MODERN IRISH AUTHORS, WHOSE WORK, ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED, APPEARS IN
VOLUME TEN OF IRISH LITERATURE.

FATHER DINNEEN.

FATHER DINNEEN is a native of the district adjoining Killarney, in East Kerry, a district that has produced a crop of distinguished poets such as Egan O'Rahilly, Geoffrey O'Donoghue, Eoghan Ruadh O'Sullivan, Finneen O'Scannell. He drank in the traditional lore of this region during his boyhood, and always held the Irish language in special veneration. University and ecclesiastical studies, however, engrossed the best years of his youth and early manhood, and it was only when the enemies of Ireland's honor came forward at the Intermediate Education Commission, held in Dublin a few years ago, and sought to vilify Irish literature, to show that whatever little of it survived was either "silly" or "indecent," that he set seriously to work to lay before the world the collected works of several modern Irish poets, including those named above.

Besides collecting from manuscripts and editing for the first time the works of some six distinguished poets, Father Dinneen has in three or four years written several prose works in Irish, including an historical novel, "Cormac Va Conaill," a description of Killarney, and several plays. He has also finished a dictionary of the modern Irish language, with explanations in English. He is perhaps the most earnest writer of the Gaelic movement, and his *editiones principes* of the Munster poets are of the greatest value.

JAMES J. DOYLE.

MR. JAMES J. DOYLE, the most unwearying worker and, with the single exception, perhaps, of Father O'Leary, the raciest writer of Irish dialogue living, was born at Cooleenig, Tuogh, County Kerry, forty-five years ago. The son of a well-connected, well-disposed, well-to-do farmer, he had the advantage of spending his boyhood in a singularly bilingual atmosphere; but it was only on leaving the local National school to enter the Revenue Service at the age of nineteen that he commenced to study the literature of his race. To Mr. David Connyn he attributes much of his earlier interest in Ireland's halloved literature, an interest which has been steadily deepening for upwards of a quarter of a century.

Owing to circumstances with which our readers are unhappily only too familiar, Mr. Doyle remained unknown as a writer until the Oireachtas of 1898. On this occasion, however, he leisurely carried off a prize for three humorous Irish stories, and again at the

Oireachtas of 1900 he won the "Independent" prize for a story of modern Irish life. Still later, at the "Feis Uladh," he received first prize for a paper on "Ulster Local Names." This latter is one of his pet subjects, and has constituted the theme of many a lecture delivered in the interest of the Gaelic League.

Mr. Doyle also won first prize in the "Irish Phrase-Book Competition" at the recent Oireachtas, 1901, and though not a teacher was fourth in the competition (open to all Ireland) for Archbishop Walsh's prize of £25 (\$125) for a bilingual school programme.

In 1881 he married Miss Mary A. Joyce, sister to Dr. King Joyce, of Dublin. She, like her devoted husband, is also bilingual, and it is not to be wondered at that they are, as the *Claidheamh* is wont to say, "bringing up seven sturdy, enthusiastic young bilingualists."

His numerous relatives and friends in the United States will share his own manifest gratification at the fact that his parents are still hale and hearty, and, as he himself is practically in the prime of life just now, there seems every hope that the readers of *An Claidheamh*—and probably of other Irish journals—will have access to his inimitable contributions for many a year to come.

As in the case of several of the most active members of the Gaelic League, his position of Supervisor in the Inland Revenue does not prevent him from rendering very efficient, if undemonstrative, service to his country. He resides at present in Derry, and is possibly the most energetic organizer in all Ulster. His assistance to Mr. Concannon has been simply invaluable.

"Cathair Conroi," children's stories, won the first prize at 1902 Oireachtas.

He was one of the original founders of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language in 1876, and subsequently of the Gaelic Union, which founded the *Gaelic Journal* in 1882, and which might be said to have paved the way for the Gaelic League.

Mr. Doyle is the author of the following books, published by the Gaelic League: "Beert Fhear o' n-Tuaith," or "Two Men from the Country," a series of snapshots of Irish rural life in the form of dialogue; "Taahg Gabha," "Tim the Smith," a racy story of Kerry life; "Cathair Conroi," and other stories suitable for children; an "Irish-English Phrase Book."

AGNES O'FARRELLY.

MISS AGNES O'FARRELLY, or in Irish Una ni Thearghaille, comes from one of the oldest and most respected families in the County Cavan. She was born at Kiffenny House, East Breffin. She was the first lady candidate to take up Irish as subject for the M.A. examination in the Royal University, which she passed with the highest honors. She has spent much time in the Arran Islands learning to speak the language colloquially, and in 1899 she attended a course of lectures in Old Irish by Monsieur de Jubainville in Paris at the Collège de France. She has been for years one of the most prom-

inent members of the Coisde Griotha, or Executive of the Gaelic League. She is chief examiner in Celtic to the Board of Intermediate Education. Her principal writings are a propagandist tract in English called "The Reign of Humbug," and two stories in Irish, one called "Grádh agus Crádh," the other an Arran story called "The Cneamhaire," from which we give an extract, and, lastly, the splendid "Life of Father O'Growney," which has just been published and which is full of interest and information about the rise of the Irish Revival. She has nearly completed the collecting and editing of the text of John O'Neachtan's poems, and the editing of a very difficult text from the library of the Franciscans, containing an account of the wanderings of O'Neill and O'Donnell in Spain. She is an indefatigable worker in the cause of Irish Ireland.

THOMAS HAYES.

THOMAS HAYES was born in Miltown Malbay on Nov. 2, 1866, where his father was a master cooper in comfortable circumstances.

He was educated in the National school. Both his parents were very good Irish speakers, and his home language was Irish. His house was always a great rendezvous for the neighbors, who used to meet there to tell stories, and the boy with mouth, and eyes, and ears open drank in a great many of the local tales and legends. Indeed, the house during this period was more like a branch of the Gaelic League than anything else.

His father was a member of the Fenian Brotherhood, and his mother was intensely Irish.

In 1886 he was appointed as assistant teacher in Harold's Cross National School, Dublin. He went through a course in St. Patrick's Training College, Drumcondra, in 1891-92, and in 1895 was appointed principal of St. Gabriel's Boys' School, Aughrim Street.

He is a good amateur musician, and carried off two first prizes at the R. I. A. M. School Choirs competitions in 1898 and 1901; the Oireachtas Gold Medal for singing, and also the prize for the best original air to "Caoinead An Guinn" at the Oireachtas, besides several second prizes at the R. I. A. M. Oireachtas and Leinster Feis.

In 1893 he joined the Gaelic League, and was soon after co-opted on the Executive Committee, of which he has since remained a member. He threw himself enthusiastically into the work of the League, and devoted a considerable portion of his spare time for several years to teaching Irish and singing in different branches of the League. He was the first teacher in Ireland to apply the Tonic Sol-Fa system to the teaching of Irish songs. His first attempt at Irish prose composition was published in the *Gaelic Journal* in 1894, and since then he has been in evidence more or less over his own name; but much of his work in Irish in the shape of articles, etc., has been unsigned.

PATRICK O'LEARY.

PATRICK O'LEARY, like his friend, Donnchalh Pleinnionn of Cork, was one of the first martyrs of the Irish Revival. He died early, to the great loss of the movement, chiefly from overwork connected with it. His principal effort was the collection of Munster folk tales, called *Sgeuliugheacht Chírige Mumham*, chiefly from his native place near Eyeries, in the extreme south of Ireland. He was the first to collect the folk tales of Munster, having been incited thereto, as he says in his preface, by the Connaught collections of the "*Craoibhín*." He published many excellent things in the *Gaelic Journal*, and possibly elsewhere. He was a complete master of the language, and if he had lived would have undoubtedly become one of our ablest writers.

FATHER PETER O'LEARY.

FATHER PETER O'LEARY was born in the year 1840, in the middle of a wild and mountainous district, about midway between Millstreet and Macroom, in the County Cork. Irish was at that time the language of that district. The people spoke scarcely any English. In that way it happened that Father O'Leary's childhood and youth were impregnated with Irish. He was fortunate in another way also. His mother was a highly educated woman, as well as a very talented one. When she spoke English to her children it was the best and the most correct English, and when she spoke Irish to them it was the best and the purest and the most correct Irish. His father had not received an English education, but the mastery which he had of the Irish language and the force and power with which he could use it were exceptional, even in a district where the language was, at that time, very copious and very powerful.

It is not to be wondered at that a person whose childhood and early youth were passed in the midst of such opportunities should have now the knowledge of the Irish language which Father O'Leary has. During that childhood and early youth he often passed considerable periods of time without ever speaking an English word.

The chief part of his English education was obtained at home from his mother. Having gone to a classical school in Macroom and learned some Latin and Greek, he went to the newly established College of St. Colman in Fermoy. Then he went on to Maynooth, and was ordained in 1867.

He never thought there was the remotest danger of the death of the Irish language until he went into Maynooth. When he got among the students in Maynooth he was astonished to find that there were many of them who could not speak a word of Irish. Not only that, but that there were large districts of the country where no word of Irish was spoken, and that such districts were growing larger each year, while those districts where Irish was

spoken were growing each year smaller. It was easy to see where that would end, and that the end was not very far off.

He then turned his attention to the study of Irish, determined to keep alive at least one man's share of the national speech.

Having been ordained and sent on the mission, he made it a point to preach in Irish and to speak Irish to the people whenever and wherever it was possible to do so.

But the Irish-speaking districts continued to grow small, and the English-speaking districts continued to expand, and the case continued to grow more and more hopeless every day and every hour.

At last the Gaelic League made its appearance. The moment it did Father O'Leary went into the work, determined to do at least one man's share. He has continued to do so.

Father Peter is the "good old man" of the Munster Revival. His influence in that province is unbounded. Two of his plays, the "Ghost" and "Tadhg Saor," are constantly acted in Munster, and his writings, of which "Seadhna" is perhaps the best known, are acknowledged to be the most idiomatic of those of any Irish writer. He is very prolific, and every week sees something new from his pen, either in the Cork papers or in the Dublin *Leader*. He is one of the two vice-presidents of the Gaelic League.

P. J. O'SHEA.

MR. P. J. O'SHEA is a Kerry man, from the parish of An Team-pole Nuadh. He worked for many years as a Custom House officer in Belfast, and is at present in England. Over the signature of "Conán Maol," he has contributed an immense quantity of fine idiomatic Irish to the *Claidheamh Solnis* and other papers. He is of splendid physique and immense personal strength, and is descended from a race famous for their prowess and bravery in old times. His sketch of O'Neill in this library is a fair specimen of his style.

GLOSSARY.

A BOCHAL (<i>A bhuachaill</i>)	Boy, my boy.
ABOO, ABÚ !	To victory! Hurrah!
A CHARA, A CHORRA.	Friend, my friend.
A COOLIN BAWN (<i>a chuilín ban</i>)	her fair-colored flowing hair.
ACUSHLA (<i>a chuisle</i>) vein—ACUSHLA MA-CHREE.	Pulse of my heart.
A CUSHLA AGUS ASTHORE MACHREE (<i>a chuisle agus a stoir mo chroidhe</i>)	O pulse and treasure of my heart!
A CUSHLA GAL MO CHREE (<i>a chuisle geal mo chroidhe</i>)	O bright pulse of my heart.
AGRA, AGRADH (<i>a ghradh</i>)	Love, my love.
A-HAGUR (<i>a theagair</i>)	O dear friend! Comforter.
AILEEN AROON (<i>Eibhlín a ruin</i>)	Ellen, dear.
ALANNA (<i>a leinbh</i>)	child.
ALAUN.	a lout.
ALPEEN (<i>alpin</i>)	a stick.
AN CHAITEOG	The Winnowing Sheet (name of Irish air).
ANCHUIL-FHIONN (<i>an chuireann</i>)	the white or fair-haired maiden.
ANGASHORE (<i>aindiseoir</i>)	a stingy person, a miser.
AN SMACHTAOIN CRON.	the copper-colored stick of tobacco.
AN SPAILPIN FANACH.	wandering laborer, a strapping fellow.
A'RA GAL (<i>a ghradh geal</i>)	O bright love!
ARON (<i>a ruin</i>)	O secret love! beloved, sweet-heart.
ARRAH (<i>ar' eadh</i>)	(literally, Was it?) Indeed!
ARTH-LOOGHRA (<i>arc luachra</i> or <i>arc-sleibhe</i>)	a lizard.
ASTHORE (<i>a stoir</i>)	Treasure.
A-STOIR MO CHROIDHE (<i>a stoir mo chroidhe</i>)	Treasure of my heart.
ASTOR GRA GEAL MACHREE (<i>a stoir gradh geal mo chroidhe</i>)	Treasure, bright love of my heart.
A SUILISH MACHREE (<i>a sholais mo chroidhe</i>)	Light of my heart.
A THAISGE.	Treasure, my darling, my comfort.
AULAGONE (<i>ullagon</i>). See HULLAGONE.	
AVIC (<i>a mhic</i>)	Son, my son.
AVOURNEEN (<i>a mhuirnin</i>)	Darling.
BAITHERSHIN (<i>b'fheidir sin</i>)	That is possible! Likely, indeed! Perhaps.
BALLYRAGGIN	scolding, defaming.
BAN-A-T'GEE (<i>bean-an-tighe</i>)	woman of the house.
BANSHEE (<i>bean-sidhe</i>) (literally, fairy-woman).	the death-warning spirit of the old Irish families.

- BANSHEE (*bean sídhe*) fairy woman.
 BAUMASH, *raimeis* nonsense.
 BAWN (*ban*) fair, white, bright, a park.
 BAWN, *BADHUN* cattle-yard or cow-fortress.
 BEAL-AN-ATHA-BUID (*beal an atha buidhe*) Mouth of the Yellow Ford.
 BEAN AN FHIR RUAIDH the red-haired man's wife.
 BEANNACT DE LA T'ANAM (*beanacht De le d'anam*) The blessing of God on your soul!
 BEAN SHEE (*bean sídhe*). See BANSHEE.
 BEINNSIN LAUCHRA little bunch of rushes (Irish air).
 B'EDER SIN (*B'fheidir sin*). See BAITHERSHIN.
 BIREDH (*baireadh*) a cap.
 BLADDHERANG—BLATHERING (from *blad-aire*) flattering.
 BLASTHOGUE (*blastog*) persuasive speech, a sweet-mouthed woman.
 BOCCAGH (*baeacach*) a cripple, a beggar.
 BOCCATY (*bacaide*) anything lame.
 BODACH (*bodagh*) a churl; also a well-to-do man.
 BOLIAUN BWEE (*buachallan bhuidhe*) ragwort.
 BOLIAUN DHAS (*buachallan deas*) the ox-eye daisy.
 BOLLHOUS rumpus.
 BONNOCHT (*buánadh*) a billeted soldier.
 BOREEN (*boithrin*) a little road, a lane (a diminutive of *bothar*, a road).
 BOSTHOON (*bastamhan*) a blockhead; also a stick made of rushes.
 BOTHERED (*bodhar*) deaf, bothered.
 BOUCHAL (*buachail*) a boy.
 BOUCHELLEEN BAWN (*buachailin ban*) white (haired) little boy.
 BREHONS (*breitheamhain*) the hereditary judges of the Irish Septs.
 BRIGHDIN BAN MO STORE (*brighidin ban mo stor*) White (haired) Bridget, my treasure.
 BRISHE (*brisheadh*) breaking; a battle.
 BROCHANS (*brochan*) gruel, porridge.
 BROGUE (*brog*) a shoe.
 BRUGAID (*brughaidh*) a keeper of a house of public hospitality.
 BRUIGHEAN a fair mansion, a pavilion, a court.
 BRUSHNA (*brosna*) broken sticks for firewood.
 BUNNAUN (*buinnean*) a stick, a sapling.
 CAILIN DEAS a pretty girl.
 CAILIN DEAS CRUIDHE NA MBO (*cailin deas cruidhte na m-bo*) the pretty milkmaid.
 CAILIN OG a young girl.
 CAILIN RUADH a red (haired) girl.
 CAIRDERGA (*caoire dearga*) a red berry, the rowan berry.
 CAISH (*ceis*) a young female pig.
 CAISTLA-NA-KIRKA Castlekerke.
 CALLIAGH (*cailleach*) a hag, a witch.
 CANATS a term of supreme contempt.
 CANNAWAUN (*ceanna-bhan*) bog cotton.
 CAOCH blind, blind of one eye.
 CAOINE (*caoineadh*) a keen, a wail, a lament.

CAPPAIN D'YARRAG (<i>caipin dearg</i>).....	a red cap.
CASADH AN TSUGAIN.....	the twisting of the straw rope.
CAUBEEN (<i>caibin</i>).....	a hat, literally "little cap," the diminutive of <i>caib</i> , a cape, cope, or hood.
CEAD MILE FAILTE.....	A hundred thousand welcomes!
CEANBHAN (<i>ceanna-bhan</i>).....	bog cotton. See <i>Cannawain</i> .
CEAN DUBH DEELISH (<i>acheann dubh dhilis</i>)..	Faithful black head, dear dark-haired girl.
CLAIRSEACH.....	harp.
CLEAVE (<i>cliabh</i>).....	a basket, a creel.
CLOCHAUN (<i>clochan</i>).....	a stone-built cell, stepping-stones.
COATAMORE (<i>cota mor</i>).....	a great coat, an overcoat.
CODHLADH AN TSIONNAIGH.....	The Fox's Sleep (name of Irish air), Pretending death.
COLLAUNEEN (<i>coileainin</i>).....	a little pup.
COLLEAGH CUSHMOR (<i>cailleach cos-mor</i>)...	a big-footed hag.
COLLEEN BAWN (<i>cailin ban</i>).....	a fair-haired girl.
COLLEEN DHAS (<i>cailin deas</i>).....	pretty girl.
COLLEEN DHAS CROOHA NABO (<i>cailin deas cruidhte na m-bo</i>).....	the pretty milkmaid.
COLLEEN DHOWN.....	a brown-haired girl. "Dhown" is the Munster pronunciation of <i>donn</i> , brown.
COLLEEN RUE (<i>cailin ruadh</i>).....	a red-haired girl.
COLLOCH (<i>cailleach</i>).....	an old hag, a witch.
COLLOQUE.....	collogue, whispering; probably from colloquy.
COLLOGUIN.....	talking together, colloquy.
COLUM CUIL (<i>St. Columbeille</i>).....	St. Columba of the cells. The dove of the cell.
COMEDHER (<i>comether</i>).....	Come hither.
CONN CEAD CATHA.....	Conn of the hundred battles, King of Ireland in the second century.
COOLIN (<i>cuilin</i>).....	flowing tresses, or back hair. From <i>cul</i> , back.
COOM (<i>cum</i>).....	hollow, valley.
COTAMORE. See COATAMORE.	
COULAAN (<i>cuileann</i>).....	a head of hair.
CREEPIE.....	a three-legged stool, a form or bench.
CREEVEEN EEEVEN (<i>Chraoibhin aoibhinn</i>)..	Delightful Little Branch.
CROMMEAL (<i>croimbheal</i>).....	a mustache.
CRONAN.....	the bass in music, a deep note, a humming.
CROOSHEENIN.....	whispering.
CROPPIES.....	the democratic party—alluding to their short hair, or round heads.
CROSSANS (<i>crosan</i>).....	gleeman, gleemen.
CROUBS (<i>crub</i>).....	a paw, clumsy fingers.
CRUACH.....	a conical-topped mountain, a stack.
CRUACHAN NA FEINNE.....	Croghan of the Fena of Erin.
CRUADABHILL.....	Dabhilla's rock, a lookout on the coast of Dublin.

- CRUISKEEN (*cruiscin*).....a flask, a little jar, a cruet.
 CRUISTIN.....throwing.
 CRUIT.....a harp.
 CUBRETON (*cu-Breatan*).....a man's name, the hero of Britain.
 CUR CODDOIGH.....comfortable.
 CURP AN DUOUL (*corp o'n diabhal*).....Body to the devil!
 CUSHLA MACHREE (*a chuisle mo chroidhe*).....Pulse of my heart.
 CUSSAMUCK (*cusamuc*).....leavings, rubbish, remains.
- DALTHEEN (*dailtin*).....a foster child; also a puppy.
 DAR-A-CHREESTH (*Dar Criost*).....By Christ!
 DAUNY (*dona*).....puny, weak.
 DAWNSHEE (from *damhainsi*).....acuteness.
 DEESHY.....small, delicate.
 DEOCH AN DORAIS.....the parting drink, the stirrup-cup.
 DEOCH SHLAINTÉ AN RÍOGH.....Health to the King!
 DHUDEEN (*duidin*).....a short pipe, what the French call *brûle-gueule*.
 DHURAGH (*duthracht*).....a generous spirit, something extra.
- DILSK, DULSE (*duileasc*).....sea-grass, dulse.
 DINA MAGH (*Daoine maithe*).....the good people, the fairies.
 DOONY. See DAUNY.
 DRAHERIN O MACHREE (*Dreabhruithrin o! mo chroidhe*).....O little brother of my heart.
 DRIMIN DON DILIS (*Dhruimeann donn dhileas*).....Dear brown cow.
 DRIMMIN (*dhruimeann*).....a white-backed cow.
 DRIMMIN DHU DHEELISH (literally, the dear cow with the white back, but used figuratively in Ireland).....name of a famous Irish air.
 DRIMMIN DUBH DHEELISH (*Dhruimeann dubh dhileas*).....white-back cow.
 DRINAWN DHUNN (*droighnean donn*).....brown blackthorn.
 DROLEEN (*dreoilin*).....the wren.
 DROOTH.....thirst (*cf.* "drought").
- EIBHLIN A RUIN.....Dear Ellen.
 EIBHUL (*uibéal*).....clew.
 ERENACH (*airchinneach*).....a steward of church lands, a caretaker.
 ERIC (*eiric*).....a compensation or fine, a ransom.
- ERIN SLANGTHAGAL GO BRAGH (*Eire Sláinte geal go brath*).....Erin, a bright health forever.
- FADH (*fada*).....tall, long.
 FAG-A-BEALACH (*Fag an Bealach*).....Clear the way! Sometimes *Faugh a Ballagh!*
 FAUGHED.....despised.
 FAYSH (*feis*).....a festival.
 FEADAIM MA'S AIL LIOM.....I Can if I Please (name of Irish air).
 FEASCOR (*feascar*).....evening.
 FEURGORTACH (*feor gortach*).....hungry-grass; a species of mountain grass, supposed to cause fainting if trod upon.
- FLAUGHOLOCH (*flaitheamhlach*).....princely, liberal.

- FOOSTHER.....fumbling.
 FOOTY.....small, mean, insignificant.
 FOSGAIL AN DORUSOpen the Door (name of Irish air).
 FRECHANS (*fraochan*).....a mountain berry; huckleberries.
 FUILLELUAH (*fuil a liugh*)an exclamation.
 FUIRSEoira juggler, buffoon.
- GAD.....withé, etc., for attaching cows.
 GANCANERS. See GEAN-CANACH.
 GARNAVILLA (*Gardha an bhile*).....The Garden of the Tree; a place near Caher.
 GARRAN MORE (*gearran mor*).....Garran, a hack horse, a gelding; *more*, "big."
 GARRON (*gearan*).....hack or gelding, a horse.
 GEALL.....a pledge, a hostage.
 GEAN-CANACH.....a love talker; a kind of fairy appearing in lonesome valleys.
 GEASA.....an obligation, vow, bond.
 GEERSHA (*girseach*)a little girl.
 GEOCACH.....a gluttonous stroller.
 GILLY (*giolla*).....servant; hence the names Gilchrist, Gilpatrick, Kilpatrick, Gilbride, Kilbride, etc. (*Giolla-Chriosda*, servant of Christ; *giolla-Phaidrig*, servant of Patrick, etc.).
- GIRSHA. See GEERSHA.
 GO-DE-THU, MAVOURNEEN SLAUN (*Go dteith tu mo mhuirnin slan*).....May you go safe, my darling; i.e. Farewell.
 GO LEOR.....plenty, a sufficiency, enough.
 GOLLAM (*Golamh*).....a name of Milesius, the Spanish progenitor of the Irish Milesians.
 GOMERAL.....a fool, an oaf.
 GOMMOCH (*gamach*).....a stupid fellow.
 GOMSH.....otherwise "gumption"—sense, acuteness.
 GORSOON, GOSsoon (*garsun*).....a boy; an attendant (*cf.* French *garçon*).
 GOSTHER (*gastuir*).....prate, foolish talk.
 GOULOGUE (*gabhalog*).....a forked stick.
 GRACIE OG MO CHROIDHE.....Young Gracie of my heart.
 GRAH (*gradh*)love.
 GRAMACHREE (*gradh mo chroidhe*)Love of my heart.
 GRAMACHREE MA COLLEEN OGE, MOLLY ASTHORE (*gradh mo chroidhe mo cailin og, Molly a stoir*).....Love of my heart is my young girl, Molly, my treasure.
 GRAMACHREE MA CRUISKEEN (*gradh mo chroidhe*, etc.).....Love of my heart my little jug-children.
 GRAWLS.....children.
 GREENAN (*grianan*).....a summer house, a veranda, a sunny parlor.
 GUSHAS. See GEERSHA.

HULLAGONE (<i>Uaill a chan</i>).....	an Irish wail, grief, woe.
IAR CONNAUGHT.....	Western Connaught.
INAGH (<i>An-eadh</i>).....	Is it? Indeed.
INCH (<i>inse</i>).....	an island.
IRISHIAN.....	(English word) one skilled in the Irish language.
JACKEEN.....	a fop, a cad, a trickster.
KATHALEEN BAWN (<i>Caitlin ban</i>).....	Fair-haired Kathleen.
KEAD MILLE FAULTE (<i>cead mile failte</i>).....	A hundred thousand welcomes!
KEEN. See CAOINE.....	the death-cry or lament over the dead.
KIERAWAUN ABOO.....	Kirwan forever! Hurrah for Kirwan!
KIMMEENS.....	sly tricks.
KINKORA (<i>Cionn Coraith</i>).....	"The Head of the Weir," the royal residence of Brian Boru.
KIPEEN (<i>cipin</i>).....	a bit of a stick.
KISH (<i>ceis</i>).....	a large wicker basket.
KISHOGUE (<i>cuisseog</i>).....	a wisp of straw, a stem of corn, a blade of grass.
KITCHEN.....	anything eaten with food, a condiment.
KITHOGUE (<i>ciotog</i>).....	the left hand.
KNOCKAWN (<i>cnocan</i>).....	a hillock.
KNOCK CUTHTE (<i>cnoc coise</i>).....	the mountain-like foot.
LAN.....	full.
LANNA.....	i.e. <i>alanna</i> , child (which see).
LAUNAH WALLAH (<i>Lan an Mhala</i>).....	the full of the bag.
LEANAN SIDHE.....	Fairy sweetheart.
LEIBHIONNA.....	a platform or deck.
LENAUN (<i>leanan</i>).....	a sweetheart, or a fairy lover.
LEPRECHAUN.....	a mischievous elf or fairy. ¹
LONNEYS.....	expression of surprise.
LULLALO (<i>Liúigh liúigh leo</i>).....	Scream, scream with them! (Burthen-words in lullaby.)
LUSMORES (<i>lus mor</i>).....	a foxglove, fairy-finger plant.
MA BOUCHAL (<i>Mo bhuachaill</i>).....	My boy.
MACHREE (<i>mo chroidhe</i>).....	My heart.
MA COLLEEN DHAS CRUTHEEN NA MBHO.....	"The Pretty Girl Milking her Cow," a famous Irish air.
MAGHA BRAGH (<i>amach go bragh</i>).....	out for ever.
MAHURP ON DUOUL (<i>Mo chorp on deabhal</i>).....	My body to the devil!
MALAVOGUE.....	to trounce, to maul.
MAVOURNEEN (<i>Mo mhuirnin</i>).....	My darling.
MERIN (<i>meirín</i>).....	a boundary, a mark.
MILLE MURDHER (<i>míle murder</i>).....	A thousand murders!
MILLIA MURTHER.....	A thousand murders (a common ejaculation).
MO BHRON.....	My sorrow.
MO BHUAICHAILIN BUIDHE.....	My yellow-haired little boy.
MO BOUCHAL (<i>Mo bhuachaill</i>).....	My boy.
MO CRAOIBHAN CNO (<i>Mo chraoibhin cno</i>).....	My little branch of nuts.

¹ The popular idea in Ireland is that if you catch one working at his usual occupation (behind a hedge) of shoemaking, and do not take your eyes off him, which he endeavors to induce his captor by various ruses to do, he will discover where treasure is hidden.

- MO CROIDHE (*Mo chroidhe*).....My heart.
 MOIDHERED.....same as "bothered."
 MO LEUN (*Mo lean*).....My sorrow.
 MO MUIRNIN.....My darling.
 MONADAUN (*monadan*).....a bog berry.
 MONONIA (MUNSTER).....Latinized form of Irish *Mumhan*, pronounced "Moo-an."
 MOREEN (*morrin*).....the diminutive of *Mor*, a woman's name, now obsolete. Grandmother.
 MORYAH (*mar 'dh eadh*).....but for.
 MOY MELL (*Magh meall*).....The Plain of Knolls—a druidic paradise.
 MULVATHERED.....worried.
 MUSHA (*Ma is eadh*).....well (in such phrases as "Well, how are you?" "Well, how are all?") Also, If it is! Well indeed!
 NACH MBAINEANN SIN DO.....(him) whom that does not concern (Irish air).
 NEIL DHUV (*Niall Dubh*).....black-haired Neil.
 NHARROUGH (*narrach*).....cross, ill-tempered.
 NIGI (*naoi*).....nine.
 NI MHEALLFAR ME ARIS.....I shall not be deceived again.
 NORA CREINA (*Nora chriona*).....Wise Norah (an Irish air).
 OCH HONE.....exclamation expressing grief.
 OCHONE MACHREE (*Ochon mo chroidhe*).....Alas, my heart!
 OGE (*og*).....young.
 OH, MAGRA HU, MA GRIENCHREE HU (*O mo ghradh thu! Mo ghraidhin croidhe thu!*).....O my love thou art! My heart's loving pity thou art!
 OLLAVES (*ollamh*).....a doctor of learning, professor.
 OMADHAUN (*amadan*).....a fool, a simpleton.
 ORO.....an exclamation.
 OWNA BWEE (*Amain bhuidhe*).....Yellow river.
 OWNY NA COPPAL (*Eoghan na capall*).....Owen of the horses.
 PADHEREENS (*paidrin*, from *paidir*, the pater).....the Rosary beads.
 PASTHEEN FINN (*paistin fionn*).....little fair-haired child.
 PATTERN.....(English word) a gathering at a saint's shrine, well, etc.; festival of a patron saint.
 PAUDAREENS. See PADHEREENS.
 PAUGH.....flutter, panting.
 PEARLA AN BHROLLAIGH BHAIN.....Pearl of White Breast (Irish air).
 PHAIDRIG NA PIB (*Padraig na bpiop*).....Patrick of the pipes; Paddy the piper.
 PHILLALEW (*fuil el-luadh*).....a ruction, hullabaloo.
 PINCIN. See PINKEEN.
 PINKEEN (*pincin*).....a very small fish, a stickleback.
 PLANKTY (*plaingstigh*).....Irish dance measure.
 POGUE (*pog*).....a kiss.
 POLSHEE.....diminutive of Polly.
 POLTHOGE (*palltog*).....a thump or blow.
 POREENS (*poirin*, a small stone).....small, applied to small potatoes.

- POTEEEN (*poitin*).....(literally, a little pot) a still;
hence illicit whisky.
- RANNa verse, a saying, a rhyme.
- RATH.....a circular earthen mound or
fort, very common in Ire-
land, and popularly believed
to be inhabited by fairies.
- REE SHAMUS (*Rígh Seamus*).....King James.
- RHUA (*ruadh*).....red or red-haired.
- ROISIN DUBH.....Black Little Rose.
- ROSE GALB (*Roise Geal*).....Fair Rose.
- RORY OGE (*Ruaidhri og*).....young Rory.
- SALACHS (*salach*)dirty, untidy people.
- SALLIES (*saileog*).....a willow, willows.
- SAVOURNEEN DHEELISH (*S amhuirnin dhilis*)And my faithful darling.
- SCALPEEN (from *scalp*).....a fissure, a cleft.
- SCUT (*scud*).....a thing of little worth.
- SEAN VON VOCHT (*sean bhean bhocht*).....poor old woman.
- SHAMOUS (*Seamus*) .. James.
- SHAN DHU.....dark John.
- SHAN MORE.....big John.
- SHANE RUADH.....red-haired John.
- SHAN VAN VOGH (*an Tsean Bhean Bhocht*) Poor Old Woman.
- SHAROOSE (*Searbhas*)bitterness.
- SHEBEEN (*sibin*).....a place for sale of liquor, gen-
erally illicit.
- SHEEINyoung pollack, or of any fish.
- SHEELAH (*Sighle*).....Celia.
- SHEE MOLLY MO STORE (*Si Molly mo stor*)..It's Molly is my treasure.
- SHEILA NI GARA (*Sighle ní Ghadhra*).....Celia O'Gara (an allegorical
name of Ireland).
- SHEMUS RUA (*Seamus Ruadh*).....red (haired) James.
- SHILLALY, SHILLELAH.....an oak stick, a cudgel. From
the wood of Shillelagh in
County Wicklow.
- SHILLOO.....a shout.
- SHOHEEN HO, SHOHEEN SHO (*Seoithin seoidh*)Burthen words of lullaby.
Hush-a-by.
- SHOOLING.....strolling, wandering. From the
word *siubhal*, tramping.
- SHOUGH (*seach*).....a turn, a blast or draw of a
pipe.
- SHUGUDHEIN (*'Seadh go deimhin*).....Yes, indeed!
- SHULE AGRA (*Siubhail a ghradh*)... Walk, love; *i.e.* Come, my love.
- SHULERS (*siubhaloir*, a walker).....tramps.
- SIOS AGUS SIOS LIOM.....Up with me and down with me.
- SLAINTE GEAL, MAVOURNEEN.....Bright health, my darling.
- SLAINTE GO BRAGH (*Slainte go bhrath*)...Health forever!
- SLAN LEAT!.....Adieu! Farewell!
- SLEEVEEN.....a sly, cunning fellow. From
sliobh, sly.
- SLEWSTHERING.....flattering.
- SLIABH NA M-BÁN.....The Mountain of the Women.
- SMADDHER.....to break. From *smiot*, a frag-
ment.
- SMIDHEREENSsmall fragments. Probably
from *smiot*, as above.

SMULLUCK (*smulloch*) a fillip.
SOGGARTH AROON (*Shagairt a ruin*)..... Dear Priest!
SONSY happy, pleasant. Probably
 from *sonas*, happiness.
SOOTHER to wheedle. From the English.
SOWKINS soul.
SPAEMAN fortune-teller.
SPALPEEN (*spailpin*) a common laborer ; also a con-
 ceited fellow with nothing
 in him.
SPARTH (*spairt*) wet turf.
SPIDHOGUE (*spideog*) a puny thing or person.
SPRAHAUNS (*spreasan*) an insignificant fellow.
STHREEL (*straoileadh*) a slut, a sloven.
STOOKAWN (*stuacan*) a lazy, idle fellow.
STRAVAIGING rambling.
STRONSHUC (*stroinse*) a big lazy woman.
SUANTRAIGHE sleeping or cradle song.
SUGGAWN (*tsugan*) a rope of hay or straw.

TARBH bull.
TH' ANAM AN DHIA (*D'anam do Dhia*) My soul to God !
THE CRUISKEEN LAWN (*Cruisgin lan*) Full little flask or jar.
THRANEEN, TRANEEN (*traithnin*) a little ; a trifle ; a stem of grass.
THUCKEENS (*tuicin*) an ill-mannered little girl.
TILLOCH (*tulach*) small plot of land, a hillock.
TIR FA TONN (*Tir fa Tonn*) Land under the wave—Hol-
 land.
TIR-NA-MBOO (*Tir na m-beo*) Land of the live (beings).
TIRNANOGE (*Tir nan og*) Land of the young.
TRUMAUNS (*troman*) a reel on a spindle.
TUG the middleband of a flail.

UCHLUAIM the breast or front hem of a
 sail.
ULCAN. See HULLAGONE.
ULLAGONE (*ullagon*). See HULLAGONE.
USHA. See MUSA (*mhuise*).

VO Alas ! Oíne, ay de mi !

WEENOCK (*'mhaoineach*) O treasure.
WEESHEE (*weeshy*) little. From *wee*.
WEIRA, WIRRA. See WURRA.
WHAT HOLLY IS ON YOU ? What are you about ?
WIRRASTHRUE (*O Mhuire is truagh*) O Mary, it is sad ! (an ejacula-
 tion to the Virgin).
WIRRASTRUE (*'Mhuire is truagh*) Mary ! 't is a pity !
WISHA. See MUSA.
WOMMASIN strolling.
WURRA (*A Mhuire*) O Mary ! (*i.e.* the Blessed Vir-
 gin).

YEOS (English word) yeomen.

GENERAL INDEX.

THIS consists of an Index of Authors, books quoted from, titles of stories, essays, poems, subjects dealt with, of which the library consists, and first lines of the poetry. And these are each indicated by different kinds of type as set forth below.

As 'IRISH LITERATURE' touches upon Irish life at every point, the index has been made as full as practicable without overweighting it, and the entries are cross-referenced as fully as may be needed by those interested in any phase of it.

As the arrangement of the library is according to the authors' names, and as the biographies contain a full bibliography of each author, we have not indexed the whole of their works, but only those represented in 'IRISH LITERATURE.'

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